THE

HISTORY

OF

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.

IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS.

BY MR SAMUEL RICHARDSON,

AUTHOR OF PAMELA AND CLARISSA.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

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M,DCC,LXXVI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

HISTORY

OF

Sir Charles Grandiſon, Bart.

LETTER I.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* LUCY SELBY.

Friday Evening.

WE have had a great debate about the place in which the nuptial ceremony is to be performed.

Charlotte, the perverſe Charlotte, inſiſted upon not going to church.

Lord G. dared not to give his opinion; though his father and Lady Gertrude, as well as every other perſon, were againſt her.

Lord L. ſaid, that if fine ladies thought ſo ſlightly of the office as that it might be performed any where, it would be no wonder if fine gentlemen thought ſtill more ſlightly of the obligation it laid them under.

Being appealed to, I ſaid, that I thought of marriage as one of the moſt ſolemn acts of a woman's life.

And if a woman's, of a *man*'s ſurely, interrupted Lady L. If your whimſey, Charlotte, added ſhe, ariſes from modeſty, you reflected upon your ſiſter; and, what is worſe, upon your mother.

Charlotte put up her pretty lip, and was unconvinced.

Lady Gertrude laid a heavy hand upon the affectation; yet admires her niece-elect. She diſtinguiſhed between chamber vows and church vows. She mentioned the word *decency*. She ſpoke plainer on Charlotte's unfeeling perverſeneſs. If a bride meant a compliment by it to the bridegroom, that was another thing; but then let her declare as much; and that ſhe was in a hurry to oblige him.

Charlotte attempted to kill her by a look—She gave a worſe to Lord G.—And why, whiſpered ſhe to him, as he ſat next her, muſt thou ſhew all thy teeth, man?—As Lady Gertrude meant to ſhame her, I thought I could as ſoon forgive that lady, as her who was the occaſion of the freedom of ſpeech.

But ſtill ſhe was perverſe: She would not be married at all, ſhe ſaid, if ſhe were not complied with.

I whiſpered her, as I ſat on the other ſide of her, I wiſh, Charlotte, the knot were tied: Till then, you will not do even right things, but in a wrong manner.

Dr Bartlett was not preſent: He was making a kind viſit to my couſins Reeves. When he came in, the debate was referred to him. He entered into it, with her, with ſo much modeſty, good ſenſe, propriety, and ſteadineſs, that at laſt the perverſe creature gave way: But hardly would neither, had he not aſſured her, that her brother would be entirely againſt her; and that he himſelf muſt be excuſed performing the ſacred office, but

but in a ſacred place. She has ſet her heart on the doctor's marrying her.

The Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, as alſo Lord and Lady L. went away, not diſſatisfied with Charlotte's compliance: She is the moſt ungratiouſly graceful young woman I ever knew in her compliances: But Lord G. was to pay for all: She and I got together in the ſtudy: In bolted Lord G. perhaps with *too* little ceremony. She coloured—Hey-day, Sir! Who expected you? His countenance immediately fell. He withdrew precipitately. Fie, Charlotte! ſaid I; recollect yourſelf—and riſing, ſtept to the door, My lord—calling after him.

He came back, but in a little ferment—I hoped, I hoped, madam, as you were not in your own apartment, that I might, that I might have been—

Where-ever ladies are by themſelves, it is a lady's apartment, my lord, ſaid ſhe, with a haughtineſs that ſat better on *her* features than they would upon almoſt any other woman's.

He looked as if he knew not whether he ſhould ſtay or go. Sit down, my lord, ſaid I; we are not particularly engaged. He came nearer, his hat under his arm, bowing to her, who ſat as ſtately as a princeſs on her throne: But yet looked diſobliged You give yourſelf pretty airs, my lord—Don't you?

Pretty airs, madam!—Pretty airs!—By my ſoul, I think, madam—And with ſuch a glow on your face, madam—Taking his laced hat from under his arm, and with an earneſt motion ſwinging it backwards and forwards, as unknowing what he did—

What, Sir, am I to be buffeted, Sir?—

He put his hat under his arm again—*Buffeted*, madam!—Would to heaven—

What has heaven to do with your odd ways, Lord G.?

I beg pardon for intruding, madam—But I thought—

That you had a privilege, Sir—But marriage itſelf, Sir, ſhall not give you a privilege to break into my retirements. You *thought*, Sir—You could *not think*——So much the worſe if you did——

If I have really offended—I will be more circumſpect for the future—I beg pardon, madam ——Miſs Byron I hope will forgive me too.

He was going, in great diſcompoſure, and with an air of angry humility.

Charlotte, whiſpered I—Don't be ſilly—

Come, come, now *you* have broke in upon us, you may ſtay—But another time, when you know me to be retired with a friend ſo dear to me, let it enter into your head, that no third perſon, unſent for, can be welcome.'

Poor man!—How he loves her!—His countenance changed at once to the humble placid: He looked as if he had rather be in fault than ſhe.

Oh! how *little* did ſhe make him look!

But he has often, as well as in this inſtance, let her ſee her power over him. I am afraid ſhe will uſe it. I now ſee it is and will be his misfortune, that ſhe can vex him without being vexed herſelf: And what may he expect, who can be treated with feigned diſpleaſure, which, while it ſeems to be in earneſt to him, will be a jeſt to his wife?

I was very angry with her, when we were alone; and told her, that ſhe would be an enemy, I was afraid, of her own happineſs. But ſhe only laughed at me: Happineſs, my dear! ſaid ſhe: *That* only is happineſs which we think ſo. If I can be as happy in my way as you can be in yours, ſhall I not purſue it? Your happineſs, child, is in the ſtill life. I love not a dead calm:

Now

Now a tempeſt, now a refreſhing breeze, I ſhall know how to enjoy the difference——My brother will not be here to turn jeſt into earneſt, as might perhaps be the effect of his mediation—But, high-ho, Harriet! that the firſt week were over, and I had got into my throne!

She ended with an Italian air, contraſted with another High-ho; and left me for a few moments.

Poor Lord G.! ſaid I, looking after her.

She returned ſoon. *Poor Lord G.!* repeated ſhe: Thoſe were the piteous words you threw after me—But if I ſhould provoke him, do you think he would not give me a cuff, or ſo?—You know he can't return joke for joke; and he muſt revenge himſelf ſome way—If that ſhould be the caſe, *Poor Charlotte*, I hope you would ſay—

Not if you deſerved it.

Deſerve a *cuff*, Harriet!—Well, but I am afraid I ſhall.

Remember next Tueſday, Charlotte!—You muſt vow obedience—Will you break your vow!—This is not a jeſting matter.

True, Harriet. And that it is *not* was perhaps one of the reaſons that made me diſinclined to go to ſo ſolemn a place as the church with Lord G.—Don't you think it one with thoſe who inſiſt upon being married in their own chamber?

I believe great people, ſaid I, think they muſt not do right things in the common way: That ſeems to me to be one of their fantaſtic reaſons: But the vow is the vow, Charlotte: God is everywhere.

Now you are ſo ſerious, Harriet, it is time to have done with the ſubject.

I HAVE no ſleep in my eyes, and muſt go on. What keeps me more wakeful is, my real concern for this naughty Miſs Grandiſon, and my pity for

Lord

Lord G.; for the inſtance I have given you of her petulance is nothing to what I have ſeen: But I thought, ſo near the day, ſhe would have changed her behaviour to him. Surely the ſituation her brother is in, without any fault of his own, might convince her, that ſhe need not go out of her path to pick up ſubjects for unhappineſs.

Such a kitteniſh diſpoſition in her, I called it; for it is not ſo much the love of power that predominates in her mind, as the love of playfulneſs: And when the fit is upon her, ſhe regards not whether it is a china cup, or a cork, that ſhe pats and toſſes about: But her *ſport* will certainly be the *death* of Lord G.'s happineſs. Pity that Sir Charles, who only has power over her, is obliged to go abroad ſo ſoon! But ſhe has principles: Lady Grandiſon's daughter, Sir Charles Grandiſon's ſiſter, muſt have principles. The ſolemnity of the occaſion, the office, the church, the altar, —muſt ſtrike her: The vow—Will ſhe not regard the vow ſhe makes in circumſtances ſo aweful? Could but my Lord G. aſſume dignity, and mingle raillery with it, and be able to laugh *with* her, and ſometimes *at* her, ſhe would not make *him* her ſport: She would find ſomebody elſe: A butt ſhe muſt have to ſhoot at: But I am afraid he will be too ſenſible of her ſmartneſs: And ſhe will have her jeſt, let who will ſuffer by it.

Some of the contents of your laſt are very agreeable to me, Lucy. I will begin in earneſt to think of leaving London. Don't let me look ſilly in your eyes, my dear, when I come. It was not ſo *very* preſumptuous in me (was it?) to hope— When all his relations—When he himſelf—Yet what room for hope did he, *could* he give me? He was honeſt, and I cheated myſelf: But then all you, my deareſt friends, encouraged the cheat: Nay, pointed my wiſhes and my hopes by yours, before.

before I had dared (or ſhall I ſay condeſcended?) to own them to myſelf.

You may let that Greville know, if you pleaſe, that there is no room for his *If*'s, nor, of conſequence, any for his *menaces*. You may own, that I ſhall ſoon be in Northamptonſhire. This may prevent his and Fenwick's threatened journey to town.

But, Lucy, though my heart has been ever *dutifully*, as I may ſay, open to the venerable domeſtic circle; though it would not have been an honeſt heart, could it, circumſtanced as I was, have concealed itſelf from Lady D.; and muſt have been an impenetrable one indeed, if it could have been diſguiſed to the two ſiſters here—yet, I beſeech you, let not the audacious, the inſulting Greville have ground given him to ſuſpect a weakneſs in your Harriet, which indelicate minds know not how to judge of delicately. For ſex-ſake, for example-ſake, Lucy, let it not be known to any but the partial, friendly few, that our grand-mamma Shirley's child, and aunt Selby's niece, has been a volunteer in her affections. How many ſtill more forward girls would plead Mrs Shirley's approbation of the haſty affection, without conſidering the circumſtances and the object! So the next girl that runs away to a dancing-maſter, or an enſign, would reckon herſelf one of Harriet's ſchool.

Poor Mr Orme! I am ſorry he is not well. It is cruel in you, Lucy, at *this* time, to ſay (ſo undoubtingly) that his illneſs is owing to his love of me. You knew that ſuch a ſuggeſtion would pain me. Heaven reſtore Mr Orme!

But I am vexed, as it cannot be to purpoſe, that Sir Charles Grandiſon and I have been named together, and talked of in your neighbourhood!—He will be gone abroad: I ſhall return to Northamptonſhire:

amptonſhire: And ſhall look *ſo* ſilly! So like a refuſed girl!

"Every body gives me to him, you ſay"—So much the worſe. I wonder what buſineſs this Every body has to trouble itſelf about me.

One conſolation, however, I ſhall have in my return, and that is, in my Nancy's recovered health, which was ſo precarious when I ſet out for London.

But I ſhall have nothing to entertain you with when I am with you: Sir Charles Grandiſon, Lord and Lady L. Lady G. (as now in three or four days ſhe will be) my dear Miſs Jervois, Dr Bartlett, will be all my ſubject. And have I not exhauſted that by pen and ink? O no! The doctor promiſes to correſpond with me; and he makes no doubt but Sir Charles will correſpond with him as uſual.

What can the unuſually tender friendſhip be called which he profeſſed for me, and, as I may ſay, claimed in return from me? I know that he has no notion of the love called *Platonic*. Nor have I: I think it, in general, a dangerous allowance; and, with regard to our ſex, a very unequal one, ſince, while the man has nothing to fear, the woman has every thing, from the privileges that may be claimed, in an *acknowledged* confidence, eſpecially in preſence. Miſs Grandiſon thus interprets what he ſaid, and ſtrengthens her opinion by ſome of Dr Bartlett's late intimations that he really loves me; but not being at liberty to avow his love, he knew not what to ſay, and ſo went as near to a declaration as was poſſible to do in his circumſtances.

But might I not expect, from ſuch a profeſſion of friendſhip in Sir Charles, an offer of correſpondence in abſence? And if he made the offer, ought I to decline it? Would it not indicate too much on *my* ſide were I to do ſo?—And does it not on *his*, if

if he make not the offer? He correſponds with Mrs Beaumont: No body thinks that any thing can be meant by that correſpondence on *either* ſide, becauſe Mrs Beaumont muſt be at leaſt forty: Sir Charles but ſix or ſeven and twenty: But if he makes not the requeſt to Harriet, who is but little more than twenty, what, after ſuch profeſſions of a friendſhip ſo tender, will be inferred from his forbearance?

But I ſhall puzzle myſelf, and you too, Lucy, if I go on with this ſort of reaſoning, becauſe I ſhall not know how to put all I mean into words. Have I not already puzzled you? I think my expreſſion is weak and perplexed—But this offered and accepted friendſhip between two perſons not indelicate, muſt be perplexing, ſince he is the only young man in the world, from whom a woman has no diſhonour to fear—Ah, Lucy!—It would be vanity in me (would it not?) to ſuppoſe that he had more to fear from Harriet than ſhe has from him, as the virtue of either, I hope, is not queſtionable? But the event of his Italian viſit will explain and reconcile every thing.

I will encourage a drowſy fit that ſeems to be ſtealing upon me. If I have not written with the perſpicuity I always aim at, allow, Lucy, for the time of night; for ſpirits not high; and for the ſubject, which having its delicacies, as well as uncertainties, I am not able to write clearly upon it.

LETTER

LETTER II.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Saturday Night, April 9.

SIR Charles is already returned: He arrived at Windſor on Friday morning; but found that Lord W. had ſet out the afternoon of the day before, for the houſe of his friend Sir Joſeph Lawrence, which is but fifteen miles from Mansfield-houſe.

Upon this intelligence, Sir Charles, wanting to return to town as ſoon as he could, followed him to the knight's: And having time enough himſelf to reach Mansfield-houſe that night, he, by his uncle's conſent, purſued his journey thither, to the great joy of the family, who wiſhed for his perſonal introduction of my lord to Miſs Mansfield.

My lord arrived by breakfaſt-time unfatigued, and in high ſpirits; ſtaid at Mansfield-houſe all day, and promiſed ſo to manage, as to be in town to-morrow, in order to be preſent at his niece's nuptials on Tueſday.

As for Sir Charles, he made the Mansfield family happy in his company the whole Friday evening; enquiring into their affairs relating to the oppreſſion they lay under, pointing out meaſures for redreſs, encouraging Miſs Mansfield, and informing the brothers, that the lawyers he had conſulted on their deeds told him, that a new trial might be hoped for; the reſult of which, probably, would be a means to do them juſtice, ſo powerfully protected and aſſiſted as they would be now; for new lights had broken in upon them, and they wanted but to recover a deed, which they underſtood was in the hands of two gentlemen, named Hartley, who were but lately returned from the Indies. Thus prepared, the Mansfields alſo were in high

ſpirits the next morning, and looked, Sir Charles ſaid, on each other, when they met, as if they wanted to tell each other their agreeable dreams.

Sir Charles, in his way, had looked in upon Sir Harry Beauchamp and his lady. He found Sir Harry in high ſpirits, expecting the arrival of his ſon, who was actually landed from Calais, having met there his father's letter, allowing him to return to England, and wiſhing in his own, and in Lady Beauchamp's name, his ſpeedy arrival.

Sir Charles's impatience to ſee his friend permitted him only to breakfaſt with my lord and the Mansfields, and to know the opinion each party formed of the other on this firſt interview, and then he ſet out to Sir Harry Beauchamp's. What an activity!—Heaven reward him with the grant of his own wiſhes, whatever they be, and make him the happieſt of men!

My lord is greatly taken with the lady, and her whole family. Well he may, Sir Charles ſays. He bleſſed him, and called himſelf bleſſed in his ſiſter's ſon, for his recommendation of each to the other. The lady thinks better of him, as her mother owned to Sir Charles, than ſhe thought ſhe ſhould from report.

I begin to think, Lucy, that thoſe who ſet out for happineſs are moſt likely to find it, when they live ſingle till the age of *fancy* is over. Thoſe who marry while it laſts, are often diſappointed of that which they propoſe ſo largely to themſelves: While thoſe who wed for convenience, and deal with tolerable honeſty by each other, are at a greater certainty. *Tolerable*, I repeat, ſince it ſeems we are to expect, that both parties will turn the beſt ſide of the old garment outward. Hence ariſes conſolation to old maidens, and cautions againſt precipitation—Expatiate, my dear, on this fruitful ſubject: I would, were I at leiſure.

Sir Charles ſays, that he doubts not but Lord W. will be as happy a man as he wiſhes to be, in leſs than a month.

The duce is in this brother of mine, whiſpered Miſs Grandiſon to me, for huddling up of marriages! He don't conſider, that there may be two chances for one, that his honeſt folks may, in half a year's time, bleſs him the contrary way.

Sir Charles told us, that he had deſired Lord W. to give out every-where (that the adverſaries of the Mansfield family might know it) his intended alliance, and that he and his nephew were both determined to procure a retroſpection of all former proceedings.

Sir Charles got to Sir Harry Beauchamp's a little before his friend arrived. Sir Harry took him aſide at his alighting, and told him that Lady Beauchamp had had clouds on her brow all the day; and, he was afraid, would not receive his ſon with the graciouſneſs that once he hoped for from her: But that he left *him* to manage with her. She never, ſaid he, had ſo high an opinion either of man or woman as ſhe has of you.

Sir Charles addreſſed himſelf to her, as not doubting her goodneſs upon the foot of their former converſation, and praiſed her for the graces that however appeared but faintly in her countenance, till his compliments lighted them up, and made them ſhine full out in it. He told her, that his ſiſter and Lord G. were to be married on the following Tueſday. He himſelf, he ſaid, ſhould ſet out for Paris on Friday after; but hoped to ſee a family-intimacy begun between his ſiſters and Lady Beauchamp, and between their lords and Sir Harry and Mr Beauchamp. He applauded her on the generoſity of her intentions, as declared to him in their former conference, and congratulated her on the power ſhe had, of which ſhe made ſo noble a uſe, of laying at the ſame time an obligation

tion on the tendereſt of huſbands, and the moſt deſerving of ſons; whoſe duty to her he engaged for.

All this ſet her in high good humour; and ſhe took to herſelf, and *bridled* upon it, to expreſs myſelf in Charlotte's manner, the praiſes and graces this adroit manager gave her, as if they were her unqueſtionable due.

This agreeable way they were all in, Sir Harry tranſported with his lady's goodneſs, when Mr Beauchamp arrived.

The young gentleman bent his knee to his ſtepmother, as well as to his father, and thanked her for the high favours which, his father had ſignified to him by letter, he owed to her goodneſs. She confirmed them; but, Sir Charles obſerved, with an oſtentation that ſhewed ſhe thought very highly of her own generoſity.

They had a very chearful evening. Not one cloud would hang on Lady Beauchamp's brow, though once or twice it ſeemed a little overſhadowed, as Mr Beauchamp diſplayed qualities for which his father was too ready to admire him. Sir Charles thought it neceſſary to caution Sir Harry on this ſubject; putting it in this light, that Lady Beauchamp loved her huſband ſo well, that ſhe would be too likely to dread a rivalry in his affections from a ſon ſo very accompliſhed. Sir Harry took the hint kindly.

Mr Beauchamp was under a good deal of concern at Sir Charles's engagements to leave England ſo ſoon after his arrival, and aſked his father's leave to attend him. Sir Harry declared that he could not part with him. Sir Charles chid his friend, and ſaid, it was not quite ſo handſome a return as might have been expected from his Beauchamp, to the joyful reception he had met with from his father and Lady Beauchamp. But ſhe excuſed the young gentleman, and ſaid, ſhe won-

dered not that any body who was favoured with *his* friendſhip, ſhould be unwilling to be ſeparated from him.

Sir Charles expreſſes great ſatisfaction in Mr Beauchamp's being arrived before his departure, that he may preſent to us himſelf a man with whom he is ſure we ſhall all be delighted, and leave *him* happy in the beloved ſociety which he himſelf is obliged to quit.

A repining temper, Lucy, would conſider only the hardſhip of meeting a long-abſent friend, juſt to feel the uneaſineſs of a ſecond parting: But this man views every thing in a right light. When his own happineſs is not to be attained, he lays it out of his thoughts, and, as I have heretofore obſerved, rejoices in that of others. It is a pleaſure to ſee how Sir Charles ſeems to enjoy the love which Dr Bartlett expreſſes for this friend of them both.

Sir Charles addreſſed himſelf to me, on ſeveral occaſions, in ſo polite, in ſo tender a manner, that every one told me afterwards, they are ſure he loves me. Dr Bartlett at the time, as he ſat next me, whiſpered, on the regret expreſſed by all on loſing him ſo ſoon—Ah, madam!—I know and pity my patron's ſtruggles!—*Struggles*, Lucy! What could the doctor mean by this whiſper to *me!*—But I hope he gueſſes not at mine! If he does, would he have whiſpered his pity of Sir Charles to me?—Come, Lucy, this is ſome comfort, however; and I will endeavour to be brave upon it, that I may not, by my weakneſs, leſſen myſelf in the doctor's good opinion.

It was agreed for Charlotte (whoſe aſſent was given in theſe words—"Do as you will—or, rather, as my brother will—What ſignifies oppoſing *him?*") that the nuptials ſhall be ſolemnized, as privately as poſſible, at St George's-church. The company is to drop in at different doors, and

with

with as few attendants as may be. Lord W. the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, Lord and Lady L. Miſs Jervois, and your Harriet, are to be preſent at the ceremony. I was very earneſt to be excuſed, till Miſs Grandiſon, when we were alone, dropt down on one knee, and held up her hands, to beg me to accompany her. Mr Everard Grandiſon, if he can be found, is to be alſo there, at Sir Charles's deſire.

Dr Bartlett, as I before hinted, at *her* earneſt requeſt, is to perform the ceremony. Sir Charles wiſhed it to be at his own pariſh-church: But Miſs Grandiſon thought it too near to be private. He was indifferent as to the place, he ſaid—So it was at *church*; for he had been told of the difficulty we had to get Charlotte to deſiſt from having it performed in her chamber; and ſeemed ſurpriſed—Fie, Charlotte! ſaid he—An office ſo ſolemn!—Vows to receive and pay as in the divine preſence—

She was glad, ſhe told me, that ſhe had not left that battle to be fought with *him*.

Monday, April 10.

LORD W. is come. Lord and Lady L. are here. They, and Miſs Grandiſon, received him with great reſpect. He embraced his niece in a very affectionate manner. Sir Charles was abſent. Lord W. is in perſon and behaviour a much more agreeable man than I expected him to be. Nor is he ſo decrepid with the gout as I had ſuppoſed. He is very careful of himſelf, it ſeems. This world has been kind to him; and I fancy he makes a great deal of a little pain, for want of ſtronger exerciſes to his patience; and ſo is a ſufferer by ſelf-indulgence. Had I not been made acquainted with his free living, and with the inſults he bore from Mrs Giffard, with a ſpirit ſo poor and ſo low, I ſhould have believed I ſaw not

only the man of quality, but the man of ſenſe, in his countenance. I endeavoured, however, as much as I could, to look upon him as the brother of the late Lady Grandiſon. Had he been worthy of that relation, how ſhould I have reverenced him!

But whatever I thought of *him*, he expreſſed himſelf highly in *my* favour. He particularly praiſed me for the modeſty which he ſaid was viſibly in my countenance. Free-livers, Lucy, taken with that grace in a woman, which they make it their pride to deſtroy! But all men, good and bad, admire modeſty in a woman: And I am ſometimes out of humour with our ſex, that they do not as generally like modeſty in men. I am ſure that this grace in Sir Charles Grandiſon is one of his principal glories with me. It emboldens one's heart, and permits one to behave before him with eaſe; and, as I may ſay, with *ſecurity*, in the conſciouſneſs of a right intention.

But what were Lord W.'s praiſes of his nephew! He called him the glory of his ſex, and of human nature. How the cheeks of the dear Emily glowed at the praiſes given to her guardian!—She was the taller for them: When ſhe moved, it was on tiptoe; ſtealing, as it were, croſs the floor, leaſt ſhe ſhould loſe any thing that was ſaid on a ſubject ſo delightful to her.

My lord was alſo greatly pleaſed with her. He complimented her as the beloved ward of the beſt of guardians. He lamented, with us, the occaſion that called his nephew abroad. He was full of his own engagements with Miſs Mansfield, and declared that his nephew ſhould guide and govern him as he pleaſed in every material caſe, reſpecting either the conduct of his future life, or the management and diſpoſition of his eſtate; adding, that he had made his will, and, excepting only his lady's

lady's jointure, and a few legacies, had left every thing to him.

How right a thing, even in policy, is it, my dear, to be good and generous!

I muſt not forget, that my lord wiſhed, *with all his ſoul* (that was his expreſſion), that he might have the honour of giving to his nephew *my* hand in marriage.

I could feel myſelf bluſh. I half-ſuppreſſed a ſigh: I would have wholly ſuppreſſed it, if I could. I recovered the little confuſion his too plainly expreſſed wiſh gave me, by repeating to myſelf the word CLEMENTINA.

This Charlotte is a great coward. But I dare not tell her ſo, for fear of a retort. I believe I ſhould be as great a one in her circumſtances, ſo few hours to one of the greateſt events of one's life? But I *pretend* not to bravery: Yet hope, that in the cauſe of virtue or honour I ſhould be found to have a ſoul.

I write now at my couſins. I came hither to make an alteration in my dreſs. I have promiſed to be with the ſweet bully early in the morning of her important day.

LETTER III.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Tueſday Night,
Wedneſday Morning, } *April* 11. 12.

MISS Grandiſon is no longer to be called by that name. She is Lady G. May ſhe make Lord G. as happy as I dare ſay he will make her, if it be not her own fault!

I was early with her, according to promiſe. I found her more affected than ſhe was even laſt night

night with her approaching change of condition. Her brother had been talking to her, ſhe ſaid; and had laid down the duties of the ſtate ſhe was about to enter into, in ſuch a ſerious manner, and made the performance of them of ſo much importance to her happineſs, both here and hereafter, that ſhe was terrified at the thoughts of what ſhe was about to undertake. She had never conſidered matrimony in that formidable light before. He had told her, that he was afraid of her vivacity; yet was loth to diſcourage her chearfulneſs, or to ſay any thing that ſhould lower her ſpirits. All he beſought of her was, to regard times, tempers, and occaſions; and then it would be impoſſible but her lively humour muſt give delight not only to the man whom ſhe favoured with her hand, but to every one who had the pleaſure of approaching her. If, Charlotte, ſaid he, you would have the world around you reſpect your huſband, *you* muſt ſet the example. While the wife gives the leaſt room to ſuſpect, that ſhe deſpiſes her huſband, ſhe will find, that ſhe ſubjects him to double contempt, if he reſents it not; and if he does, can you be happy? Aggreſſors lay themſelves open to ſevere repriſals. If you differ, you will be apt to make by-ſtanders judges over you. They will remember when you are willing to forget; and your fame will be the ſport of thoſe beneath you, as well in underſtanding as degree.

She believed, ſhe told me, that Lord G. had been making ſome complaints of her. *If he had*——

Huſh, my dear, ſaid I—Not one word of threatening: Are you more ſolicitous to conceal your fault than to amend it?

No—But you know, Harriet, for a man, before he has experienced what ſort of a wife I ſhall make, to complain againſt me for foibles in court-

ſhip,

ſhip, when he can help himſelf if he *will*, has ſomething ſo very little—

Your conſcience, Charlotte, tells you, that he had *reaſon* for complaint; and therefore you think he *has* complained. Think the beſt of Lord G. for *your own* reputation's ſake, ſince you thought fit to go thus far with him. You have borne nothing from *him*: He has borne a great deal from *you*.

I am fretful, Harriet; I won't be chidden: I will be comforted by you: You *ſhall* ſoothe me: Are you not my ſiſter? She threw her arms around me, and kiſſed my cheek.

I ventured to rally her, though I was afraid of her retort, and met with it: But I thought it would divert her. I am glad, my dear, ſaid I, that you are capable of this tenderneſs of temper: You bluſtering girls—But fear, I believe, will make cowards loving.

Harriet, ſaid ſhe, and flung from me to the window, remember *this*: May I ſoon ſee you in the ſame ſituation! I will then have no mercy upon you.

THE ſubject, which Sir Charles led to at breakfaſt, was the three weddings of Thurſday laſt. He ſpoke honourably of marriage, and made ſome juſt compliments to Lord and Lady L.; concluding them with wiſhes, that his ſiſter Charlotte and Lord G. might be neither more nor leſs happy than they were. Then turning to Lord W. he ſaid, he queſtioned not his lordſhip's happineſs with the lady he had ſo lately ſeen; for I cannot doubt, ſaid he, of your lordſhip's affectionate gratitude to her, if ſhe behaves as I am ſure ſhe will.

My lord had tears in his eyes. Never man had ſuch a nephew as I have, ſaid he. All the joy of my

my preſent proſpects, all the comforts of my future life, are and will be owing to you.

Here had he ſtopt, it would have been well: But turning to me, he unexpectedly ſaid, Would to God, madam, that *you* could reward him! I cannot; and nobody *elſe* can.

All were alarmed for me; every one was upon me. A ſickiſhneſs came over my heart—I know not how to deſcribe it. My head ſunk upon my boſom. I could hardly ſit; yet was leſs able to riſe.

Sir Charles's face was overſpread with bluſhes. He bowed to my lord. May the man, ſaid he, who ſhall have the honour to call Miſs Byron his, be, if *poſſible*, as deſerving as *ſhe* is! Then will they live together the life of angels.

He gracefully looked down; not at me; and I got a little courage to look up: Yet Lady L. was concerned for me: So was Lord L.: Emily's eye dropt a tear upon her bluſhing cheek.

Was it not, Lucy, a ſevere trial?—Indeed it was.

My lord, to mend the matter, lamented very pathetically, that Sir Charles was under an obligation to go abroad; and ſtill more, that he could not ſtay to be preſent at the celebration of his nuptials with Miſs Mansfield.

The Earl, Lord G. Lady Gertrude, and the Doctor, were to meet the bride and us at the church. Lord and Lady L. Sir Charles, and Emily, went in one coach: Miſs Grandiſon and I in another.

As we went, I don't like this affair at all, Harriet, ſaid ſhe. My brother has long made all other men indifferent to me. Such an infinite difference!

Can any-body be happier than Lord and Lady L. Charlotte? Yet Lady L. admires her brother as much as you can do.

They happy!—And ſo they are. But Lady L. ſoft ſoul! fell in love with Lord L. before my brother came over. So the foundation was laid: And it being a firſt flame with her, ſhe, in compliment to *herſelf*, could not but perſevere. But the ſorry creature Anderſon, proving a ſorry creature, made me deſpiſe the ſex: And my brother's perfections contributed to my contempt of all other men.

Indeed, my dear, you are wrong. L rd G. loves you: But were Sir Charles *not* your brother, it is not very certain that he would have returned your love.

Why, that's true. I believe he would not, in that caſe, have choſen *me*. I am ſure he would not, if he had known *you*: But for the man one loves, one can *do* any-thing, *be* every-thing, that he would wiſh one to be.

Do you think you cannot love Lord G.?—For heaven's ſake, Charlotte, tho' you are now almoſt within ſight of the church, do not think of giving your hand, if you cannot reſolve to make Lord G. as happy as I have no doubt he will make you, if it be not your own fault.

What will my brother ſay?—What will—

Leave that to me. I will engage Sir Charles and Dr Bartlett to lend me their ear in the veſtry; and I am ſure your brother, if he knows that you have an antipathy to Lord G. or that you think you cannot be happy with him, will undertake your cauſe, and bring you off.

Antipathy! That's a ſtrong word, Harriet. The man is a good-natured ſilly man—

Silly! Charlotte!—Silly then he muſt be for loving you ſo well, who really have never yet given him an opportunity to ſhew his importance with you.

I do pity him ſometimes.

The coach ſtopt:—Ah, Lord! Harriet! The church! The church!

Say,

Say, Charlotte before you ſtep out—Shall I ſpeak to your brother, and Dr Bartlett, in the veſtry?

I ſhall look like a fool either way.

Don't *act* like one, Charlotte, on this ſolemn occaſion. Say, you will deſerve, that you will *try* to deſerve Lord G.'s love.

Sir Charles appeared. Lord help me!—My brother!—I'll try, I'll try, what can be done.

He gave each his hand in turn: In he flew: The people began to gather about us. Lord G. all rapture, received her at the entrance. Sir Charles led me: And the Earl and Lady Gertrude received us with joy in their countenances. I overheard the naughty one ſay, as Lord G. led her up to the altar, You don't know what you are about, man. I expect to have all my way: Remember that's one of my articles before marriage.

He returned her an anſwer of fond aſſent to her condition. I am afraid, thought I, poor Lord G. you will be more than *once* reminded of this previous article.

When ſhe was led to the altar, and Lord G. and ſhe ſtood together, ſhe trembled. Leave me not, Harriet, ſaid ſhe.—Brother! Lady L.!—

I am ſure ſhe looked *ſillier* than Lord G. at that inſtant.

The good Doctor began the office. *No dearly beloveds*, Harriet! whiſpered ſhe, as I had ſaid, on a really terrible occaſion. I was offended with her in my heart: Again, ſhe whiſpered ſomething againſt the office, as the Doctor proceeded to give the reaſons for the inſtitution. Her levity did not forſake her even at that ſolemn moment.

When the ſervice was over, every one (Sir Charles in a ſolemn and moſt affectionate manner) wiſhed her happy. My Lord G. kiſſed her hand with a bent knee.

She took my hand. Ah! Lord, what have I done?—And am I married? whiſpered ſhe—And can it never be undone?—And is that the man to whom I am to be obedient?—Is *he* to be my lord and maſter?

Ah, Lady G. ſaid I, it is a ſolemn office. *You* have vowed: *He* has vowed.—It is a ſolemn office.

Lord G. led her to the firſt coach. Sir Charles led me into the ſame. The people, to my great confuſion, whiſpered, That's the bride! What a charming couple! Sir Charles handed Miſs Emily next. Lord G. came in: As he was entering, Harkee, friend, ſaid Charlotte, and put out her hand, You miſtake the coach: You are not of our company.

The whole world, replied my Lord, ſhall not now divide us: And took his ſeat on the ſame ſide with Emily.

The man's a rogue, Harriet, whiſpered ſhe: See! He gives himſelf airs already!

This, ſaid Lord G. as the coach drove on, taking one hand and eagerly kiſſing it, is the hand that bleſſed me.

And that, ſaid ſhe, puſhing him from her with the other, is the hand that repulſes your forwardneſs. What came you in here for?—Don't be ſilly.

He was in raptures all the way.

When we came home, every one embraced and wiſhed joy to the bride. The Earl and Lady Gertrude were in high ſpirits. The Lady re-ſaluted her niece, as her *dear* niece: The Earl recognized his beloved daughter.

But prepare to hear a noble action of Lord W.

When he came up to compliment her—My deareſt niece, ſaid he, I wiſh you joy with all my ſoul. I have not been a kind uncle. There is no faſtening any thing on your brother. Accept of this [and he put a little paper into her hand—It was a

bank-note of 1000*l.*]: *My* ſiſter's daughter, and *your* brother's ſiſter, merits more than this.

Was not this handſomely preſented, Lucy?

He then, in a manner becoming Lady Grandiſon's brother, ſtept to Lady L. My niece Charlotte is not the *only* niece. I wiſh you, my dear, as if this was *your* day of marriage, all happineſs: Accept theſe two papers [The one, Lucy, was a note for 1000*l.* and the other for 100*l.*]: And he ſaid, The leſſer note is due to you for intereſt on the greater.

When the ladies opened their notes, and ſaw what they were, they were at firſt at a loſs what to ſay.

It was moſt gracefully done: But ſee, Lucy, the example of a good and generous man can ſometimes alter natures; and covetous men, I have heard it obſerved, when their hearts are opened, often act nobly.

As ſoon as Lady G. (ſo now I muſt call her) recovered herſelf from the ſurprize into which my Lord's preſent and addreſs had put her, ſhe went to him: Allow me, my Lord, ſaid ſhe, and bent one knee to him, to crave your bleſſing; and at the ſame time to thank you for your paternal preſent to your ever obliged Charlotte.

God bleſs you, my dear! ſaluting her—But thank your noble brother: You delight me with your graceful acceptance.

Lady L. came up. My Lord, you overcome me by your bounty.—How ſhall I—

Your brother's princely ſpirit, Lady L. ſaid he, makes this preſent look mean. Forgive me only that it was not done before. And he ſaluted her.

Lord L. came up. Lady L. ſhewed him the opened notes—See here, my Lord, ſaid ſhe, what Lord W. has done: And he calls this the intereſt due on that.

Your lordſhip oppreſſes me with your goodneſs to your niece, ſaid Lord L.. May health, long-life, and happineſs, attend you in your own nuptials!

There

There, there, ſaid Lord W. pointing to Sir Charles (who had withdrawn, and then entered), make your acknowledgment: His noble ſpirit has awakened mine: It was only aſleep. My late ſiſter's brother wanted but the force of ſuch an example. That ſon is all his mother.

Sir Charles joining them, having heard only the laſt words—If I am thought a ſon not unworthy of the moſt excellent of mothers, ſaid he, and by *her* brother, I am happy.

Then you *are* happy, replied my lord.

Her memory, reſumed Sir Charles, I cheriſh; and when I have been tempted to forget myſelf, that memory has been a means of keeping me ſteady in my duty. Her precepts, my lord, were the guide of my early youth. Had I not kept them in mind, how much more blameable than moſt young men had I been!—My Charlotte! have that mother in your memory, on this great change of your condition! You will not be called to her trials.—His eyes gliſtened. Tender be our remembrance of my father.—Charlotte be worthy of your mother.

He withdrew with an air *ſo* noble!—But ſoon returning, with a chearful look, he was told what Lord W. had done.—Your lordſhip was *before*, ſaid he, intitled to our duty by the ties of blood: But what is the relation of body to that of mind? You have bound me for my ſiſters, and that ſtill more by the manner than by the act, in a bond of gratitude that never can be broken!

Thank yourſelf, thank yourſelf, my noble nephew.

Encourage, my Lord, a family intimacy between your lady and her nieces and nephew. You will be delighted, my ſiſters, with Miſs Mansfield; but when ſhe obliges my Lord with her hand, you will reverence your aunt. I ſhall have a pleaſure, when I am far diſtant, in contemplating the family union.

Your lordſhip muſt let me know your day in time; and I will be joyful upon it, whatever of a contrary nature I may have to ſtruggle with on my account.

My Lord wept—My *Lord* wept, did I ſay?—Not *one* of us had a dry eye!—This was a ſolemn ſcene, you will ſay, for a wedding-day: But how delightfully do ſuch ſcenes dilate the heart?

The day, however, was not forgotten as a day of feſtivity. Sir Charles himſelf, by his vivacity and openneſs of countenance, made every one joyful: And, except that now-and-then a ſigh, which could not be checked, ſtole from ſome of us, to think that he would ſo ſoon be in another country (far diſtant from the friends he now made happy), and engaged in difficulties, perhaps in dangers, every heart was preſent to the occaſion of the day.

O Charlotte! Dear Lady G.! Hitherto it is in your power to make every *future* day worthy of *this!*—"Have your mother, your noble mother, in 'your memory, my dear:" And give credit to the approbation of ſuch a brother.

I ſhould have told you, that my couſins Reeves came about two, and were received with the utmoſt politeneſs by every-body.

Sir Charles was called out juſt before dinner; and returned introducing a young gentleman, dreſſed as if for the day—This is an earlier favour than I had hoped for, ſaid Sir Charles; and leading him to Lady G. this, Sir, is the Queen of the day. My dear Lady G. welcome (the houſe is yours—welcome) the man I love: Welcome my Beauchamp.

Every one, except Emily and me, crouded about Mr Beauchamp, as Sir Charles's avowedly beloved friend, and bid him cordially welcome; Sir Charles preſenting him to each by name.

Then leading him to me—I am half aſhamed, Lucy, to repeat—But take it as he ſpoke it—Revere,

vere, ſaid he, my dear friend, that excellent young lady: But let not your admiration ſtop at her face and perſon: She has a mind as exalted, my Beauchamp, as your own: Miſs Byron, in honour to my ſiſter, to us all, has gilded this day by her preſence.

Mr Beauchamp approached me with polite reſpect. The lady whom Sir Charles Grandiſon admires, as he does you, madam, muſt be the firſt of women.

I might have ſaid, that he, who was ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed as the friend of Sir Charles Grandiſon, muſt be a moſt valuable man: But my ſpirits were not high. I courteſied to his compliment; and was ſilent.

Sir Charles preſented Emily to him.—My Emily, Beauchamp. I hope to live to ſee her happily married. The man whoſe heart is but half ſo worthy as her's, muſt be an excellent man.

Modeſty might look up, and be ſenſible to compliments from the lips of ſuch a man. Emily looked at me with pleaſure, as if ſhe had ſaid, Do you hear, madam, what a fine thing my guardian has ſaid of me?

Sir Charles aſked Mr Beauchamp, how he ſtood with my Lady Beauchamp?

Very well, anſwered he. After ſuch an introduction as you had given me to her, I muſt have been to blame, had I *not*. She is my father's wife: I muſt reſpect her, were ſhe ever ſo unkind to me: She is not without good qualities. Were every family ſo happy as to have Sir Charles Grandiſon for a mediator when miſunderſtandings happened, there would be very few laſting differences among relations. My father and mother tell me, that they never ſit down to table together but they bleſs you: And to me they have talked of nobody elſe: But Lady Beauchamp depends upon your promiſe of making her acquainted with the ladies of your family.

My ſiſters, and their lords, will do honour to my promiſe in my abſence. Lady L. Lady G. let me recommend to you Lady Beauchamp as more than a common viſiting acquaintance. Do you, Sir, to Mr Beauchamp, ſee it cultivated.

Mr Beauchamp is an agreeable, and when Sir Charles Grandiſon is not in company, a handſome and genteel man. I think, my dear, that I do but the ſame juſtice that every-body would do in this exception. He is chearful, lively, yet modeſt, and not too full of words. One ſees both love and reſpect in every look he caſts upon his friend; and that he is delighted when he hears him ſpeak, be the ſubject what it will.

He once ſaid to Lord W. who praiſed his nephew to him, as he does to every body near him, The univerſal voice, my Lord, is in his favour where-ever he goes. Every one joins almoſt in the *ſame* words, in different countries, allowing for the different languages, that for ſweetneſs of manners, and manly dignity, he hardly ever had his equal.

Sir Charles was then engaged in talk with his Emily; ſhe before him; he ſtanding in an eaſy genteel attitude, leaning againſt the wainſcot, liſtening, ſmiling, to her prattle, with looks of indulgent love, as a father might do to a child he was fond of; while ſhe looked back every now-and-then towards me, *ſo* proud, poor dear! of being ſingled out by her guardian.

She tript to me afterwards, and leaning over my ſhoulder, as I ſat, whiſpered—I have been begging of my guardian to uſe his intereſt with you, madam, to take me down with you to Northamptonſhire.

And what is the reſult?

She pauſed.

Has he denied your requeſt?

No, madam.

Has he allowed you to go, my dear, if I comply? turning half round to her with pleaſure.

She

She pauſed, and ſeemed at a loſs. I repeated my queſtion.

Why, no, he has not conſented neither—But he ſaid ſuch charming things, ſo obliging, ſo kind, both of you and of me, that I forgot to repeat my queſtion, tho' it was ſo near my heart: But I will aſk him again.

And thus, Lucy, can he decline complying, and yet ſend away a requeſter ſo much delighted with him, as to forget what her requeſt was.

Miſs Grandiſon—Lady G. I would ſay—ſingled me out ſoon after—This Beauchamp is really a very pretty fellow, Harriet.

He is an agreeable man, anſwered I.

So I think.

She ſaid no more of him at that time.

Between dinner and tea, at Lady L's motion, they made me play on the harpſichord; and, after one leſſon, they beſought Sir Charles to ſing to my playing. He would not, he ſaid, deny any requeſt that was made him on that day.

He ſung. He has a mellow manly voice, and great command of it.

This introduced a little concert. Mr Beauchamp took the violin; Lord L. the baſs-viol; Lord G. the German-flute; and moſt of the company joined in the chorus. The ſong was from Alexander's feaſt: The words,

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the good *deſerves the fair:*

Sir Charles, though himſelf equally *brave* and *good*, preferring the latter word to the former.

Lady L. had always inſiſted upon dancing at her ſiſter's wedding. We were not company enough for country-dances: But muſic having been ordered, and the performers come, it was inſiſted that we ſhould have a dance, though we were engaged

in a

in a converſation, which I thought infinitely more agreeable.

Lord G. began by dancing a minuet with his bride: She danced charmingly: But on my telling her ſo afterwards, ſhe whiſpered me, that ſhe ſhould have performed better, had ſhe danced with her brother. Lord G. danced extremely well.

Lord L. and Lady Gertrude, Mr Beauchamp and Mrs Reeves, Mr Reeves and Lady L. danced all of them very agreeably.

The Earl took me out: But we had hardly done, when, aſking pardon for diſgracing me, as he too modeſtly expreſſed himſelf; he, and all but my couſins and Emily, called out for Sir Charles to dance with me.

I was abaſhed at the general voice calling upon us both: But it was obeyed.

He deſerved all the praiſes that Miſs Gran—— Lady G. I would ſay, gave him in her letter to me.

Lord bleſs me, my dear, this man is every thing: But his converſation has ever been among the politeſt people of different nations.

Lord W. wiſhed himſelf able, from his gout, to take out Miſs Jervois.

The bridegroom was called upon by Sir Charles: And he took out the good girl, who danced very prettily. I fancied that he choſe to have called out Lord G. rather than Mr Beauchamp. He is the moſt delicate and conſiderate of men.

Sir Charles was afterwards called upon by the bride herſelf: And ſhe danced then with a grace indeed! I was pleaſed that ſhe *could* perform ſo well at her own wedding.

Supper was not ready till twelve. Mr Reeves's coach came about that hour; but we got not away till two.

Perhaps the company would not have broke up

up ſo ſoon, had not the bride been perverſe, and refuſed to retire.

Was ſhe not at home? ſhe aſked Lady L. who was put upon urging her: And ſhould ſhe leave her company?

She would make me retire with her. She took a very affectionate leave of me.

Marriage, Lucy, is an awful rite. It is ſuppoſed to be a joyful ſolemnity: But on the woman's ſide it can be only ſo, when ſhe is given to the man ſhe loves above all the men in the world; and even to *her*, the anniverſary day, when doubt is turned into certainty, muſt be much happier than the day itſelf.

What a victim muſt that woman look upon herſelf to be, who is compelled, or even *over-perſuaded*, to give her hand to a man who has no ſhare in her heart? Ought not a parent or guardian, in ſuch a circumſtance, eſpecially if the child has a *delicate*, an *honeſt* mind, to be chargeable with all the unhappy conſequences that may follow from ſuch a cruel compulſion?

But this is not the caſe with Miſs Grandiſon. Early ſhe caſt her eye on an improper object. Her pride convinced her in time of the impropriety. And this, as ſhe owns, gave her an indifference to all men.

She hates not Lord G. There is no man whom ſhe prefers to him: And in this reſpect may, perhaps, be upon a par with eight women out of twelve, who marry, and yet make not bad wives.

As ſhe played with her paſſion till ſhe loſt it, ſhe may be happy if ſhe will: And ſince ſhe intended to be, ſome time or other, Lady G. her brother was kind in perſuading her to ſhorten her days of coquetting and teazing, and to allow him to give her to Lord G. before he went abroad.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Wedneſday, April 12.

DR Bartlett was ſo good as to breakfaſt with my couſins and me this morning. He talks of ſetting out for Grandiſon-hall on Saturday or Monday next. We have ſettled a correſpondence; and he gives me hope that he will make me a viſit in Northamptonſhire. I know you will all rejoice to ſee him.

Emily came in before the doctor went. She brought me the compliments of the bride, and Lord W. with their earneſt requeſt, that I, and my two couſins, would dine with them. Sir Charles was gone, ſhe ſaid, to make a farewel viſit to the Danby ſet; but would be at home at dinner.

It would be better for me, I think, Lucy, to avoid all opportunities of ſeeing him: Don't you think ſo?—There is no ſuch thing as ſeeing him with indifference. But, ſo earneſtly invited, how could I deny; eſpecially as my couſins were inclinable to go?

Miſs Jervois whiſpered me at parting: I never before, ſaid ſhe, had an opportunity to obſerve the behaviour of the new-married couple to each other: But is it cuſtomary, madam, for the bride to be more ſnappiſh, as the bridegroom is more obliging?

Lady G. is very naughty, my dear, if ſhe ſo behaves as to give you reaſon to aſk this queſtion.

She does: And, upon my word, I ſee more *obedience* where it was not promiſed than where it was. Dear madam, is not what is ſaid at church to be thought of *afterwards?* But why did not the doctor

doctor make her ſpeak out? What ſignified bowing, except a woman was ſo baſhful that ſhe *could* not ſpeak?

The bowing, my dear, is an aſſent. It is as efficacious as words. Lord G. only bowed, you know. Could you like to be called upon, Emily, to ſpeak out on ſuch an occaſion?

Why, no. But then I would be very civil and good-natured to my huſband, if it were but for fear he ſhould be croſs to me: But I ſhould think it my duty as well.

Sweet innocent!

She went away, and left the doctor with me.

When our hearts are ſet upon a particular ſubject, how impertinent, how much beſide the purpoſe, do we think every other! I wanted the doctor to talk of Sir Charles Grandiſon: But as he fell not into the ſubject, and as I was afraid he would think me to be always leading him into it, if I began it, I ſuffered him to go away at his firſt motion: I never knew him ſo ſhy upon it, however.

Sir Charles returned to dinner. He has told Lady L. who afterwards told us, that he had a hint from Mr Galliard ſenior, that if he were not engaged in his affection, he was commiſſioned to make him a very great propoſal in behalf of one of the young ladies he had ſeen the Thurſday before; and that from her father.

Surely, Lucy, we may pronounce without doubt, that we live in an age in which there is a great dearth of good men, that ſo many offers fall to the lot of one.

But, I am thinking, 'tis no ſmall advantage to Sir Charles, that his time is ſo taken up, that he cannot ſtay long enough in any company to ſuffer them to caſt their eyes on other objects with diſtinction. He left the numerous aſſembly at Enfield, while they were in the height of their admi-

ration

ration of him. Attention, love, admiration, cannot be always kept at the ſtretch. You will obſerve, Lucy, that on the return of a long-abſent dear friend, the *rapture* laſts not more than an hour: Gladdened as the heart is, the friend received, and the friends receiving, perhaps in leſs than that time, can ſit down quietly together, to hear and tell ſtories of what has happened to either in the long-regreted abſence. It will be ſo with us, Lucy, when I return to the arms of *my* kind friends: And now, does not Sir Charles's propoſed journey to Italy endear his company to us?

The Earl of G. Lady Gertrude, and two agreeable nieces of that nobleman, were here at dinner. Lady G. behaved *pretty* well to her lord before them: But I, who underſtood the language of her eyes, *ſaw* them talk very ſaucily to him on ſeveral occaſions. My lord is a little officious in his obligingneſs; which takes off from that graceful, that polite frankneſs, which ſo charmingly, on all occaſions, diſtinguiſhes one happy man, who was then preſent. Lord G. will perhaps appear more to advantage in that perſon's abſence.

Mr Beauchamp was alſo preſent. He is indeed an agreeable, a modeſt young man. He appeared to great advantage, as well in his converſation, as by his behaviour: And not the leſs for ſubſcribing in both to the ſuperiority of his friend; who nevertheleſs endeavoured to draw him out as the firſt man.

After dinner, Lady L. Lady G. and I found an opportunity to be by ourſelves for one half-hour. Lady G. aſked Lady L. what ſhe intended to do with the thouſand pounds with which Lord W. had ſo generouſly preſented her?—Do with it, my dear!—What do you think I *intend* to do with it?—It is already diſpoſed of.

I'll

I'll be hang'd, ſaid Lady G. if this good creature has not given it to her huſband.

Indeed, Charlotte, I have. I gave it to him before I ſlept.

I thought ſo! She laughed—And Lord L. took it! Did he?

To be ſure he did. I ſhould otherwiſe have been diſpleaſed with him.

Dear, good ſoul!—And ſo you gave him a thouſand pounds to take part of it back from him, by four or five paltry guineas at a time, at his pleaſure?

Lord L. and I, Charlotte, have but one purſe. You may not, perhaps, know how we manage it.

Pray, good, meek, dependent creature! how *do* you manage it?

Thus, Charlotte: My lord knows that his wife and he have but one intereſt; and from the firſt of our happy marriage, he would make me take one key, as he has another, of the private drawer, where his money and money-bills lie. There is a little memorandum-book in the drawer, in which he enters on one page the money he receives; on the oppoſite, the money he takes out: And when I want money, I have recourſe to my key. If I ſee but little in the drawer, I am the more moderate; or, perhaps, if my want is not urgent, defer the ſupplying of it till my lord is richer: But little or much, I minute down the ſum, as he himſelf does what he takes out: And ſo we know what we are about; and I never put it out of my lord's power, by my unreaſonable expences, to preſerve that cuſtom of his, for which he is as much reſpected as well ſerved, not to ſuffer a demand to be twice made upon him where he is a debtor.

Good ſoul!—And, pray, don't you minute down too the *uſe* to which you put the money you take out?

Indeed I often do: Always indeed, when I take out more than five guineas at one time: I found my lord did ſo; and I followed the example of my own accord.

Happy pair! ſaid I—O Lady G. what a charming example is this!—I hope you will follow it.

Thank you, Harriet, for your advice. Why, I can't but ſay that this is one pretty way of coaxing each other into frugality: But don't you think, that where an honeſt pair are ſo *tender* of diſobliging, and ſo *ſtudious* of obliging each other, they ſeem to confeſs that the matrimonial good underſtanding hangs by very ſlender threads?

And do not the tendereſt friendſhips, ſaid I, hang by *as* ſlender? Can delicate minds be united to each other but by delicate obſervances?

Why *thou* art a good ſoul too, Harriet!—And ſo you would both have me make a preſent to Lord G. of my thouſand pounds before we have choſen our private drawer, or before he has got two keys made to it?

Let him know, Charlotte, what Lord L. and I do, if you think the example worth following—And then—

Ay, and *then* give him my thouſand pounds for a beginning, Lady L.?—But ſee you not that this propoſal ſhould come from *him*, and not from *me?*—And ſhould we not let each other ſee a little of each other's merits firſt?

See, *firſt*, the merits of the man you have actually married, Charlotte!

Yes, Lady L.——But yeſterday married, you know. Can there be a greater difference between any two men in the world, than there often is between the ſame man, a lover, and a huſband?—And now, my *generous* adviſers, be pleaſed to continue ſilent. You cannot anſwer me fairly. And beſides, wot ye not the indelicacy of an early preſent, which you are not *obliged* to make!

We

We were both ſilent, each expecting the other to anſwer the ſtrange creature.

She laughed at us both. Soft ſouls, and tender! ſaid ſhe; let me tell you, that there is more indelicacy in delicacy than you *very* delicate people are aware of.

You, Charlotte, ſaid Lady L. have odder notions than any body elſe. Had you been a man, you would have been a ſad rake.

A rake perhaps I might have been, but not a *ſad* one, Lady L.

Lady G. can't help being witty, ſaid I: It is ſometimes *her* misfortune, ſometimes *ours*, that ſhe cannot: However, I highly approve of the example ſet by Lord L. and followed by Lady L.

And ſo do I, Harriet. And when Lord G. ſets the example, I ſhall—conſider of it. I am not a bad œconomiſt. Had I *ten* thouſand pounds in my hands, I would not be extravagant: Had I but one hundred, I would not be mean. I value not money but as it enables me to lay an obligation, inſtead of being under the neceſſity of receiving one. I am my mother's daughter, and brother's ſiſter, and *yours*, Lady L. in this particular, and *yours* too, Harriet: Different means may be taken to arrive at the ſame end. Lord G. will have no reaſon to be diſſatisfied with my prudence in money-matters, although I ſhould not make him one of my beſt courteſies, as if—as if—(and ſhe laughed, but checking herſelf) I were conſcious—again ſhe laughed—that I had ſigned and ſealed to my abſolute dependence on his bounty.

What a mad creature! ſaid Lady L.: But, my Harriet, don't you think that ſhe behaved pretty well to Lord G. at table?

Yes, anſwered I, as thoſe would think who obſerve not her arch looks: But ſhe gave me pain for her ſeveral times, and I believe her brother was not without his apprehenſions.

He had his eyes upon you, Harriet, replied Lady G. more earneſtly than he had upon me, or any-body elſe.

That's true, ſaid Lady L. I looked upon both him and you, my dear, with pity. My tears were ready to ſtart more than once, to reflect how happy you two might be in each other, and how greatly you would love each other, were it not—

Not one word more on this ſubject, dear Lady L.! I cannot bear it. I thought my-*ſelf* that he often caſt an eye of tenderneſs upon me. I cannot bear it. I am afraid of myſelf; of my *juſtice*—

His tender looks did not eſcape me, ſaid Lady G. Nor yet did my dear Harriet's. But we will not touch this ſtring: It is *too* tender a one. I, for my part, was forced, in order to divert myſelf, to turn my eyes on Lord G.: He got nothing by that. The moſt *officious*—

Nay, Lady G. interrupted I, you ſhall not change the diſcourſe at the expence of the man you have vowed to honour. I will take pain to myſelf by the continuation of the former ſubject, rather than that ſhall be.

Charming Harriet! ſaid Lady L. I hope your generoſity will be rewarded. Yet, tell me, my dear, can you wiſh Lady Clementina may be his? I have no doubt but you wiſh her *recovery*; but can you wiſh her to be *his*?

I have debated the matter, my dear Lady L. with myſelf. I am ſorry it has *admitted* of debate: So excellent a creature! Such an honour to her ſex! So nobly ſincere! So pious!—But I will confeſs the truth: I have called upon *juſtice* to ſupport me in my determination: I have ſuppoſed *myſelf* in *her* ſituation, her unhappy malady excepted: I have ſuppoſed *her* in *mine*: And ought I then to have heſitated to which to give the preference?—Yet—

What yet, moſt frank, and moſt generous of women

women? ſaid Lady L. claſping her arms about me; what yet?—

Why, yet—Ah ladies—Why, yet, I have many a pang, many a twitch, as I may call it!—Why is your brother ſo tender-hearted, ſo modeſt, ſo faultleſs?—Why did he not inſult me with his pity? Why does he on every occaſion ſhew a tenderneſs for me, that is more affecting than pity? And why does he give me a conſequence that exalts, while it depreſſes me?

I turned my head aſide to hide my emotion—Lady G. ſnatched my handkerchief from me, and wiped away a ſtarting tear, and called me by very tender names.

Am I dear, continued I, to the heart of ſuch a man? You think I am: Allow me to ſay, that he is indeed dear to mine: Yet I have not a wiſh but for his happineſs, whatever becomes of me.

Emily appeared at the door—May I come in, ladies?—I *will* come in!—My dear Miſs Byron affected!—My dear Miſs Byron in tears!

Her pity, without knowing the cauſe, ſprung to her eyes. She took my hand in both hers, and repeatedly kiſſed it!—My guardian aſks for you. O with what tenderneſs of voice—Where is your Miſs Byron, love? He calls every one by gentle names when he ſpeaks of *you*—His voice then is the voice of love—*Love*, ſaid he, to *me!* Through *you*, madam, he will love his ward—And on your love will I build all my merit. But you ſigh, dear Miſs Byron, you ſigh—Forgive your prating girl!—You muſt not be grieved.

I embraced her. Grief, my dear, reaches not my heart at this time. It is the merit of your guardian that affects me.

God bleſs you, madam, for your gratitude to my guardian!

A Clementina and a Harriet! ſaid Lady L. two women ſo excellent! What a fate is *his!* How muſt his heart be divided!

Divided, ſay you, Lady L.! reſumed Lady G. The man who loves virtue for virtue's ſake, loves it where-ever he finds it: Such a man may *diſtinguiſh* more virtuous women than one: And if he be of a gentle and beneficent nature, there will be tenderneſs in his diſtinction to every one, varying only according to the difference of circumſtance and ſituation.

Let me embrace you, my Charlotte, reſumed Lady L. for that thought. Don't let me hear, for a month to come, one word from the ſame lips that may be unworthy of it.

You have Lord G. in your head, Lady L.: But never mind us. He muſt now and then be made to look about him. I'll take care to keep up my conſequence with him, never fear: Nor ſhall he have reaſon to doubt the virtue of his wife.

Virtue, my dear! ſaid I: What is virtue only? She who will not be virtuous for *virtue*'s ſake is not worthy to be called a woman: But ſhe muſt be ſomething more than virtuous for her *huſband*'s, nay, for her *vow*'s ſake. Complacency, obligingneſs—

Obedience too, I warrant—Huſh, huſh, my ſweet Harriet! putting her hand before my mouth, we will behave as well as we can: And that will be very well, if no-body minds us. And now let us go down together.

LETTER V.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Thurſday, April 13.

WE played at cards laſt night till ſupper-time. When that was over, every one ſought to engage

gage Sir Charles in diſcourſe. I will give you ſome particulars of our converſation, as I did of one before.

Lord W. began it with a complaint of the inſolence and profligateneſs of ſervants. What he ſaid was only anſwered by Sir Charles, with the word *Example, example*, my good Lord, repeated.

You, Sir Charles, replied my Lord, may indeed inſiſt upon the force of example; for I cannot but obſerve, that all thoſe of yours, whom I have ſeen, are intitled to regard. They have the looks of men at eaſe, and of men grateful for that eaſe: They know their duty, and need not a reminding look. A ſervant of yours, Sir Charles, look as if he would one day make a figure as a maſter. How do you manage it?

Perhaps I have been peculiarly fortunate in worthy ſervants. There is nothing in my management deſerving the attention of this company.

I am going to begin the world anew, nephew. Hitherto ſervants have been a continual plague to me. I muſt know how *you* treat them.

I treat them, my Lord, as neceſſary parts of my family. I have no ſecrets, the keeping or diſcloſing of which might give them ſelf-importance. I endeavour to ſet them no bad example. I am never angry with them but for wilful faults: If thoſe are not habitual, I ſhame them into amendment, by gentle expoſtulation and *forgiveneſs*. If they are not capable of a generous ſhame, and the faults are repeated, I part with them; but with ſuch kindneſs, as makes their fellow-ſervants blame them, and take warning. I am fond of ſeeking occaſions to praiſe them: And even when they miſtake, if it be with a good intention, they have my approbation of the *intention*, and my endeavours to ſet them right as to the *act*. Sobriety is an indiſpenſable qualification for my ſervice; and for the reſt, if we receive them not quite good, we make them better than

than they were before. Generally ſpeaking, a maſter may make a ſervant what he pleaſes. Servants judge by example, rather than precept, and almoſt always by their feelings. One thing more permit me to add; I always inſiſt upon my ſervants being kind and compaſſionate to one another. A compaſſionate heart cannot habitually be an unjuſt one. And thus do I make their good-nature contribute to my ſecurity, as well as quiet.

My Lord was greatly pleaſed with what his nephew ſaid.

Upon ſome occaſion, Lady G. reflected upon a lady for *prudery*; and was going on, when Sir Charles interrupting her, ſaid, Take care, Lady G. —You, ladies, take care; for I am afraid, that MODESTY, under this name, will become ignominious, and be baniſhed the hearts, at leaſt the behaviour and converſation, of all thoſe whoſe fortunes or inclinations carry them often to places of public reſort.

Talk of places of public reſort! ſaid Lord L.: It is vexatious to obſerve at ſuch, how men of real merit are neglected by the fine ladies of the age, while every diſtinction is ſhewn to fops and foplings.

But who, my Lord, ſaid Sir Charles, are thoſe women? Are they not generally of a claſs with thoſe men? Flippant women love empty men, becauſe they cannot reproach them with a ſuperiority of underſtanding, but keep their folly in countenance. They are afraid of a wiſe man: But I would by no means have ſuch a one turn fool to pleaſe them: For they will deſpiſe the wiſe man's folly more than the ſilly man's, and with reaſon; becauſe being uncharacteriſtic, it muſt ſit more aukwardly upon him than the other's can do.

Yet wiſdom itſelf, and the trueſt wiſdom, *goodneſs*, ſaid Mrs Reeves, is ſometimes thought to ſit ungracefully, when it is uncharacteriſtic, not to the man, but to the times. She then named a perſon who

who was branded as a hypocrite for performing all his duties publicly.

He will be worſe ſpoken of, if he declines doing ſo, ſaid Dr Bartlett. His enemies will *add* the charge of cowardice; and acquit him of the other.

Lady Gertrude being withdrawn, it was mentioned as a wonder, that ſo agreeable a woman as ſhe muſt have been in her youth, and ſtill was for her years, ſhould remain ſingle. Lord G. ſaid, that ſhe had had many offers: And once, before ſhe was twenty, had like to have ſtolen a wedding: But her fears, he ſaid, ſince that, had kept her ſingle.

The longer, ſaid Sir Charles, a woman remains unmarried, the more apprehenſive ſhe will be of entering into the ſtate. At *ſeventeen* or *eighteen* a girl will plunge into it, ſometimes without either fear or wit; at *twenty* ſhe will begin to think; at *twenty-four* will weigh and diſcriminate; at *twenty-eight* will be afraid of venturing; at *thirty* will turn about, and look down the hill ſhe has aſcended; and, as occaſions offer, and inſtances are given, will ſometimes repent, ſometimes rejoice, that ſhe has gained that ſummit *ſola*.

Indeed, ſaid Mrs Reeves, I believe in England many a poor girl goes up the hill with a companion ſhe would little care for, if the ſtate of a ſingle woman were not here ſo peculiarly unprovided and helpleſs: For girls of ſlender fortunes, if they have been genteelly brought up, how can they when family-connections are diſſolved, ſupport themſelves? A man can riſe in a profeſſion, and, if he acquired wealth in a trade, can get above it, and be reſpected. A woman is looked upon as demeaning herſelf, if ſhe gains a maintenance by her needle, or by domeſtic attendance on a ſuperior; and without them where has ſhe a retreat?

You ſpeak, good Mrs Reeves, ſaid Sir Charles, as if you would join with Dr Bartlett and me in wiſhing the *eſtabliſhment* of a ſcheme we have often talked

talked over, tho' the name of it would make many a lady ſtart. We want to ſee eſtabliſhed in every county *Proteſtant Nunneries*; in which ſingle women of ſmall or no fortunes might live with all manner of freedom, under ſuch regulations as it would be a diſgrace for a modeſt or good woman not to comply with, were ſhe abſolutely on her own hands; and to be allowed to quit it whenever they pleaſed.

Well, brother, ſaid Lady G. and why could you not have got all this ſettled a fortnight ago (you that can carry every point), and have made poor me a Lady Abbeſs?

You are ſtill better provided for, my ſiſter. But let the doctor and me proceed with our ſcheme. The governeſſes or matrons of the ſociety I would have to be women of family, of unblameable characters from infancy, and noted equally for their prudence, good-nature, and gentleneſs of manners. The attendants, for the ſlighter ſervices, ſhould be the hopeful female children of the honeſt induſtrious poor.

Do you not, ladies, imagine, ſaid Dr Bartlett, that ſuch a ſociety as this, all women of unblemiſhed reputation, employing themſelves as each (conſulting her own genius) at her admiſſion, ſhall undertake to employ herſelf, and ſupported genteelly, ſome at more, ſome at leſs expence to the foundation, according to their circumſtances, might become a *national* good; and particularly a ſeminary for good wives, and the inſtitution a ſtand for virtue, in an age given up to luxury, extravagance, and amuſements little leſs than riotous?

How could it be ſupported? ſaid Lord W.

Many of the perſons, of which each community would conſiſt, would be, I imagine, replied Sir Charles, no expence to it at all; as numbers of young women, joining their ſmall fortunes, might be able, in ſuch a ſociety, to maintain themſelves genteelly

genteelly on their own income; tho' each, ſingly in the world, would be diſtreſſed. Beſides, liberty might be given for wives, in the abſence of their huſbands, in this maritime country; and for widows, who, on the deaths of theirs, might wiſh to retire from the noiſe and hurry of the world, for three, ſix, or twelve months, more or leſs; to reſide in this well-regulated ſociety: And ſuch perſons, we may ſuppoſe, would be glad, according to their reſpective abilities, to be benefactreſſes to it. No doubt but it would have beſides the countenance of the well-diſpoſed of both ſexes; ſince every family in Britain, in their connections and relations, near or diſtant, might be benefited by ſo reputable and uſeful an inſtitution: To ſay nothing of the works of the ladies in it, the profits of which perhaps will be thought proper to be carried towards the ſupport of a foundation that ſo genteelly ſupports them. Yet I would have a number of hours in each day, for the encouragement of induſtry, that ſhould be called their own; and what was produced in them to be ſolely appropriated to their own uſe.

A truly worthy divine, at the appointment of the biſhop of the dioceſe, to direct and animate the devotion of ſuch a ſociety, and to guard it from that ſuperſtition and enthuſiaſm which ſoars to wild heights in almoſt all nunneries, would confirm it a bleſſing to the kingdom.

I have another ſcheme, my lord, proceeded Sir Charles—An hoſpital for female penitents: For ſuch unhappy women, as having been once drawn in, and betrayed by the perfidy of men, find themſelves, by the cruelty of the world, and principally by that of their own ſex, unable to recover the path of virtue, when perhaps (convinced of the wickedneſs of the men in whoſe honour they confided) they would willingly make their firſt departure from it the laſt.

Theſe, continued he, are the poor creatures who are eminently entitled to our pity, tho' they ſeldom meet with it. Good-nature, and *Credulity*, the child of good-nature, are generally, as I have the charity to believe, rather than viciouſneſs, the foundation of their crime. Thoſe men who pretend they would not be the firſt deſtroyers of a woman's innocence, look upon theſe as fair prize. But what a wretch is he, who, ſeeing a poor creature expoſed on the ſummit of a dangerous precipice, and unable, without an aſſiſting hand, to find her way down, would rather puſh her into the gulph below, than convey her down in ſafety?

Speaking of the force put upon a daughter's inclinations in wedlock; tyranny and ingratitude, ſaid Sir Charles, from a man beloved, will be more ſupportable to a woman of ſtrong paſſions, than even kindneſs from a man ſhe loves not: Shall not parents then, who hope to ſee their children happy, avoid compelling them to give their hands to a man who has no ſhare in their hearts?

But would you allow young ladies to be their own chuſers, Sir Charles? ſaid Mr Reeves.

Daughters, replied he, who are earneſt to chuſe for themſelves, ſhould be *doubly* careful that prudence juſtifies their choice. Every widow who marries imprudently (and very many there are who do) furniſhes a ſtrong argument in favour of a parent's authority over a maiden daughter. A deſigning man looks out for a woman who has an independent fortune, and has no queſtions to aſk. He ſeems *aſſured* of finding indiſcretion and raſhneſs in ſuch a one to befriend him. But ought not ſhe to think herſelf affronted, and reſolved to diſappoint him?

But how, ſaid Lady G. ſhall a young creature be able to judge—

By his application to *her*, rather than to her natural friends and relations; by his endeavouring to

alienate her affections from them; by wiſhing her to favour private and clandeſtine meetings (conſcious that his pretenſions will not ſtand diſcuſſion); by the inequality of his fortune to her's: And has not our excellent Miſs Byron, in the letters to her Lucy (bowing to me) which he has had the goodneſs to allow us to read, helped us to a criterion? 'Men in their addreſſes to young women, ſhe very 'happily obſerves, forget not to ſet forward the 'advantages by which they are diſtinguiſhed, whe-'ther hereditary or acquired; while love, love, is 'all the cry of him who has no other to boaſt of.'

And by that means, ſaid Lady Gertrude, ſetting the filly creature at variance with all her friends, he makes her fight his battles for him; and become herſelf the cat's paw to help him to the ready-roaſted cheſnuts.

But, dear brother, ſaid Lady G. do you think love is ſuch a ſtaid deliberate paſſion, as to allow a young creature to take time to ponder and weigh all the merits of the cauſe?

Love at firſt ſight, anſwered Sir Charles, muſt indicate a mind *prepared* for impreſſion, and a ſudden guſt of paſſion, and that of the leaſt noble kind; ſince there could be no opportunity of knowing the *merit* of the object. What woman would have herſelf ſuppoſed capable of ſuch a *tindery fit?* In a *man*, it is an indelicate paroxyſm: But in a *woman*, who expects protection and inſtruction from a man, much more ſo. Love, at firſt, may be only fancy. Such a young love may be eaſily given up, and ought, to a parent's judgment. Nor is the conqueſt ſo difficult as ſome young creatures think it. One thing, my good Emily, let me ſay to *you*, as a rule of ſome conſequence in the world you are juſt entering into —Young perſons, on arduous occaſions, eſpecially in love-caſes, ſhould not preſume to adviſe young perſons; becauſe they ſeldom can diveſt themſelves of paſſion, partiality, or prejudice; that is, indeed,

of *youth*; and forbear to mix their own concerns and byaſſes with the queſtion referred to them. It ſhould not be put from young friend to young friend, What would *you* do in ſuch a caſe? but, What *ought* to be done?

How the dear girl bluſhed, and how pleaſed ſhe looked, to be particularly addreſſed at her guardian!

Lady Gertrude ſpoke of a certain father, who for intereſted views obliged his daughter to marry at fifteen, when ſhe was not only indifferent to the man, but had formed no right notions of the ſtate.

And are they not unhappy? aſked Sir Charles.

They are, replied ſhe.

I knew ſuch an inſtance, returned he. The lady was handſome, and had her full ſhare of vanity. She believed every man who ſaid civil things to her was in love with her; and had ſhe been ſingle, that he would have made his addreſſes to her. She ſuppoſed, that ſhe might have had *this* great man, or *that*, had ſhe not been precipitated: And this brought her to ſlight the man who had, as ſhe concluded, deprived her of better offers. They were unhappy to the end of their lives. Had the lady lived ſingle long enough to find out the difference between compliment and ſincerity, and that the man who flattered her vanity meant no more than to take advantage of her folly, ſhe would have thought herſelf not unhappy with the very man with whom ſhe was ſo diſſatisfied.

Lady L. ſpeaking afterwards of a certain nobleman, who is continually railing againſt matrimony, and who makes a very indifferent huſband to an obliging wife: I have known more men than one, ſaid Sir Charles, inveigh againſt matrimony, when the invective would have proceeded with a much better grace from their wives' lips than from theirs. But let us enquire, would this complainer have

have been, or deſerved to be, happier in *any* ſtate, than he now is?

A ſtate of ſuffering, ſaid Lady L. had probably humbled the ſpirit of the poor wife into perfect meekneſs and patience.

You obſerve rightly, replied Sir Charles: And ſurely a moſt kind diſpoſition of providence it is, that adverſity, ſo painful in itſelf, ſhould conduce ſo peculiarly as it does to the improvement of the human mind: It teaches modeſty, humility, and compaſſion.

You ſpeak feelingly, brother, ſaid Lady L. with a ſigh. Do you think, Lucy, nobody ſighed but ſhe?

I do, ſaid he. I ſpeak with a ſenſe of gratitude: I am naturally of an imperious ſpirit: But I have reaped advantages from the early ſtroke of a mother's death. Being for years, againſt my wiſhes, obliged to ſubmit to a kind of exile from my native country, which I conſidered as a heavy evil, though I thought it my duty to acquieſce, I was determined, as much as my capacity would allow, to make my advantage of the compulſion, by qualifying myſelf to do credit, rather than diſcredit, to my father, my friends, and my country. And let me add, that if I have in any tolerable manner ſucceeded, I owe much to the example and precepts of my dear Dr Bartlett.

The doctor bluſhed and bowed, and was going to diſclaim the merit which his patron had aſcribed to him; but Sir Charles confirmed it in ſtill ſtronger terms: You, my dear Dr Bartlett, ſaid he, as I have told Miſs Byron, was a ſecond conſcience to me in my earlier youth: Your precepts, your excellent life, your pure manners, your ſweetneſs of temper, could not but open and enlarge my mind. The ſoil, I hope I may ſay, was not barren; but you, my dear paternal friend, was the cultivater: I ſhall ever acknowledge it—And he

bowed to the good man, who was covered with modeſt confuſion, and could not look up.

And think you, Lucy, that this acknowledgment leſſened the excellent man with any one preſent? No! It raiſed him in every eye: And I was the more pleaſed with it, as it helped me to account for that deep obſervation, which otherwiſe one ſhould have been at a loſs to account for, in ſo young a man. And yet I am convinced, that there is hardly a greater difference in intellect between angel and man, than there is between man and man.

LETTER VI.

Lady G. *To Miſs* BYRON.

Thurſday, April 13.

FOR heaven's ſake, my deareſt Harriet, dine with us to-day; for two reaſons: One relates to myſelf, the other you ſhall hear by and by: To myſelf, firſt, as is moſt fit—This ſilly creature has offended me, and preſumed to be ſullen upon my reſentment. Married but two days, and ſhew his airs!—Were I in fault, my dear (which, upon my honour, I am not), for the man to loſe his patience with me, to forget his obligations to me, in two days!—What an ungrateful wretch is he! What a poor powerleſs creature your Charlotte!

Nobody knows of the matter, except he has complained to my brother—*If* he has! But what if he has?—Alas! my dear, I am married; and cannot help myſelf.

We ſeem, however, to be drawing up our forces on both ſides—One ſtruggle for my dying liberty, my dear!—The ſucceſs of one pitched battle will determine

determine which is to be the general, which the ſubaltern, for the reſt of the campaign. To *dare* to be ſullen already!—As I hope to live, my dear, I was in high good humour within myſelf; and when he was *fooliſh*, only intended a little play with him; and he takes it in earneſt. He worſhips you: So I ſhall rally him before you: But I charge you, as the man by his ſullenneſs has taken upon him to fight his own battle, either to be on my ſide, or be ſilent. I ſhall take it very ill of my Harriet, if ſhe ſtrengthen his hands.

Well, but enough of this huſband—HUSBAND! What a word!—Who do you think is arrived from abroad?—You cannot gueſs for your life—Lady OLIVIA!—True as you are alive! accompanied, it ſeems, by an aunt of hers; a widow, whoſe years and character are to keep the niece in countenance in this excurſion. The pretence is, making the tour of Europe; and England was not to be left out of the ſcheme. My brother is exceſſively diſturbed at her arrival. She came to town but laſt night. He had notice of it but this morning. He took Emily with him to viſit her: Emily was known to her at Florence. She and her aunt are to be here at dinner. As ſhe *is* come, Sir Charles ſays, he muſt bring her acquainted with his ſiſters, and their lords, in order to be at liberty to purſue the meaſures he has unalterably reſolved upon: And this, Harriet, is my ſecond reaſon for urging you to dine with us.

Now I do wiſh we had known her hiſtory at large. Dr Bartlett ſhall tell it us. Unwelcome as ſhe is to my brother, I long to ſee her. I hope I ſhall not hear ſomething in *her* ſtory that will make me pity her.

Will you come?

I wonder whether ſhe ſpeaks Engliſh or not. I don't think I can converſe in Italian.

I won't forgive you, if you refuſe to come.

Lady L. and her good-man will be here. We ſhall therefore, if *you* come, be our whole family together.

My brother has preſented this houſe to me till his return. He calls himſelf Lord G.'s gueſt and mine: So you can have no punctilio about it. Beſides Lord W. will ſet out to-morrow morning for Windſor. He doats upon you: And perhaps it is in your power to make a new-married man penitent and polite.

So you muſt come.

Hang me, if I ſign by any other name, while this man is in fits, than that of

CHARLOTTE GRANDISON.

LETTER VII.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

Thurſday, April 13.

I SEND you incloſed a letter I received this morning from Lady G. I will ſuppoſe you have read it. Emily ſays, that the meeting between Sir Charles and the lady mentioned in it was very polite on both ſides: But more cold on his than on hers. She made ſome difficulty, however, of dining at his houſe; and her aunt, Lady Maffei, more. But on Sir Charles's telling them, that he would bring his elder ſiſter to attend them thither, they complied.

When I went to St James's-ſquare, Sir Charles and Lady L. were gone in his coach to bring the two ladies.

Lady G. met me on the ſtairs-head leading into her dreſſing-room. Not a word, ſaid ſhe, of the man's ſullens: He repents: A fine figure, as I told him, of a bridegroom, would he make in the eyes

eyes of foreign ladies, at dinner, were he to retain his gloomy airs. He has begged my pardon; as good as promiſed amendment; and I have forgiven him.

Poor Lord G. ſaid I.

Huſh, huſh! He is within: He will hear you: And then perhaps repent of his repentance.

She led me in: My lord had a glow in his cheeks, and looked as if he had been nettled; and was but juſt recovering a ſmile, to help to carry off the petulance. O how ſaucily did her eyes look! Well, my lord, ſaid ſhe, I hope—But you ſay, I miſunderſtood—

No more, madam, no more, I beſeech you—

Well, Sir, not a word more, ſince you are—

Pray, madam—

Well, well, give me your hand—You muſt leave Harriet and me together.

She humorouſly courteſied to him as he bowed to me, taking the compliment as to herſelf. She nodded her head to him, as he turned back his when he was at the door; and when he was gone, If I can but make this man orderly, ſaid ſhe, I ſhall not quarrel with my brother for hurrying me as he has done.

You are wrong, exceſſively wrong, Charlotte. You call my lord a ſilly man, but can have no proof that he is ſo, but by his bearing this treatment from you.

None of your grave airs, my dear. The man is a good ſort of man, and will be ſo, if you and Lady L. don't ſpoil him. I have a vaſt deal of roguery, but no ill-nature, in my heart. There is luxury in jeſting with a ſolemn man, who wants to aſſume airs of privilege, and thinks he has a right to be impertinent. I'll tell you how I will manage—I believe I ſhall often try his patience, and when I am conſcious that I have gone too far, I will be patient if he is angry with me; ſo we ſhall

be

be quits. Then I'll begin again: He will reſent: And if I find his aſpect very ſolemn—Come, come, no glouting, friend, I will ſay, and perhaps ſmile in his face: I'll play you a tune, or ſing you a ſong—Which, which! Speak in a moment, or the humour will be off.

If he was ready to cry before, he will laugh then, though againſt his will: And as he admires my finger, and my voice, ſhall we not be inſtantly friends?

It ſignified nothing to rave at her: She will have her way. Poor Lord G.!—At my firſt knowledge of her, I thought her very lively; but imagined not that ſhe was indiſcreetly ſo.

Lord G.'s fondneſs for his ſaucy bride was, as I have reaſon to believe, his fault. I dared not aſk for particulars of their quarrel: And if I had, and *found* it ſo, could not, with ſuch a rallying creature, have entered into his defence, or cenſured her.

I went down a few moments before her. Lord G. whiſpered me, that he ſhould be the happieſt man in the world, if I, who had ſuch an influence over her, would ſtand his friend.

I hope, my lord, ſaid I, that you will not want any influence but your own. She has a thouſand good qualities. She has charming ſpirits. You will have nothing to bear with but from them. They will not laſt always. Think only that ſhe can mean nothing by the exertion of them but innocent gaiety, and ſhe will every day love your lordſhip the better for bearing with her. You know ſhe is generous and noble.

I ſee, madam, ſaid he, ſhe has let you into—

She has not acquainted me with the particulars of the little miſunderſtanding; only has ſaid, that there had been a ſlight one; which was quite made up.

I am

I am aſhamed, replied he, to have it thought by Miſs Byron, that there *could* have been a miſunderſtanding between us, eſpecially ſo early. She knows her power over me. I am afraid ſhe deſpiſes me.

Impoſſible, my lord: Have you not obſerved, that ſhe ſpares nobody when ſhe is in a lively humour?

True—But here ſhe comes!—Not a word, madam!—I bowed aſſenting ſilence. Lord G. ſaid ſhe, approaching him, in a low voice, I ſhall be jealous of your converſations with Miſs Byron.

Would to heaven, my deareſt life, ſnatching at her withdrawn hand, that—

I were half as good as Miſs Byron: I underſtand you:—But time and patience, Sir; nodding to him, and paſſing him.

Admirable creature! ſaid he, how I adore her!

I hinted to her afterwards his fear of her deſpiſing him. Harriet, anſwered ſhe, with a ſerious air, I will do my duty by him. I will abhor my own heart, if I ever find in it the ſhadow of a regard for any man in the world, inconſiſtent with that which he has a right to expect from me.

I was pleaſed with her: And found an opportunity to communicate what ſhe ſaid, in confidence, to my lord; and had his bleſſings for it.

But now for ſome account of Lady Olivia; with which I will begin a new letter.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

SIR Charles returned with the ladies. He preſented to Lady Olivia and her aunt, Lady G. Lord L. and Lord W. I was in another apartment talking with Dr Bartlett.

Lady Olivia aſked for the doctor. He left *me* to pay his reſpects to *her*.

Sir Charles being informed, that I was in the houſe, told Lady Olivia, that he hoped he ſhould have the honour of preſenting to her one of our Engliſh beauties; deſiring Lady G. to requeſt my company.

Lady G. came to me—A lovely woman, I aſſure you, Harriet; let me lead you to her.

Sir Charles met me at the entrance of the drawing-room: Excuſe me, madam, ſaid he, taking my hand, with profound reſpect, and allow me to introduce you to a very amiable Italian lady, one who does ſo much honour to Britain.—Miſs Byron, madam, addreſſing himſelf to her, ſalutes you. The advantages of perſon are her leaſt perfection.

Her face glowed. Miſs Byron, ſaid ſhe, in French, is all lovelineſs. A relation, Sir? In Italian.

He bowed; but anſwered not her queſtion.

I would ſooner forgive you *here*, whiſpered Lady Olivia to Sir Charles in Italian, looking at me, than at Bologna.

I heard her; and by my confuſion ſhewed that I underſtood her. She was in confuſion too.

Mademoiſelle, ſaid ſhe, in French, underſtands Italian.—I am aſhamed, Monſieur.

Miſs

Miſs Byron does, anſwered Sir Charles; and French too.

I muſt have the honour, ſaid ſhe in French, to be better known to you, Mademoiſelle.

I anſwered her as politely as I could in the ſame language.

Lady OLIVIA is really a lovely woman. Her complexion is fine. Her face oval. Every feature of it is delicate. Her hair is black; and, I think, I never ſaw brighter black eyes in my life: If poſſible, they are brighter, and ſhine with a more piercing luſtre, than even Sir Charles Grandiſon's: But yet I give his the preference; for we ſee in them a benignity, that her's, though a woman's, has not; and a thoughtfulneſs, as if ſomething lay upon his mind, which nothing but patience could overcome; yet mingled with an air that ſhews him to be equal to any thing that can be undertaken by man. While Olivia's eyes ſhew more fire and impetuoſity than ſweetneſs. Had I not been *told* it, I ſhould have been ſure that ſhe has a violent ſpirit: But on the whole, ſhe is a very fine figure of a woman.

She talked of taking a houſe, and ſtaying in England a year at leaſt; and was determined, ſhe ſaid, to perfect herſelf in the language, and to become an Engliſhwoman: But when Sir Charles, in the way of diſcourſe, mentioned his obligation to leave England, as on next Friday morning, how did ſhe and her aunt look upon each other! And how was the ſunſhine that gilded her fine countenance, ſhut in! Surely, Sir, ſaid her aunt, you are not in earneſt!

After dinner the two ladies retired with Sir Charles, at his motion. Dr Bartlett, at Lady G.'s requeſt, then gave us this ſhort ſketch of her hiſtory: He ſaid, ſhe had a vaſt fortune: She had had indiſcretions; but none that had affected her character as to virtue: But her ſpirit could not bear

bear controul. She had ſhewn herſelf to be vindictive, even to a criminal degree. Lord bleſs me, my dear! the doctor has mentioned to me in confidence, that ſhe always carries a poniard about her; and that once ſhe uſed it. Had the perſon died, ſhe would have been called to public account for it. The man, it ſeems, was of rank, and offered ſome ſlight affront to her. She now comes over, the doctor ſaid, as he had reaſon to believe, with a reſolution to ſacrifice even her religion, if it were inſiſted upon, to the paſſion ſhe had ſo long in vain endeavoured to conquer.

She has, he ſays, an utter hatred to Lady Clementina; and will not be able to govern her paſſion, he is ſure, when Sir Charles ſhall acqaint her, that he is going to attend that lady, and her family: For he has only mentioned his obligation to go abroad; but not ſaid whither.

Lord W. praiſed the perſon of the lady, and her majeſtic air. Lord L. and Lord G. wiſhed to be within hearing of the conference between her and Sir Charles: So did Lady G.: And while they were thus wiſhing, in came Sir Charles, his face all in a glow; Lady L. ſaid he, be ſo good as to attend Lady Olivia.

She went to her. Sir Charles ſtaid not with us: Yet went not to the lady; but into his ſtudy. Dr Bartlett attended him there: The doctor returned ſoon after to us. His noble heart is vexed, ſaid he: Lady Olivia has greatly diſturbed him: He chuſes to be alone.

Lady L. afterwards told us, that ſhe found the lady in violent anguiſh of ſpirit; her aunt endeavouring to calm her: She, however, politely addreſſed herſelf to Lady L. and begging her aunt to withdraw for a few moments, ſhe owned to her, in French, her paſſion for her brother: She was not, ſhe ſaid, aſhamed to own it to his ſiſter, who muſt know that his merit would dignify the paſ-

ſion of the nobleſt woman. She had endeavoured, ſhe ſaid, to conquer hers: She had been willing to give way to the prior attachments that he had pleaded for a lady of her own country, Signora Clementina della Porretta, whom ſhe allowed to have had great merit; but who, having irrecoverably been put out of her right mind, was ſhut up at Naples by a brother, who vowed eternal enmity to Sir Charles; and from whom his life would be in the utmoſt hazard, if he went over. She owned, that her chief motive for her coming to England was, to caſt her fortune at her brother's feet; and as ſhe knew him to be a man of honour, to comply with any terms he ſhould propoſe to her. He had offered to the family della Porretta to allow their daughter her religion, and her confeſſor, and to live with her every other year in Italy. She herſelf, not inferior in birth, in perſon, in mind, as ſhe ſaid, ſhe preſumed, and ſuperior in fortune, the riches of three branches of her family, all rich, having centered in *her*, inſiſted not now upon ſuch conditions. Her aunt, ſhe ſaid, knew not that ſhe propoſed, on conviction, a change of her religion; but ſhe was reſolved not to conceal any thing from Lady L. She left her to judge how much ſhe muſt be affected when he declared his obligation to leave England; and eſpecially when he owned, that it was to go to Bologna, and that ſo ſuddenly, as if, as ſhe apprehended at firſt, it was to avoid *her*. She had been in tears, ſhe ſaid, and even would have kneeled to him, to induce him to ſuſpend his journey for one month, and then to have taken her over with him, and ſeen her ſafe in her own palace, if he *would* go upon ſo hated, and ſo fruitleſs, as well as ſo hazardous an errand: But he had denied her this poor favour.

This refuſal, ſhe owned, had put her out of all patience. She was unhappily paſſionate; but was

the moſt placable of her ſex. What, madam, ſaid ſhe, can affect a woman, if ſlight, indignity, and repulſe, from a favoured perſon, is not able to do it? A woman of my condition to come over to England to ſolicit——how can I ſupport the thought—and to be refuſed the protection of the man ſhe prefers to all men; and her requeſt to ſee her ſafe back again, though but as the fool ſhe came over!—You may blame me, madam—but you muſt pity me, even were you to have a heart like ſiſter-heart of your inflexible brother.

In vain did Lady L. plead to her Lady Clementina's deplorable ſituation; the reluctance of his own relations to part with him; and the magnanimity of his ſelf-denial in a hundred inſtances, on the bare poſſibility of being an inſtrument to reſtore her: She could not bear to hear her ſpeak highly of the unhappy lady. She charged Clementina with the pride of her family, to which ſhe attributed the deſerved calamity [*Deſerved!* Cruel lady! How could her pitileſs heart allow her lips to utter ſuch a word!]; and imputed meanneſs to the nobleſt of human minds, for yielding to the entreaties of a family, ſome of the principals of which, ſhe ſaid, had treated him with an arrogance that a man of his ſpirit ought not to bear.

Lady Maffei came in. She ſeems dependent upon her niece. She is her aunt by marriage only: And Lady L. ſpeaks very favourably of her from the advice ſhe gave, and her remonſtrances to her kinſwoman. Lady Maffei beſought her to compoſe herſelf, and return to the company.

She could not bear, ſhe ſaid, to return to the company the ſlighted, the contemned object ſhe muſt appear to be to every one in it. I am an intruder, ſaid ſhe, haughtily; a beggar, with a fortune that would purchaſe a ſovereignty in ſome countries. Make my excuſes to your ſiſter, to the reſt of the company—and to that fine young lady—whoſe eyes,

by

by their officious withdrawing from his, and by the conſciouſneſs that glowed in her face whenever he addreſſed her, betrayed, at leaſt to a jealous eye, more than ſhe would wiſh to have ſeen—But tell her, that all lovely and blooming as ſhe is, ſhe muſt have no hope, while Clementina lives.

I hope, Lucy, it is *only* to a jealous eye that my *heart* is ſo diſcoverable! I—thank her for her caution. But I can ſay what ſhe cannot; that from my heart, coſt me what it may, I do ſubſcribe to a preference in favour of a lady who has acted, in the moſt arduous trials, in a greater manner than I fear either Olivia or I could have acted, in the ſame circumſtances. We ſee that her reaſon, but not her piety, deſerted her in the noble ſtruggle between her love and her religion. In the moſt affecting abſences of her reaſon, the ſoul of the man ſhe loved was the object of her paſſion. However hard it is to prefer another to one's ſelf, in ſuch a caſe as this yet if my judgment is convinced, my acknowledgment ſhall follow it. Heaven will enable me to be reconciled to the event, becauſe I purſue the dictates of that judgment, againſt the byaſſes of my more partial heart. Let that heaven, which only *can*, reſtore Clementina, and diſpoſe as it pleaſes of Olivia and Harriet. We cannot either of us, I humbly hope, be ſo unhappy as the lady has been, whom I rank among the firſt of women; and whoſe whole family deſerves almoſt equal compaſſion.

Lady Olivia aſked Lady L. if her brother had not a very tender regard for me? He had, Lady L. anſwered; and told her, that he had reſcued me from a very great diſtreſs; and that mine was the moſt grateful of human hearts.

She called me ſweet young creature (ſuppoſing me, I doubt not, younger than I am); but ſaid, that the graces of my perſon and mind alarmed her not as they would have done, had not this attachment to Clementina been what now ſhe ſaw, but

never could have believed it was; having ſuppoſed that compaſſion was the only tie that bound him to her.

But compaſſion, Lucy, from ſuch a heart as his, the merit ſo great in the lady, muſt be love; a love of the nobler kind—And if it were *not*, it would be unworthy of Clementina's.

Lady Maffei called upon her dignity, her birth, to carry her above a paſſion that met not with a grateful return. She adviſed her to diſpoſe herſelf to ſtay in England ſome months, now ſhe was here. And as her friends in Italy would ſuppoſe what her view was in coming to England, their cenſures would be obviated by her continuing here for ſome time, while Sir Charles was abroad, and in Italy: And that ſhe ſhould divert herſelf with viſiting the court, the public places, and in ſeeing the principal curioſities of this kingdom, as ſhe had done thoſe of others; in order to give credit to an excurſion that might otherwiſe be freely ſpoken of in her own country.

She ſeemed to liſten to this advice. She beſpoke, and was promiſed, the friendſhip of the two ſiſters; and included in her requeſt, through their intereſts, mine; and Lady G. was called in, by her ſiſter, to join in the promiſe.

She deſired that Sir Charles might be requeſted to walk in; but would not ſuffer the ſiſters to withdraw, as they would have done, when he returned. He could not but be polite; but, it ſeems, looked ſtill diſturbed. I beg you to excuſe, Sir, ſaid ſhe, my behaviour to you: It was paſſionate; it was unbecoming. But, in compliment to your own conſequence, you *ought* to excuſe it. I have only to requeſt one favour of you: That you will ſuſpend for *one* week, in regard to me, your propoſed journey; *but* for one week; and I will, now I am in England, ſtay ſome months; perhaps till you return.

Excuſe me, madam.

I will

I will *not* excuſe you—But *one* week, Sir. Give me ſo much importance with myſelf, as for one week's ſuſpenſion. You *will*. You *muſt*.

Indeed I cannot. My ſoul, I own to you, is in the diſtreſſes of the family of Porretta. Why ſhould I repeat what I ſaid to you before?

I have beſpoken, Sir, the civilities of your ſiſters, of your family: You forbid them not?

You expect not an anſwer, madam, to that queſtion. My ſiſters will be glad, and ſo will their lords, to attend you wherever you pleaſe, with a hope to make England agreeable to you.

How long do you propoſe to ſtay in *Italy*, Sir?

It is not poſſible for me to determine.

Are you not apprehenſive of danger to your perſon?

I am not.

You *ought* to be.

No danger ſhall deter me from doing what I think to be right. If my motives juſtify me, I cannot fear.

Do you wiſh me, Sir, to ſtay in England till your return?

A queſtion ſo home put diſturbed him. Was it a prudent one in the lady? It muſt either ſubject her to a repulſe, or him, by a polite anſwer, to give her hope, that her ſtay in England might not be fruitleſs as to the view ſhe had in coming. He reddened. It is fit, anſwered he, that your own pleaſure ſhould determine you. It did, pardon me, madam, in your journey hither.

She reddened to her very ears. Your brother, ladies, has the reputation of being a polite man: Bear witneſs to this inſtance of it. I am aſhamed of myſelf!

If I am unpolite, madam, my ſincerity will be my excuſe; at leaſt to my own heart.

O that inflexible heart! But, ladies, if the inhoſpitable Engliſhman refuſe his protection in his own

own country, to a foreign woman, of no mean quality, do not you, his ſiſters, deſpiſe her?

They, madam, and their lords, will render you every chearful ſervice. Let me requeſt you, my ſiſters, to make England as agreeable as poſſible to this lady. She is of the firſt conſideration in her own country: She will be of ſuch wherever ſhe goes. My Lady Maffei deſerves likewiſe your utmoſt reſpect. Then addreſſing himſelf to them, Ladies, ſaid he, encourage my ſiſters: They will think themſelves honoured by your commands.

The two ſiſters confirmed, in an obliging manner, what their brother had ſaid; and both ladies acknowledged themſelves indebted to them for their offered friendſhip: But Lady Olivia ſeemed not at all ſatisfied with their brother: And it was with ſome difficulty he prevailed on her to return to the company, and drink coffee.

I could not help reflecting, on occaſion of this lady's conduct, that fathers and mothers are great bleſſings, to *daughters* in particular, even when women grown. It is not every woman that will ſhine in a ſtate of independency. Great fortunes are ſnares. If independent women eſcape the machinations of men, which they have often a difficulty to do, they will frequently be hurried by their own imaginations, which are ſaid to be livelier than thoſe of men, though their judgments are ſuppoſed leſs, into inconveniencies. Had Lady Olivia's parents or uncles lived, ſhe hardly would have been permitted to make the tour of Europe: And not having ſo great a fortune to ſupport vagaries, would have ſhone, as ſhe is well qualified to do, in a dependent ſtate, in Italy, and made ſome worthy man and herſelf happy.

Had ſhe a mind great enough to induce her to pity Clementina, I ſhould have been apt to pity *her*; for I ſaw her ſoul was diſturbed. I ſaw that the man ſhe loved was not able to return her love:

A pitiable

A pitiable caſe!—I ſaw a ſtarting tear now-and-then with difficulty diſperſed. Once ſhe rubbed her eye, and, being conſcious of obſervation, ſaid ſomething had got into it: So it had. The ſomething was a tear. Yet ſhe looked with haughtineſs, and her boſom ſwelled with indignation ill concealed.

Sir Charles repeated his recommendation of her to Lord L. and Lord G. They offered their beſt ſervices: Lord W. invited her and all of us to Windſor. Different parties of pleaſure were talked of: But ſtill the enlivener of every party was not to be in any one of them. She tried to look pleaſed; but did not always ſucceed in the trial: An eye of love and anger mingled was often caſt upon the man whom every-body loved. Her boſom heaved as it ſeemed ſometimes with indignation againſt herſelf: That was the conſtruction which I made of ſome of her looks.

Lady Maffei, however, ſeemed pleaſed with the parties of pleaſure talked of. She often directed herſelf to me in Italian. I anſwered her in it as well as I could. I do not talk it well: But as I am not an Italian, and little more than book-learned in it (for it is a long time ago ſince I loſt my grandpapa, who uſed to converſe with me in it and in French), I was not ſcrupulous to anſwer in it. To have forborn, becauſe I did not excel in what I had no opportunity to excel in, would have been falſe modeſty, nearly bordering upon pride. Were any lady to laugh at me for not ſpeaking well *her* native tongue, I would *not* return the ſmile, were ſhe to be leſs perfect in mine, than I am in hers. But Lady Olivia made me a compliment on my faulty accent, when I acknowledged it to be ſo. Signora, ſaid ſhe, you ſhew us that a pretty mouth can give beauty to a defect. A *maſter* teaching you, added ſhe, would perhaps find ſome fault; but a *friend* converſing with you muſt be in love with you for the very imperfection.

Sir

Sir Charles was generouſly pleaſed with the compliment, and made her a fine one on her obſervation.

He attended the two ladies to their lodgings in his coach. He owned to Dr Bartlett, that Lady Olivia was in tears all the way, lamenting her diſgrace in coming to England, juſt as he was quitting it; and wiſhing ſhe had ſtaid at Florence. She would have engaged him to correſpond with her: He excuſed himſelf. It was a very afflicting thing to him, he told the doctor, to deny any requeſt that was made to him, eſpecially by a lady: But he thought he ought in conſcience and honour to forbear giving the ſhadow of an expectation that might be improved into hope, where none was intended to be given. Heaven, he ſaid, had, for laudable ends, implanted ſuch a regard in the ſexes toward each other, that both man and woman who hoped to be innocent, could not be too circumſpect in relation to the friendſhips they were ſo ready to contract with each other. He thought he had gone a great way, in recommending an intimacy between her and his ſiſters, conſidering her views, her ſpirit, her perſeverance, and the free avowal of her regard for him, and her menaces on his ſuppoſed neglect of her. And yet, as ſhe *had* come over, and he was obliged to leave England ſo ſoon after her arrival, he thought he could not do leſs: And he hoped his ſiſters, from whoſe example ſhe might be benefited, would, while ſhe behaved prudently, cultivate her acquaintance.

The doctor tells me, that now Lady Olivia is ſo unexpectedly come hither in perſon, he thinks it beſt to decline giving me, as he had once intended, her hiſtory at large; but will leave ſo much of it as may ſatisfy my curioſity to be gathered from my own obſervation; and not only from the violence and haughtineſs of her temper, but from the freedom of her declarations. He is ſure, he ſaid, that

his

his patron will be beſt pleaſed, that a veil ſhould be thrown over the weaker part of her conduct; which, were it known, would indeed be glorious to Sir Charles, but not ſo to the lady; who, however, never was ſuſpected, even by her enemies, of giving any other man reaſon to tax her with a thought that was not ſtrictly virtuous: And ſhe had engaged his pity and eſteem, for the ſake of her other fine qualities, though ſhe could not his love. Before ſhe ſaw *him* (which, it ſeems, was at the opera at Florence for the firſt time, when he had an opportunity to pay her ſome ſlight civilities), ſhe ſet all men at defiance.

To-morrow morning Sir Charles is to breakfaſt with *me*. My couſins and I are to dine at Lord L.'s. The Earl and Lady Gertrude are alſo to be there. Lord W. has been prevailed upon to ſtay, and be there alſo, as it is his nephew's laſt day in England.—"Laſt day in England!" O my Lucy! What words are thoſe!—Lady L. has invited Lady Olivia and her aunt, at her own motion, Sir Charles (his time being ſo ſhort) not diſapproving.

I thank my grandmamma and aunt for their kind ſummons. I will ſoon ſet my day: I will, my dear, ſoon ſet my day.

LETTER IX.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Friday Noon, April 14.

NOT five hours in bed; not one hour's reſt for many uneaſy nights before; I was ſtupid till Sir Charles came: I then was better. He enquired, with tender looks and voice, after my health, as if he thought I did not look well.

We

We had ſome talk about Lord and Lady G. He was anxious for their happineſs. He complimented me with hopes from my advice to her. Lord G. he ſaid, was a good natured honeſt man. If he thought his ſiſter would make him unhappy, he ſhould himſelf be ſo.

I told him, that I dared to anſwer for her heart. My lord muſt bear with ſome innocent foibles, and all would be well.

We then talked of Lady Olivia. *He* began the ſubject, by aſking me my opinion of her. I ſaid ſhe was a very fine woman in her perſon; and that ſhe had an air of grandeur in her mein.

And ſhe has good qualities, ſaid he, but ſhe is violent in her paſſions. I am frequently grieved for her. She is a fine creature in danger of being loſt, by being made too ſoon her own miſtreſs.

He ſaid not one word of his departure to-morrow morning: I could not begin it; my heart would not let me; my ſpirits were not high: And I am afraid, if that key had been touched, I ſhould have been too viſibly affected. My couſins forbore upon the ſame apprehenſion.

He was exceſſively tender and ſoothing to me, in his air, his voice, his manner. I thought of what Emily ſaid; that his voice, when he ſpoke of me, was the voice of love. Dear flattering girl! —But *why* did ſhe flatter me?

We talked of *her* next. He ſpoke of her with the tenderneſs of a father. He beſought me to love her. He praiſed her heart.

Emily, ſaid I, venerates her guardian. She never will do any-thing contrary to his advice.

She is very young, replied he. She will be happy, madam, in yours. She both loves and reverences you.

I greatly love the dear Emily, Sir. She and I ſhall be always ſiſters.

How happy am I in your goodneſs to her! Permit

mit me, madam, to enumerate to you my own felicities in thoſe of my deareſt friends.

Mr Beauchamp is now in the agreeable ſituation I have long wiſhed him to be in. His prudence and obliging behaviour to his mother-in-law have won her. His father grants him every thing through her; and ſhe, by this means, finds that power enlarged, which ſhe was afraid would be leſſened if the ſon were allowed to come over. How juſt is this reward of his filial duty!

Thus, Lucy, did he give up the merit to his Beauchamp, which was ſolely due to himſelf.

Lord W. he hoped, would be ſoon one of the happieſt men in England: And the whole Mansfield family had now fair proſpects opening before them.

Emily [not *he*, you ſee] had made it the intereſt of her mother to be quiet.

Lord and Lady L. gave him pleaſure whenever he ſaw them, or thought of them.

Dr Bartlett was in heaven while on earth. He would retire to his beloved Grandiſon-hall, and employ himſelf in diſtributing, as objects offered, at leaſt a thouſand pounds of the three thouſand bequeathed to charitable uſes by his late friend Mr Danby. His ſiſter's fortune was paid. His eſtates in both kingdoms were improving—See, madam, ſaid he, how like the friend of my ſoul I claim your attention to affairs that are of conſequence to myſelf; and in ſome of which your generoſity of heart has intereſted you.

I bowed. Had I ſpoken, I had burſt into tears. I had ſomething aroſe in my throat, I know not what. Still, thought I, excellent man, you are not yourſelf happy!—O pity! pity! Yet, Lucy, he plainly had been enumerating all theſe things, to take off from my mind that impreſſion which I am afraid he too well knows it is affected with, from his difficult ſituation.

And

And now, madam, resumed he, how are all my dear and good friends, whom you more particularly call yours?—I hope to have the honour of a personal knowledge from them. When heard you of our good friend Mr Deane? He is well, I hope.

Very well, Sir.

Your grandmamma Shirley, that ornament of advanced years?

I bowed: I dared not to trust to my voice.

Your excellent aunt Selby?

I bowed again.

Your uncle, your Lucy, your Nancy: Happy family! All harmony! all love!—How do they?

I wiped my eyes.

Is there any service in my power to do them, or any of them? Command me, good Miss Byron, if there be: My Lord W. and I are one. Our influence is not small.—Make me still *more* happy in the power of serving any one favoured by you.

You oppress me, Sir, by your goodness!—I cannot speak my grateful sensibilities.

Will you, my dear Mr Reeves, will you, madam (to my cousin) employ me in any way that I can be of use to you, either abroad or at home? Your acquaintance has given me great pleasure. To what a family of worthies has this excellent young lady introduced me!

O Sir! said Mrs Reeves, tears running down her cheeks, that you were not to leave people whom you have made so happy in the knowledge of the best of men!

Indispensable calls must be obeyed, my dear Mrs Reeves. If we cannot be as happy as we wish, we will rejoice in the happiness we *can* have. We must not be our own carvers.—But I make you all serious. I was enumerating, as I told you, my present felicities! I was rejoicing in your friendships. I *have* joy, and, I presume to say, I *will*

have joy. There is a bright ſide in every event; I will not loſe ſight of it: And there is a dark one; but I will endeavour to ſee it only with the eye of prudence, that I may not be involved by it at unawares. Who that is not reproached by his own heart, and is bleſſed with health, can grieve for inevitable evils; evils that can be only evils as we make them ſo? Forgive my ſerioufneſs: My dear friends, you *make* me grave. Favour me, I beſeech you, my good Miſs Byron, with one leſſon: We ſhall be too much engaged, perhaps, by-and-by.

He led me (I thought it was with a *chearful* air, but my couſins both ſay his eyes gliſtened) to the harpſicord: He ſung unaſked, but with a low voice, and my mind was calmed. O Lucy! How can I part with ſuch a man? How can I take my leave of him?—But perhaps he has taken his leave of me already, as to the ſolemnity of it, in the manner I have recited.

LETTER X.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Saturday Morning, April 15.

O LUCY, Sir Charles Grandiſon is gone! Gone indeed! He ſet out at three this morning; on purpoſe, no doubt, to ſpare his ſiſters, and friends, as well as himſelf, concern.

We broke not up till after two. Were I in the writing humour, which I have never known to fail me till now, I could dwell upon a hundred things, ſome of which I can now only briefly mention.

Dinner-time yeſterday paſſed with tolerable chearfulneſs: Every one tried to be chearful. O

what pain attends loving too well, and being too well beloved! He muſt have pain, as well as we.

Lady Olivia was the moſt thoughtful at dinner-time; yet poor Emily! Ah the poor Emily! ſhe went out four or five times to weep, though only I perceived it.

Nobody was chearful after dinner but Sir Charles. He ſeemed to exert himſelf to be ſo. He prevailed on me to give them a leſſon on the harpſicord. Lady L. played: Lady G. played: We *tried* to play, I ſhould rather ſay. He himſelf took the violin, and afterwards ſat down to the harpſicord, for one ſhort leſſon. He was not known to be ſuch a maſter: But he was long in Italy. Lady Olivia indeed knew him to be ſo. She was induced to play upon the harpſicord: She ſurpaſſed everybody. Italy is the land of harmony.

About ſeven at night he ſingled me out, and ſurpriſed me greatly by what he ſaid. He told me, that Lady D. had made him a viſit. I was before low: I was then ready to ſink. She has aſked me queſtions, madam.

Sir, Sir, was all I could ſay.

He himſelf trembled as he ſpoke—Alas! my dear, he ſurely loves me! Hear how ſolemnly he ſpoke—God Almighty be your director, my dear Miſs Byron! I wiſh not more happineſs to my own ſoul than I do to you.—In diſcharge of a promiſe made, I mention this viſit to you: I might otherwiſe have ſpared you and myſelf—

He ſtopt there—Then reſumed; for I was ſilent. I could not ſpeak—Your friends will be entreated for a man that loves you; a very worthy young nobleman.—I give you emotion, madam.—Forgive me.—I have performed my promiſe. He turned from me with a ſeeming chearful air. How *could* he appear to be chearful!

We made parties at cards. I knew not what I played. Emily ſighed, and tears ſtole down her cheeks

cheeks as ſhe played. O how ſhe loves her guardian! Emily, I ſay—I don't know what I write!

At ſupper we were all very melancholy. Mr Beauchamp was urgent to go abroad with him. He changed the ſubject, and gave him an *indirect* denial, as I may call it, by recommending the two Italian ladies to his beſt ſervices.

Sir Charles, kind, good, excellent! wiſhed to Lord L. to have ſeen Mr Grandiſon!—unworthy as that man has made himſelf of his attention.

He was a few moments in private with Lady Olivia. She returned to company with red eyes.

Poor Emily watched an opportunity to be ſpoken to by him alone—So diligently!—He led her to the window—About one o'clock it was—He held both her hands. He called her, ſhe ſays, *his* Emily. He charged her to write to him.

She could not ſpeak; ſhe could only ſob; yet thought ſhe had a thouſand things to ſay to him.

He contradicted not the hope his ſiſters and their lords had of his breakfaſting with them. They invited me; they invited the Italian ladies: Lady L. Lord L. did go, in expectation: But Lady G. when ſhe found him gone, ſent me and the Italian ladies word that he was. It would have been cruel if ſhe had not. How *could* he ſteal away ſo! I find, that he intended that his morning viſit to me (as indeed I half-ſuſpected) ſhould be a taking leave of my couſins and your Harriet. How many things did he ſay then?—How many queſtions aſk?—In tender woe—He wanted to do us all ſervice—He ſeemed not to know what to ſay—Surely he hates not your poor Harriet—What ſtruggles in his noble boſom!—But a man cannot complain: A man cannot aſk for compaſſion as a woman can. But ſurely his is the gentleſt of manly minds!

When we broke up, he handed my couſin Reeves into her coach. He handed me. Mr Reeves ſaid,

We ſee you again, Sir Charles, in the morning? He bowed. At handing me in he ſighed—He preſſed my hand—I think he did—That was all—He ſaluted nobody. He will not meet his Clementina as he parted with us.

But, I doubt not, Dr Bartlett was in the ſecret.

HE was. He has juſt been here. He found my eyes ſwelled. I had had no reſt; yet knew not, till ſeven o'clock, that he was gone.

It was very good of the doctor to come: His viſit ſoothed me: Yet he took no notice of my red eyes. Nay for that matter, Mrs Reeves's eyes were ſwelled as well as mine. Angel of a man! How is he beloved!

The doctor ſays, that his ſiſters, their lords, Lord W. are in as much grief as if he were departed for ever—And who knows—But I will not torment myſelf with ſuppoſing the worſt: I will endeavour to bear in mind what he ſaid yeſterday morning to us, no doubt for an inſtruction that he *would* have joy.

And did he then think that I ſhould be ſo much grieved as to want ſuch an inſtruction?—And therefore did he vouchſafe to give it? But, vanity, be quiet—Lie down, hope—Hopeleſsneſs, take place!—Clementina ſhall be his. He ſhall be hers.

Yet his emotion, Lucy, at mentioning Lady D.'s viſit—O! but that was only owing to his humanity. He ſaw *my* emotion; and acknowledged the tendereſt friendſhip for me! Ought I not to be ſatisfied with that? I *am*. I *will be* ſatisfied. Does he not love me with the love of mind? The poor Olivia has not this to comfort herſelf with. The poor Olivia! If I ſee her ſad and afflicted, how I ſhall pity her! All her expectations fruſtrated; the expectations that engaged her to combat difficulties, to travel, to croſs many waters, and to come

to

to England—to come juſt time enough to take leave of him; he haſtening on the wings of love and compaſſion to a dearer, a *deſervedly* dearer object, in the country ſhe had quitted, on purpoſe to viſit him in his—Is not hers a more grievous ſituation than mine?——It is. Why then do I lament?

But here, Lucy, let me in confidence hint what I have gathered from ſeveral intimations from Dr Bartlett, though as tenderly made by him as poſſible, that had Sir Charles Grandiſon been a man capable of taking advantage of the violence of a lady's paſſion for him, the unhappy Olivia would not have ſcrupled, great, haughty, and noble as ſhe is, by birth and fortune, to have been his without conditions, if ſhe could not have been ſo with: The Italian world is of this opinion at leaſt. Had Sir Charles been a Rinaldo, Olivia had been an Armida.

O that I could hope, for the honour of the ſex, and of the lady who is ſo fine a woman, that the Italian world is miſtaken!—I will preſume that it is.

My good Dr Bartlett, will you allow me to accuſe you of a virtue too rigorous? That is ſometimes the fault of very good people. You own, that Sir Charles has not, even to *you*, revealed a ſecret ſo diſgraceful to her. You own, that he has only blamed her for having too little regard for her reputation, and for the violence of her temper: Yet how patiently, for one of ſuch a temper, has ſhe taken his departure, almoſt on the day of her arrival! *He* could not have given her an *opportunity* to indicate to him a conceſſion ſo criminal: *She* could not, if he had, have made the overture. Wicked, wicked world! I will not believe you! And the leſs credit ſhall you have with me, Italian world, as I have ſeen the lady. The innocent heart will be a charitable one. Lady Oli-

via is only too intrepid. Proſperity, as Sir Charles obſerved, has been a ſnare to her, and ſet her above a proper regard to her reputation.—Mercileſs world! I do not love you. Dear Dr Bartlett, you are not yet abſolutely perfect! Theſe hints of yours againſt Olivia, gathered from the malevolence of the envious, are proofs (the firſt indeed that I have met with) of *your* imperfection!

Excuſe me, Lucy: How have I run on! Diſappointment has mortified me, and made me good-natured.—I will welcome adverſity, if it enlarge my charity.

The doctor tells me, that Emily, with her half-broken heart, will be here preſently. If I can be of comfort to her—But I want it myſelf, from the ſame cauſe. We ſhall only weep over each other.

As I told you, the doctor, and the doctor only, knew of his ſetting out ſo early. He took leave of him. Happy Dr Bartlett—Yet I ſee by his eyes, that this parting coſt him ſome paternal tears.

Never father better loved a ſon than this good man loves Sir Charles Grandiſon.

Sir Charles, it ſeems, had ſettled all his affairs three days before. His ſervants were appointed.

The doctor tells me, that he had laſt week preſented the elder Mr Oldham with a pair of colours, which he had purchaſed for him. Nobody had heard of this.

Lord W. he ſays, is preparing for Windſor, Mr Beauchamp for Hampſhire for a few days, and then he returns to attend the commands of the noble Italians.

Lady Olivia will ſoon have her equipage ready. She will make a great appearance.——But Sir CHARLES GRANDISON will not be with her. What is grandeur to a diſturbed heart?

The Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude are ſetting out

out for Hertfordſhire. Lord and Lady L. talk of retiring for a few weeks to Colnebrook: The doctor is preparing for Grandiſon-hall; your poor Harriet for Northamptonſhire—Bleſs me, my dear, what a diſperſion!—But Lord W.'s nuptials will collect ſome of them together at Windſor.

EMILY, the dear weeping girl! is juſt come. She is with my couſin. She expects my permiſſion for coming up to me. Imagine us weeping over each other; praying for, bleſſing the guardian of us both. Your imagination cannot form a ſcene too tender. Adieu, my Lucy.

LETTER XI.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Sunday, April 16.

O WHAT a blank, my dear!—But I need not ſay what I was going to ſay. Poor Emily!—But to mention her grief is to paint my own.

Lord W. went to Windſor yeſterday.

A very odd behaviour of Lady Olivia. Mr Beauchamp went yeſterday, and offered to attend her to any of the public places, at her pleaſure, in purſuance of Sir Charles's reference to him, to do all in his power to make England agreeable to her: And ſhe thought fit to tell him before her aunt, that ſhe thanked him for his civility, but ſhe ſhould not trouble him during her ſtay in England. She had *gentlemen* in her train, and one of them had been in England before—.

He left her in diſguſt.

Lady L. making her a viſit in the evening, ſhe told her of Mr Beauchamp's offer, and of her anſwer. The gentleman, ſaid ſhe, is a polite and very

very agreeable man, and *this* made me treat his kind offer with abruptneſs: For I can hardly doubt your brother's view in it. I *ſcorn* his view: And if I were ſure of it, perhaps I ſhould find a way to make him repent of the indignity. Lady L. was ſure, ſhe ſaid, that neither her brother, nor Mr Beauchamp, had any other views than to make England as agreeable to her as poſſible.

Be this as it may, madam, ſaid ſhe, I have no ſervice for Mr Beauchamp: But if your ladyſhip, your ſiſter, and your two lords, will allow me to cultivate your friendſhip, you will do me honour. Dr Bartlett's company will be very agreeable to me likewiſe, as often as he will give it me. To Miſs Jervois I lay ſome little claim. I would have had her for my companion in Italy; but your cruel brother—No more, however, of him. Your Engliſh beauty too, I admire her: But, poor young creature, I admire her the more, becauſe I can pity *her*. I ſhould think myſelf very happy to be better acquainted with her.

Lady L. made her a very polite anſwer for herſelf and her ſiſter, and their lords. But told her, that I was very ſoon to ſet out for my own abode in Northamptonſhire; and that Dr Bartlett had ſome commiſſions, which would oblige him, in a day or two, to go to Sir Charles's ſeat in the country. She herſelf offered to attend her to Windſor, and to every other place at her command.

LADY L. took notice of her wriſt being bound round with a broad black ribband, and aſked, if it were hurt? A kind of ſprain, ſaid ſhe. But you little imagine how it came, and muſt not aſk.

This made Lady L. curious. And Olivia requeſting that Emily be allowed to breakfaſt with her as this morning, ſhe has bid the dear girl endeavour to know how it came if it fell in her way; for Olivia reddened, and looked up, with a kind of conſciouſneſs,

conſciouſneſs, to Lady L. when ſhe told her that ſhe muſt not aſk queſtions about it.

Lady G. is very earneſt with me to give into the town-diverſions for a month to come: But I have now no deſire in my heart ſo ſtrong as to return to all my dear Northamptonſhire friends.

I am only afraid of my uncle. He will rally his Harriet; yet only, I know, in hopes to divert her, and us all: But my jeſting days are over: My ſituation will not bear it. Yet if it will divert him, let him rally.

I ſhall be ſo much importuned to ſtay longer than I ought, or *will* ſtay, that I may as well fix a peremptory day at once. Will you, my ever indulgent friends, allow me to ſet out for Selby-houſe on Friday next? Not on a Sunday, as Lady Betty Williams adviſes, for fear of the *odious waggons*. But I have been in a different ſchool. Sir Charles Grandiſon, I find, makes it a *tacit* rule with him, Never to *begin* a journey on a Sunday; nor, except when in purſuit of works of mercy or neceſſity, to travel in time of divine ſervice. And this rule he obſerved laſt Sunday, tho' he reached us here in the evening. O my grandmamma! How much is he, what you all are, and ever have been!—But he is now purſuing a work of mercy. God ſucceed to him the end of his purſuit!

But why *tacit?* you will aſk. Is Sir Charles Grandiſon aſhamed to make an open appearance in behalf of his Chriſtian duties? He is not. For inſtance: I have never ſeen him ſit down at his own table, in the abſence of Dr Bartlett, or ſome other clergyman, but he himſelf ſays grace; and that with ſuch an eaſy dignity as commands every one's reverence; and which is ſucceeded by a chearfulneſs that looks as if he were the better pleaſed for having ſhewn a thankful heart.

Dr Bartlett has alſo told me, that he begins and ends every day, either in his chamber, or in his ſtudy,

ſtudy, in a manner worthy of one who is in earneſt in his Chriſtian profeſſion. But he never frights gay company with grave maxims. I remember one day, Mr Grandiſon aſked him, in his abſurd way, Why he did not *preach* to his company now-and-then? Faith, Sir Charles, ſaid he, if you did, you would reform many a poor ignorant ſinner of us; ſince you could do it with more weight, and more certainty of attention, than any perſon in Chriſtendom.

It would be an affront, ſaid Sir Charles, to the underſtanding, as well as education, of a man who took rank above a peaſant, in ſuch a country as this, to ſeem to queſtion whether he *knew* his general duties or not, and the neceſſity of practiſing what he knew of them. If he ſhould be at a loſs, he *may* once a-week be reminded, and his heart kept warm. Let you and me, couſin Everard, ſhew our conviction by our practice; and not to invade the clergyman's province.

I remember, that Mr Grandiſon ſhewed his conviction by his bluſhes; and by repeating the three little words, *You and me*, Sir Charles.

Sunday Evening.

O MY dear friends! I have a ſtrange, a ſhocking piece of intelligence to give you! Emily has juſt been with me in tears: She begged to ſpeak with me in private. When we were alone, ſhe threw her arms about my neck: Ah, madam! ſaid ſhe, I am come to tell you, that there is a perſon in the world that I hate, and muſt and will hate, as long as I live. It is Lady Olivia—Take me down with you into Northamptonſhire, and let me never ſee her more.

I was ſurpriſed.

O madam! I have found out, that ſhe would, on Thurſday laſt, have killed my guardian.

I was aſtoniſhed, Lucy.

They

They retired together, you know, madam: My guardian came from her, his face in a glow; and he ſent in his ſiſter to her, and went not in himſelf till afterwards: She would have had him put off his journey. She was enraged becauſe he would not; and they were high together; and at laſt ſhe pulled out of her ſtays, in fury, a poinard, and vowed to plunge it into his heart. He ſhould never, ſhe ſaid, ſee his Clementina more. He went to her. Her heart failed her. Well it might, you know, madam. He ſeized her hand. He took it from her. She ſtruggled, and in ſtruggling her wriſt was hurt; that's the meaning of the broad black ribband!—Wicked creature! to have ſuch a thought in her heart!—He only ſaid, when he had got it from her, unhappy, violent woman! I return not this inſtrument of miſchief! You will have no uſe for it in England—And would not let her have it again.

I ſhuddered. O my dear, ſaid I, he has been a ſufferer, we are told, by good women; but this is *not* a good woman. But can it be true? Who informed you of it?

Lady Maffei herſelf. She thought that Sir Charles muſt have ſpoken of it: And when ſhe found *he* had not, ſhe was ſorry *ſhe* had, and begged I would not tell any body: But I could not keep it from you. And ſhe ſays, that Lady Olivia is grieved on the remembrance of it; and arraigns herſelf and her wicked paſſion; and the more, for his noble forgiveneſs of her on the ſpot, and recommending her afterwards to the civilities of his ſiſters, and their lords. But I hate her for all that.

Poor unhappy Olivia! ſaid I. But what, my Emily, are we women, who ſhould be the meekeſt and tendereſt of the whole animal creation, when we give way to paſſion! But if ſhe is ſo penitent, let not the ſhocking attempt be known to his ſiſ-

ters,

ters, or their lords. I may take the liberty of mentioning it, in *ſtrict confidence* [obſerve that, Lucy], to thoſe from whom I keep not any ſecret: But let it not be divulged to any of the relations of Sir Charles. Their deteſtation of her, which muſt follow, would not be concealed; and the unhappy creature made deſperate, might—Who knows what ſhe might do?

The dear girl ran upon what might have been the conſequence, and what a loſs the world would have had if the horrid fact had been perpetrated. Lady Maffei told her, however, that had not her heart relented, ſhe might have done him miſchief; for he was too raſh in approaching her. She fell down on her knees to him, as ſoon as he had wreſted the poinard from her. I forgive, and pity you, madam, ſaid he, with an air that had, as Olivia and her aunt have recollected ſince, both majeſty and compaſſion in it: But againſt her entreaty, he would withdraw: Yet, at her requeſt, ſent in Lady L. to her; and, going into his ſtudy, told not even Dr Bartlett of it, though he went to him there immediately.

From the conſciouſneſs of this violence, perhaps, the lady was more temperate afterwards, even to the very time of his departure.

LORD bleſs me, What ſhall I do? Lady D. has ſent a card to let me know, that ſhe will wait upon Mrs Reeves and me to-morrow to breakfaſt. She comes, no doubt, to tell me, that Sir Charles having no thoughts of Harriet Byron, Lord D. may have hopes of ſucceeding with her: And perhaps her ladyſhip will plead Sir Charles's recommendation and intereſt in Lord D's favour. But ſhould this plea be made, good heaven, give me patience! I am afraid I ſhall be uncivil to this excellent woman.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Monday, April 17.

THE counteſs is juſt gone.

Mr Reeves was engaged before to breakfaſt with Lady Betty Williams; and we were only Mrs Reeves, Lady D. and I.

My heart aked at her entrance; and every moment ſtill more, as we were at breakfaſt. Her looks, I thought, had ſuch a particular kindneſs and meaning in them, as ſeemed to expreſs, "You have no hopes, Miſs Byron, any where 'elſe; and I will have you to be mine."

But my ſuſpenſe was over the moment the tea-table was removed. I ſee your confuſion, my dear, ſaid the counteſs [Mrs Reeves, you muſt not leave us]; and I have ſat in pain for you, as I ſaw it increaſe. By this I know that Sir Charles Grandiſon has been as good as his word. Indeed I doubted not but he would. I don't wonder, my dear, that you love him. He is the fineſt man in his manners, as well as perſon, that I ever ſaw. A woman of virtue and honour cannot *but* love him. But I need not praiſe him to you; nor to *you* neither, Mrs Reeves; I ſee that. Now you muſt know, proceeded ſhe, that there is an alliance propoſed for my ſon, of which I think very well; but ſtill ſhould have thought better, had I never ſeen you, my dear. I have talked to my lord about it: You know I am very deſirous to have him married. His anſwer was: I never can think of any propoſal of this nature, while I have any hope that I can make myſelf acceptable to Miſs Byron.

What think you, my lord, ſaid I, if I ſhould directly apply to Sir Charles Grandiſon, to know his

intentions; and whether he has any hopes of obtaining her favour? He is ſaid to be the moſt unreſerved of men. He knows our characters to be as unexceptionable as his own; and that our alliance cannot be thought a diſcredit to the firſt family in the kingdom. It is a free queſtion, I own; as I am unacquainted with him by perſon: But he is ſuch a man, that methinks I can take pleaſure in addreſſing myſelf to him on *any* ſubject.

My Lord ſmiled at the freedom of my motion; but not diſapproving it, I directly went to Sir Charles, and, after due compliments, told him my buſineſs.

The counteſs ſtopt. She is very penetrating. She looked at us both.

Well, madam, ſaid my couſin, with an air of curioſity—Pray, your ladyſhip—

I could not ſpeak for very impatience—

I never heard in my life, ſaid the counteſs, ſuch a fine character of any mortal as he gave you. He told me of his engagements to go abroad as the very next day. He highly extolled the lady for whoſe ſake, principally, he was obliged to go abroad; and he ſpoke as highly of a brother of hers, whom he loved as if he were his own brother; and mentioned very affectionately the young lady's whole family.

"God only knows, ſaid he, what may be *my* 'deſtiny!—As generoſity, as juſtice, or rather as 'providence, leads, I will follow."

After he had generouſly opened his heart, proceeded the counteſs, I aſked him if he had any hope, ſhould the foreign lady recover her *health*, of her being his?

"I can promiſe myſelf nothing, ſaid he. I go 'over without one ſelfiſh hope. If the lady reco'ver *her* health, and her brother can be amended 'in *his*, by the aſſiſtance I ſhall carry over with

'me,

'me, I ſhall have joy inexpreſſible. To provi-
'dence I leave the reſt. The reſult cannot be in
'my *own* power.

Then, Sir, proceeded the counteſs, you cannot in honour be under any engagements to Miſs Byron?

I roſe from my ſeat. Whither, my dear?—I have *done*, if I oppreſs you. I moved my chair behind her, but ſo cloſe to hers, that I leaned on the back of it, my face hid, and my eyes running over. She ſtood up. Sit down again, madam, ſaid I, and proceed—Pray proceed. You have excited my curioſity. Only let me ſit here, *unheeded*, behind you.

Pray, madam, ſaid Mrs Reeves (burning alſo with curioſity, as ſhe has ſince owned), go on; and indulge my couſin in her preſent ſeat. What anſwer did Sir Charles return?

My dear love, ſaid the counteſs (ſitting down, as I had requeſted), let me firſt be anſwered one queſtion. I would not do miſchief.

You cannot do miſchief, madam, replied I. What is your ladyſhip's queſtion?

Has Sir Charles Grandiſon ever directly made his addreſſes to you, my dear?

Never, madam.

It is not for want of love, I dare aver, that he has not. But thus he anſwered my queſtion: "I 'ſhould have thought myſelf the unworthieſt of 'men, knowing the difficulties of my own ſitua-'tion, how great ſoever were the temptation 'from Miſs Byron's merit, if I had ſought to en-'gage her affections."

[O Lucy! How nobly is his whole conduct towards me juſtified!]

"She has, madam," proceeded the counteſs in his words, "a prudence that I never knew equalled 'in a woman ſo young—With a frankneſs of 'mind, to which hardly ever young lady before

'her had pretenſions: She has ſuch a command of 'her affections, that no man, I dare ſay, will 'ever have a ſhare in them, till he has courted 'her favour by aſſiduities which ſhall convince her 'that he has no heart but for *her*."

O my Lucy! What an honour to me would theſe ſentiments be, if I deſerved them! And *can* Sir Charles Grandiſon think I *do?*—I hope ſo. But if he does, how much am I indebted to his favourable, his generous opinion! Who knows but I have reaſon to rejoice, rather than to regrete, as I uſed to do, his frequent abſences from Colnebrook?

The counteſs proceeded.

Then, Sir, you will not take amiſs, if my ſon, by *his* aſſiduities, can prevail upon Miſs Byron to think that he *has* merit, and that his heart is *wholly* devoted to her.

"Amiſs, madam!—No!—In juſtice, in ho-'nour, I cannot. May Miſs Byron be, as ſhe de-'ſerves to be, one of the happieſt women on earth 'in her nuptials. I have heard a great character 'of Lord D. He has a very large eſtate. He 'may boaſt of his mother—God forbid, that *I*, a 'man *divided in myſelf*, not knowing what I *can* 'do, hardly ſometimes what I *ought* to do, ſhould 'ſeek to involve in my own uncertainties the 'friend I revere; the woman I ſo greatly admire: 'Her beauty ſo attracting; ſo proper for her 'therefore to engage a generous protector in the 'married ſtate."

Generous man! thought I. O how my tears ran down my cheeks, as I hid my face behind the counteſs's chair!

But will you allow me, Sir, proceeded the counteſs, to aſk you, Were you freed from all your uncertainties—

"Permit me, madam, interrupted he, to ſpare 'you the queſtion you were going to put. As I

'know

'know not what will be the reſult of my journey 'abroad, I ſhould think myſelf a very *ſelfiſh* man, 'and a very diſhonourable one to *two* ladies of 'equal delicacy and worthineſs, if I ſought to in-'volve, as I hinted before, in my own uncertain-'ties, a young lady whoſe prudence and great 'qualities muſt make herſelf and *any* man happy, 'whom ſhe ſhall favour with her hand.

"To be ſtill more explicit, proceeded he, with 'what face could I look up to a woman of honour 'and delicacy, ſuch a one as the lady before 'whom I now ſtand, if I could own a wiſh, that 'while my honour has laid me under obligation 'to *one lady*, if ſhe ſhall be permitted to accept of 'me, I ſhould preſume to hope, that *another*, no 'leſs worthy, would hold her favour for me ſuſ-'ſpended, till ſhe ſaw what would be the iſſue of 'the firſt obligation? No, madam; I could ſoo-'ner die, than offer ſuch indignity to BOTH! *I* am 'fettered, added he; but Miſs Byron is free: 'And ſo is the lady abroad. My attendance on 'her at this time is indiſpenſable; but I make 'not any conditions for myſelf—My reward will 'be in the conſciouſneſs of having diſcharged the 'obligations that I think myſelf under, as a man 'of honour."

The counteſs's voice changed in repeating this ſpeech of his: And ſhe ſtopt to praiſe him; and then went on.

You are *THE* man indeed, Sir!—But then give me leave to aſk you, as I think it very likely that you will be married before your return to England, Whether now that you have been ſo good as to ſpeak favourably of my ſon, and that you call Miſs Byron ſiſter, you will oblige him with a recommendation to that ſiſter?

"The Counteſs of D. ſhews, by this requeſt, 'her value for a young lady who deſerves it; and 'the *more*, for its being, I think (excuſe me, ma-

'dam) a pretty extraordinary one. But what a 'preſumption would it be in me, to ſuppoſe that 'I had *ſuch* an intereſt with Miſs Byron, when 'ſhe has relations as worthy of *her* as ſhe is of '*them*?"

You may gueſs, my dear, ſaid the counteſs, that I ſhould not have put this queſtion, but as a trial of his heart. However, I aſked his pardon; and told him, that I would not believe he gave it me, except he would promiſe to mention to Miſs Byron, that I had made him a viſit on this ſubject. [Methinks, Lucy, I ſhould have been glad that he had not let *me* know that he was ſo forgiving!]

And now, my dear, ſaid the lady, let me turn about. She did; and put one arm round my neck, and with my own handkerchief wiped my eyes, and kiſſed my cheek; and when ſhe ſaw me a little recovered, ſhe addreſſed me as follows:

Now, my good young creature [O that you would let me call you daughter in my way! for I think I muſt always call you ſo, whether you do or not], let me aſk you, as if I were your real mother, "Have you any expectation that Sir 'Charles Grandiſon will be yours?"

Dear madam, is not this as hard a queſtion to be put to me, as that which you put to him?

Yes, my dear—full as hard. And I am as ready to aſk your pardon as I was his, if you are really diſpleaſed with me for putting it. Are you Miſs Byron? Excuſe me, Mrs Reeves, for thus urging your lovely couſin; I am at leaſt entitled to the excuſe Sir Charles Grandiſon made for me, that it is a demonſtration of my value for her.

I have declared, madam, returned I, and it is from my heart, that I think he ought to be the huſband of the lady abroad: And tho' I prefer him to all the men I ever ſaw, yet I have reſolved, if poſſible, to conquer the particular regard I have for

for him. He has in a very noble manner offered me his friendſhip, ſo long as it may be accepted without interfering with any other attachments on my part: And I will be ſatisfied with that.

A friendſhip ſo pure, replied the counteſs, as that of ſuch a man, is conſiſtent with *any other* attachments. My Lord D. will, with his whole ſoul, contribute all in his power to ſtrengthen it: He admires Sir Charles Grandiſon: He would think it a double honour to be acquainted with him through you. Deareſt Miſs Byron, take another worthy young man into your friendſhip, but with a tenderer name: I ſhall then claim a fourth place in it for myſelf. O my dear! What a quadruple knot will you tie!

Your ladyſhip does me too much honour, was all I could juſt then reply.

I *muſt* have an anſwer, my dear: I will not take up with a compliment.

This then, madam, is my anſwer—I hope I am an honeſt creature:—I have *not* a heart to give.

Then you have expectations, my dear.—Well, I will call you *mine*, if I *can*. Never did I think that I could have made the propoſal, that I am going to make you: But in my eyes, as well as in my lord's, you are an incomparable young woman.—This is it.—We will not think of the alliance propoſed to us (it is yet *but* a propoſal, and to which we have not returned anſwer) till we ſee what turn the affair Sir Charles is gone upon takes. You once ſaid, you could prefer my ſon to any of the men that had hitherto applied to you for your favour. Your affections to Sir Charles were engaged before you knew us. Will you allow my ſon this preference, which will be the *firſt* preference, if Sir Charles engages himſelf abroad?

Your

Your ladyſhip ſurpriſes me: Shall I not improve by the example you have juſt now ſet before me? Who was it that ſaid (and a *man* too) "With what 'face could I look up to a woman of honour and 'delicacy, ſuch a one as the lady before whom I 'now ſtand, if I could own a wiſh, that while" my heart leaned to one perſon, I ſhould think of keeping another in ſuſpenſe till I ſaw whether I could or could not be the other's? "No, madam, 'I would ſooner die," as Sir Charles ſaid, "than 'offer ſuch an indignity to *both*." But I know, madam, that you only made this propoſal, as you did another to Sir Charles Grandiſon, as a *trial of my heart*.

Upon my word, my dear, I ſhould, I think, be glad to be entitled to ſuch an excuſe: But I was really in earneſt; and now take a little ſhame to myſelf.

What charming ingenuouſneſs in this lady!

She claſped her arms about me, and kiſſed my cheek again. I have but one plea, ſaid ſhe, to make for myſelf; I could not have fallen into ſuch an error (the example ſo recently given to the contrary) had I not wiſhed you to be, before any woman in the world, Counteſs of D.—Noble creature! No title can give you dignity. May your own wiſhes be granted!

The counteſs aſked, When I returned to Northamptonſhire? I told her my intention. She charged me to ſee her firſt. But I can tell you, ſaid ſhe, my lord ſhall not be preſent when you come: Not once more will I truſt him in your company; and if he ſhould ſteal a viſit, unknown to me, let not your couſin ſee him, Mrs Reeves. He does *indeed* admire you, love.

I acknowledged, with a grateful heart, her goodneſs to me. She engaged me to correſpond with her when I got home. Her commands were an honour done me, that I could not refuſe myſelf. Her

ſon,

ſon, ſhe ſmiling told me, ſhould no more ſee my letters than my perſon.

At her going away—I will tell you one thing, ſaid ſhe: I never before, in a buſineſs which my heart was ſet upon, was ſo effectually ſilenced by a precedent produced by myſelf in the ſame converſation. I came with an aſſurance of ſucceſs. When our *hearts* are engaged in a hope, we are apt to think every ſtep we take for the promoting it reaſonable: Our paſſions, my dear, will evermore run away with our judgment. But now I think of it, I muſt, when I ſay *our*, make two exceptions; one for you, and one for Sir Charles Grandiſon.

But, Lucy, tell me—May I, do you think, explain the meaning of the word SELFISH uſed by Sir Charles in the concluſion of the library-conference at Colnebrook (and which puzzled me then to make out), by his diſclaiming of *ſelfiſhneſs* in the converſation with the counteſs above-recited? If I may, what an opening of his heart does that word give in my favour, were he at liberty? Does it not look, my dear, as if his *Honour* checked him, when his *Love* would have prompted him to wiſh me to preſerve my heart diſengaged till his return from abroad? Nor let it be ſaid, that it was diſhonourable in him to have ſuch a thought, as it was *checked* and *overcome*; and as it was ſucceeded by ſuch an emotion, that he was obliged to depart abruptly from me.—Let me repeat the words—You may not have my letter at hand which relates that affecting addreſs to me; and it is impoſſible for me, while I have memory, to forget them. He had juſt concluded his brief hiſtory of Clementina—"And now, madam, 'what can I ſay?—Honour forbids me!—Yet ho-'nour bids me—Yet I cannot be unjuſt, ungene-'rous, *ſelfiſh!*"—If I may flatter myſelf, Lucy, that he did love me when he ſaid this, and that he had a conflict in his noble heart between the love on one ſide ſo *hopeleſs* (for I could not forgive him, if he did

did not *love*, as well as *pity*, Clementina) and on the other *not ſo* hopeleſs, were there to have been no bar between—Shall we not pity him for the arduous ſtruggle? Shall we not ſee that honour carried it, even in favour of the *hopeleſs* againſt the *hopeful*, and applaud him the more for being able to overcome? How ſhall we call virtue by its name, if it be not tried; and if it hath no conteſt with inclination?

If I am a vain ſelf-flatterer, tell me, chide me, Lucy; but allow me, however, at the ſame time, this praiſe, if I can make good my claim to it, that *my* conqueſt of my paſſion is at leaſt as glorious for me as *his* is for him, were he to love me ever ſo well; ſince I can moſt ſincerely, however painfully, ſubſcribe to the preference which honour, love, compaſſion, unitedly, give to CLEMENTINA.

LETTER XIII.

Miſs BYRON. *In continuation.*

Monday Night.

MY couſins and I, by invitation, ſupped with Lady G. this evening. Lord and Lady L. were there; Lady Olivia alſo, and Lady Maffei.

I have ſet them all into a conſternation, as they expreſſed themſelves, by my declaration of leaving London on my return home early on Friday morning next. I knew, that were I to paſs the whole ſummer here, I muſt be peremptory at laſt. The two ſiſters vow that I ſhall not go ſo ſoon. They ſay, that I have ſeen ſo few of the town diverſions—Town diverſions, Lucy!—I have had diverſions enough, of one ſort!—But in your arms, my dear friends, I ſhall have conſolation—And I want it.

I have

I have great regrets, and ſhall have hourly more, as the day approaches, on the leaving of ſuch dear and obliging friends: But I am determined.

My couſin's coach will convey me to Dunſtable; and there, I know, I ſhall meet with my indulgent uncle, or your brother. I would not have it publicly known, becauſe of the officious gentlemen in the neighbourhood.

Dr Bartlett intended to ſet out for Grandiſon-hall to-morrow: But from the natural kindneſs of his heart he has ſuſpended his journey to Thurſday next. No conſideration, therefore, ſhall detain me, if I am well.

My couſins are grieved: They did not expect that I would be a word and a blow, as they phraſe it.

Lady Olivia expreſſed herſelf concerned, that ſhe, in particular, was to loſe me. She had propoſed great pleaſure, ſhe ſaid, in the parties ſhe ſhould make in my company. But, after what Emily told me, ſhe appears to me as a Meduſa; and were I to be thought by her a formidable rival, I might have as much reaſon to be afraid of the potion, as the man ſhe loves of the poinard. Emily has kept the ſecret from every-body but me. And I rely on the inviolable ſecrecy of all you, my friends.

Lord and Lady L. had deſigned to go to Colnebrook to-morrow, or at my day, having hopes of getting me with them: But now, they ſay, they will ſtay in town till they can ſee whether I am to be prevailed upon, or will be *obdurate*.

Lady Olivia enquired after the diſtance of Northamptonſhire. She will make the tour of England, ſhe ſays, and viſit me there. I was obliged to ſay I ſhould take her viſit as an honour.

Wicked politeneſs! Of how many falſehoods doſt thou make the people, who are called *polite*, guilty!

But there is one man in the world, who is remarkable for his truth, yet is unqueſtionably polite. He cenſures not others for complying with faſhions eſtabliſhed

ſtabliſhed by cuſtom; but he gives not in to them. He never perverts the meaning of words. He never, for inſtance, ſuffers his ſervants to deny him, when he is at home. If he is buſy, he juſt finds time to ſay he is, to unexpected viſiters; and if they will ſtay, he turns them over to his ſiſters, to Dr Bartlett, to Emily, till he can attend them. But then he has *always* done ſo. Every one knows that he lives to his own heart, and they *expect* it of him; and when they *can* have his company, they have double joy in the eaſe and chearfulneſs that attend his leiſure: They then have him *wholly*. And he can be the more polite, as the company then is all his buſineſs.

Sir Charles might the better do ſo, as he came over ſo few months ago, after ſo long an abſence; and his reputation for politeneſs was ſo well eſtabliſhed, that people rather looked for rules from him, than a conformity to theirs.

His denials of complimenting Lady Olivia (tho' ſhe was but juſt arrived in his native country, where ſhe never was before) with the ſuſpending of his departure for one week, or but for one day—Who but he could have given them? But he was convinced, that it was right to haſten away, for the ſake of Clementina and his Jeronymo; and that it would have been wrong to ſhew Olivia, even for her *own* ſake, that in *ſuch* a competition ſhe had conſequence with him; and all her entreaties, all her menaces, the deteſted poinard in her hand, could not ſhake his ſteady ſoul, and make him delay his well-ſettled purpoſe.

LETTER XIII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Tueſday Morning, April 18.

THIS naughty Lady G.—She is exceſſively to blame. Lord L. is out of patience with her. So is Lady L. Emily ſays, ſhe loves her dearly; but ſhe does not love her ways. Lord G. as Emily tells me, talks of coming to me; the cauſe of quarrel ſuppoſed to be not great: But trifles, inſiſted upon, make frequently the wideſt breaches. Whatever it be, it is between themſelves; and neither cares to tell: But Lord and Lady L. are angry with her, for the ludicrous manner in which ſhe treats him.

The miſunderſtanding happened after my couſin and I left them laſt night. I was not in ſpirits, and declined ſtaying to cards. Lady Olivia and her aunt went away at the ſame time. Whiſt was the game. Lord and Lady L. Dr Bartlett and Emily, were caſt in. In the midſt of their play, Lady G. came hurrying down ſtairs to them, warbling an air: Lord G. followed her, much diſturbed. Madam, I muſt tell you, ſaid he—Why MUST, my lord? I don't bid you.

Sit ſtill, child, ſaid ſhe to Emily; and took her ſeat behind her—Who wins? Who loſes?

Lord G. walked about the room—Lord and Lady L. were unwilling to take notice, hoping it would go off; for there had been a few livelineſſes on her ſide at dinner-time, tho' all was ſerene at ſupper.

Dr Bartlett offered her his cards. She refuſed them—No, doctor, ſaid ſhe, I will play my own cards: I ſhall have enough to do to play *them* well.

As you manage it, ſo you will, madam, ſaid Lord G.

Don't expoſe yourſelf, my Lord: We are before company. Lady L. you have nothing but trumps in your hands.

Let me ſay a word or two to you, madam, ſaid Lord G. to her.

I am all obedience, my lord.

She aroſe. He would have taken her hand: She put it behind her.

Not your *hand*, madam?

I can't ſpare it.

He flung from her, and went out of the room.

Lord bleſs me, ſaid ſhe, returning to the card-table with a gay unconcern, what ſtrange paſſionate creatures are theſe men!

Charlotte, ſaid Lady L. I *wonder* at you.

Then I give you joy—

What do you mean, ſiſter?—

We women love wonder, and the wonder-ful!

Surely Lady G. ſaid Lord L. you are wrong.

I give your lordſhip joy too.

On what?

That my ſiſter is always right.

Indeed, madam, were I Lord G. I ſhould have no patience.

A good hint for you, Lady L. I hope you will take this for a warning, and continue.

When I behave as you do, Charlotte—

I underſtand you, Lady L. you need not ſpeak out—Every one in their way.

You would not behave thus were my brother—

Perhaps not.

Dear Charlotte, you are exceſſively wrong.

So I think, returned ſhe.

Why then do you not—

Mend, Lady L.? All in good time.

Her woman came in with a meſſage expreſſing her lord's deſire to ſee her—The duce is in theſe men: They will neither be ſatisfied with us, nor without

without us. But I am all obedience: No *vow* will I break—And out ſhe went.

Lord G. not returning preſently, and Lord and Lady L's chariot being come, they both took this opportunity, in order to ſhew their diſpleaſure, to go away without taking leave of their ſiſter. Dr Bartlett retired to his apartment. And when Lady G. came down, ſhe was ſurpriſed, and a little vexed, to find only Emily there. Lord G. came in at another door—Upon my word, my lord, this is ſtrange behaviour in you: You fright away, with your huſband-like airs, all one's company.

Good God!—I am aſtoniſhed at you, madam.

What *ſignifies* your aſtoniſhment—when you have ſcared every-body out of the houſe?

I, madam?

You, Sir! Yes, you!—Did you not lord it over me in my dreſſing-room?—To be eaſy and quiet, did I not fly to our company in the drawing-room? Did you not follow me there—with looks—Very pretty looks for a new-married man, I aſſure you! Then did not you want to take me aſide—Would not any-body have ſuppoſed it was to expreſs your ſorrow for your odd behaviour? Was I not all obedience? Did you not, with very *manniſh* airs, flight me for my compliance, and fly out of the room? All the company could witneſs the calmneſs with which I returned to them, that they might not be grieved for me, nor think our underſtanding a deep one. Well, then, when your ſtomach came down, as I ſuppoſed, you ſent for me out: No doubt, thought I, to expreſs his concern now.—I was all obedience again.

And did I not beſeech you, madam—

Beſeech me, my lord!—Yes—But with ſuch looks—I married, Sir, let me tell you, a man with another face—See, ſee, Emily—He is gone again—

My lord flew out of the room in a rage—O theſe men, my dear! ſaid ſhe to Emily.

I know, ſaid Emily, what I could have anſwered, if I dared: But it is ill meddling, as I have heard ſay, between man and wife.

Emily ſays, the quarrel was not made up, but was carried higher ſtill in the morning.

She had but juſt finiſhed her tale, when the following billet was brought me from Lady G.

Harriet, *Tueſday Morning.*

IF you love me, if you pity me, come hither this inſtant: I have great need of your counſel. I am reſolved to be unmarried; and therefore ſubſcribe myſelf by the beloved name of

CHARLOTTE GRANDISON.

I inſtantly diſpatched the following:

I KNOW no ſuch perſon as Charlotte Grandiſon. I love Lady G. but can only pity her lord. I will not come near you. I have no counſel to give you; but that you will not jeſt away your own happineſs. HARRIET BYRON.

Soon after came a ſervant from Lady G. with the following letter:

SO, then, I have made a bleſſed hand of wedlock! My brother gone: My man exceſſive unruly: Lord and Lady L. on his ſide, without enquiring into merits or demerits: Lectured by Dr Bartlett's grave face: Emily ſtanding aloof, her finger in her eye: And now my Harriet renouncing me: And all in one week!

What can I do?—War ſeems to be declared: And will you not turn mediatrix?—You won't, you ſay. Let it alone. Nevertheleſs, I will lay the whole matter before you.

It was laſt night, the week from the wedding-day not completed, that Lord G. thought fit to break

break into my retirement without my leave—By the way, he was a little impertinent at dinner-time; but that I paſſed over.—

What boldneſs is this, ſaid I?—Pray, Sir, begone!—Why leave you your company below?

I come, my deareſt life, to make a requeſt to you.

The man began with civility enough, had he had a little leſs of his odious rapture; for he flung his arms about me, Jenny in preſence. A huſband's fondneſs is enough to ruin theſe girls. Don't you think, Harriet, that there is an immorality in it, before them?

I refuſe your requeſt, be it what it will. How dare you invade me in my retirement?—You may believe, that I intended not to ſtay long above, my ſiſter below. Does the ceremony, ſo lately paſt, authorize want of breeding?

Want of breeding, madam!—And he did *ſo* ſtare!

Leave me this inſtant—I looked good-natured, I ſuppoſe, in my anger; for he declared he would not; and again throwing his arms about me as I ſat, joined his ſharp face to mine, and preſumed to kiſs me; Jenny ſtill in the room.

Now, Harriet, you never will deſert me in a point of delicacy, I am ſure. You cannot defend theſe odious freedoms in a matrimony ſo young, unleſs you would be willing to be ſerved ſo yourſelf.

You may ſuppoſe, that then I let looſe my indignation upon him. And he ſtole out, daring to mutter, and be diſpleaſed. The word *devil* was in his mouth.

Did he call *me* devil, Jenny?

No, indeed, madam, ſaid the wench—And, Harriet, ſee the ill example of ſuch a free behaviour before her: She preſumed to prate in favour of the

man's fit of fondneſs; yet, at other times, is a prude of a girl.

Before my anger was gone down, in again [It is truth, Harriet] came the bold wretch. I will not, ſaid he, as you are not *particularly* employed, leave you—Upon my ſoul, madam, you don't uſe me well. But if you will oblige me with your company to-morrow morning—

No where, Sir—

Only to breakfaſt with Miſs Byron, my *dear*—As a mark of your obligingneſs I requeſt it.

His dear!—Now I hate a hypocrite of all things. I knew that he had a deſign to make a ſhew of his bride, as his property, at another place; and ſeeing me angry, thought he would name a viſit agreeable to me, and which at the ſame time would give him a merit with you, and preſerve to himſelf the conſeqnence of being obliged by his obedient wife, at the word of authority.

From this fooliſh beginning aroſe our mighty quarrel. What vexed me was, the *art* of the man, and the evident deſign he had to get you of his ſide. He, in the courſe of it, threatened me with appealing to you—To intend to ruin me in the love of my deareſt friend! Who, that valued that friend, could forgive it? You may believe, that if *he* had not propoſed it, and after ſuch accumulated offences, it was the very viſit that I ſhould have been delighted with.

Indeed, Sir—Upon my word, my lord—I do aſſure you, Sir—with a moderate degree of haughtineſs—was what the quarrel aroſe to, on my ſide—And, at laſt, to a declaration of rebellion—I *won't*.

On his ſide, Upon my ſoul, madam—Let me periſh, if—and then heſitating—You uſe me ill, madam. I have not deſerved—And give me leave to ſay—I *inſiſt* upon being obliged, madam.

There

There was no bearing of this, Harriet.—It was a cool evening; but I took my fan—Hey day! ſaid I, what language is this?—You *inſiſt upon it*, my lord!—I think I am married; am I not?—And I took my watch, half an hour after ten on Monday night—the—What day of the month is this?—Pleaſe the Lord, I will note down this beginning moment of your authoritative demeanor.

My dear Lady G. [The wretch called me by his own name, perhaps further to inſult me], if I could bear this treatment, it is impoſſible for me to love you as I do.

So it is in *love* to me, that you are to put on already all the huſband!—Jenny! [Do you ſee, my lord, affecting a whiſper, how you daſh the poor wench: How like a fool ſhe looks at our folly!] Remember, Jenny, that to-morrow morning you carry my wedding-ſuits to Mrs Arnold; and tell her, ſhe has forgot the hanging-ſleeves to the gowns. Let her put them on out of hand.

I was proceeding—But he rudely, gravely, and even with an air ſcorn [there was no bearing *that* you know] admoniſhed me: A little leſs wit, madam, and a little more diſcretion, would perhaps better become you.

This was too *true* to be forgiven. *You'll* ſay it, Harriet, if *I* don't. And to come from a man that was not overburdened with either—But I had too great a command of myſelf to ſay ſo. My dependence, my lord [this I did ſay], is upon your *judgment*: That will always be a balance to my *wit*; and with the aſſiſtance of your *reproving love*, will in time teach me *diſcretion*.

Now, my dear, was not this a high compliment to him? Ought he not to have taken it as ſuch? Eſpecially as I looked grave, and dropt him a very fine courteſy. But either his conſcience or ill nature (perhaps you'll ſay both) made him take it as a reflection. [True as you are alive, Harriet!] He

bit

bit his lip. Jenny, begone, ſaid he—Jenny, don't go, ſaid I.—Jenny knew not which to obey. Upon my word, Harriet, I began to think the man would have cuff'd me—And while he was in his airs of mock-majeſty, I ſtept to the door, and whipt down to my company.

As married people are not to expoſe themſelves to their friends (who, I once heard you ſagely remark, would remember diſagreeable things, when the honeſt pair had forgot them), I was determined to be prudent. You would have been charmed with me, my dear, for my diſcretion. I will cheat by-ſtanders, thought I; I will make my Lord and Lady L. Dr Bartlett, and Emily, whom I had before ſet in at cards, think we are egregiouſly happy—And down I ſat, intending, with a lamb-like peaceableneſs, to make obſervations on the play. But ſoon after, in whipt my indiſcreet lord, his colour heightened, his features working: And though I *cautioned* him not to expoſe himſelf, yet he aſſumed airs that were the occaſion, as you ſhall hear, of frighting away my company. He withdrew, *in conſequence of thoſe airs*; and, after a little while (repenting, as I hoped), he ſent for me out. Some wives would have played the queen Vaſhti on their tyrant, and refuſed to go: But I, all obedience (my vow, ſo recently made, in my head) obeyed, at the very firſt word: Yet you muſt think that I (meek as I am naturally) could not help recriminating. He was too lordly to be expoſtulated with.—There was, "I tell you, ma'dam," and, "I won't be told, Sir;" and when I broke from the paſſionate creature, and hoped to find my company, behold! they were all gone! None but Emily left. And thus was poor Lady L. ſent home, weeping perhaps, for ſuch an early marriage-tyranny exerted on her meek ſiſter.

Well, and don't you think we looked like a couple of fools at each other, when we ſaw ourſelves

ſelves leſt alone, as I may ſay, to fight it out? I *did* expoſtulate with him as mildly as I could: He would have made it up with me afterwards; but no! there was no doing that, as a girl of your nice notions may believe, after he had, by his violent airs, expoſed us both before ſo many witneſſes. In *decency*, therefore, I was obliged to keep it up: And now our miſunderſtanding blazes; and is at ſuch a comfortable height, that if we meet by accident, we run away from each other by deſign. We have already made two breakfaſt-tables: Yet I am meek; he is ſullen: I make courteſies; he returns not bows.—Sullen creature, and a ruſtic! —I go to my harpſicord; melody enrages him. He is worſe than Saul; for Saul could be gloomily pleaſed with the muſic even of the man he hated.

I would have got *you* to come to us: That I thought was *tending* to a compliance; for it would have been condeſcending *too much*, as he is ſo *very* perverſe, if I had accompanied him to you. He has a great mind to appeal to you; but I have half-rallied him out of his purpoſe. I ſent to you. What an anſwer did you return me!—Cruel Harriet! to deny your requeſted mediation in a difference that has riſen between man and wife.—But let the fire glow. If it ſpares the houſe, and only blazes in the chimney, I can bear it.

Croſs creature, adieu! If you know not ſuch a woman as *Grandiſon*, heaven grant that I *may*; and that my wiſhes may be anſwered as to the *perſons*; and then I will not know a *Byron*.

See, Lucy, how high this dear flighty creature bribes! But I will not be influenced, by her bribery, to take her part.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Tueſday Night.

I AM juſt returned from St James's-ſquare.

But firſt I ſhould tell you, that I had a viſit from Lady Olivia and Lady Maffei. Our converſation was in Italian and French. Lady Olivia and I had a quarter of an hour's diſcourſe in private: You may gueſs at our ſubject. She is not without that tenderneſs of heart, which is the indiſpenſable characteriſtic of a woman. She lamented the violence of her temper, in a manner ſo affecting, that I cannot help pitying her, though at the inſtant I had in my head a certain attempt that makes me ſhudder whenever I think of it. She regrets my going to Northamptonſhire ſo ſoon. I have promiſed to return her viſit to-morrow in the afternoon.

She ſets out on Friday next for Oxford. She wiſhed I could accompany her. She reſolves to ſee all that is worth ſeeing in the weſtern circuit, as I may call it. She obſerves, ſhe ſays, that Sir Charles Grandiſon's ſiſters, and their lords, are very particularly engaged at preſent; and are in expectation of a call to Windſor to attend Lord W.'s nuptials: She will therefore, having attendants enough, and two men of conſideration in her train, one of whom is not unacquainted with England, take curſory tours over the kingdom; having a taſte for travelling, and finding it a great relief to her ſpirits. And when Lady L. and Lady G. are more diſengaged, will review the ſeats and places which ſhe ſhall think worthy of a ſecond viſit, in their company.

She profeſſed to like the people here, and the face of the country; and talked favourably of the religion

religion of it: But, poor woman! ſhe likes all thoſe the better, I doubt not, for the ſake of one Engliſhman. Love, Lucy, gilds every object which bears a relation to the perſon beloved.

Lady Maffei was very free in blaming her niece for this excurſion. She took her chiding patiently; but yet, like a perſon that thought it too much in her *power* to gratify the perſon blaming her, to pay much regard to what ſhe ſaid.

I took a chair to Lady G.'s. Emily ran to meet me in the hall. She threw her arms about me: I rejoice you are come, ſaid ſhe. Did you not meet the houſe in the ſquare?—What means my Emily?—Why, it has been flung out of the windows, as the ſaying is. Ah, madam! we are all to pieces. One *ſo* careleſs, the other *ſo* paſſionate!—But, huſh! Here comes Lady G.

Take, Lucy, in the dialogue-way, particulars.

Lady G. Then you are come at laſt, Harriet. You wrote, that you would not come near me.

Harriet. I did; but I could not ſtay away. Ah, Lady G. you will deſtroy your own happineſs!

Lady G. So you wrote. Not one word on the ſubject you hint at, that you have ever ſaid or written before. I hate repetitions, child.

Harriet. Then I muſt be ſilent upon it.

Lady G. Not of neceſſity. You can ſay new things upon old ſubjects.—But huſh! Here comes the man——She ran to her harpſichord——Is this it, Harriet? and touched the keys——repeating

Softly ſweet, in Lydian *meaſures,*
Soon ſhe ſooth'd———

Enter Lord G.

Lord G. Miſs Byron, I am your moſt obedient ſervant. The ſight of you rejoices my ſoul.—

Mada n

Madam (to his lady), you have not been long enough together to begin a tune. I know what this is for——

Lady G. Harmony! harmony is a charming thing! But I, poor I! know not any but what this ſimple inſtrument affords me.

Lord G. lifting up his hands. Harmony, madam! God is my witneſs—But I will lay every thing before Miſs Byron.

Lady G. You need not, my lord: She knows as much as ſhe can know already; except the fine colourings be added to the woeful tale, that your unbridled ſpirit can give it.—Have you my long letter about you, Harriet?

Lord G. And could you, madam, have the *heart* to write—

Lady G. Why, my lord, do you mince the matter? For *heart*, ſay *courage*. You may ſpeak as plain in Miſs Byron's preſence as you did before ſhe came: I know what you mean.

Lord G. Let it be *courage* then.

Harriet. Fie fie, Lord G. Fie, fie, Lady G. What lengths do you run? If I underſtand the matter right, you have both, like children, been at play, till you have fallen out.

Lord G. If, Miſs Byron, you know the truth, and can blame me—

Harriet. I blame you only, my lord, for being in a paſſion. You ſee my lady is ſerene: She keeps her temper: She looks as if ſhe wanted to be friends with you.

Lord G. O that curſed ſerenity!—When my ſoul is torn by a whirlwind—

Lady G. A good tragedy rant—But, Harriet, you are miſtaken: My Lord G. is a very paſſionate man. So humble, ſo—what ſhall I call it? before marriage—Did not the man ſee what a creature I was.—To bear with me, when he had no obligation to me; and not now, when he has

the higheſt—A miſerable ſinking!—O Harriet! Harriet! Never, never marry!

Harriet. Dear Lady G. you know in your own heart you are wrong—*Indeed* you are wrong—

Lord G. God for ever reward you, madam!—I will tell you how it began—

Lady G. "Began!" She knows *that* already, I tell you, my lord. But what has paſſed within theſe *four hours* ſhe knows not: You may entertain her with *that*, if you pleaſe.—It was juſt about the time this day is a week, that we were all together, mighty comfortable, at St George's, Hanover-ſquare—

Lord G. Every tittle of what you promiſed there, madam—

Lady G. And I, my lord, could be your echo in this, were I not reſolved to keep my temper; as you cannot but ſay I have done all along.

Lord G. You could not, madam, if you did not deſpiſe me.

Lady G. You are wrong, my lord, to think ſo: But you don't believe yourſelf: If you *did*, the pride of your heart ought not to permit you to own it.

Lord G. Miſs Byron, give me leave——

Lady G. Lord bleſs me! that people are ſo fond of expoſing themſelves! Had you taken my advice, when you purſued me out of my dreſſing-room into company—My lord, ſaid I, as mildly as I now ſpeak, *don't* expoſe yourſelf. But he was not at all the wiſer for my advice.

Lord G. Miſs Byron, you ſee—But I had not come down, but to make my compliments to you. He bowed, and was about to withdraw.

I took him by the ſleeve—My lord, you muſt not go. Lady G. if your own heart juſtifies you for your part in this miſunderſtanding, ſay ſo; I challenge you to ſay ſo.—She was ſilent.

Harriet. If otherwiſe, own your fault, promiſe amendment—Aſk excuſe.

Lady G. Hey day!

Harriet. And my lord will aſk yours, for miſtaking you—For being too eaſily provoked—

Lord G. Too eaſily, madam—

Harriet. What generous man would not ſmile at the foibles of a woman, whoſe heart is only gay with proſperity and lively youth; but has not the leaſt malice in it? Has not ſhe made choice of your lordſhip in preference of any other man? She rallies every one; ſhe can't help it: She is to blame. —Indeed, Lady G. you are. Your *brother* felt your edge; he once ſmarted by it, and was angry with you.—But afterwards, obſerving that it was her way, my lord; that it was a kind of conſtitutional gaiety of heart, and exerciſed on thoſe ſhe loved beſt; he forgave, rallied her again, and turned her own weapons upon her; and every one in company was delighted with the ſpirit of *both*. —You love her, my lord—

Lord G. Never man more loved a woman. I am not an ill-natured man—

Lady G. But a captious, a paſſionate one, Lord G.—Who'd have thought it?

Lord G. Never was there, my dear Miſs Byron, ſuch a ſtrangely-aggravating creature! She *could* not be ſo, if ſhe did not deſpiſe me.

Lady G. Fiddle-faddle, ſilly man! And ſo you ſaid before. If you thought ſo, you take the way (don't you?) to mend the matter, by dancing and capering about, and putting yourſelf into all manner of diſagreeable attitudes, and even ſometimes being ready to foam at the mouth?—I told him, Miſs Byron, there he ſtands, let him deny it if he can, that I married a man with another face. Would not any other man have taken this for a compliment to his natural undiſtorted face, and inſtantly have pulled off the ugly maſk of paſſion, and ſhewn his own?—

Lord G.

Lord G. You ſee, you ſee, the air, Miſs Byron! —How ludicrouſly does ſhe now, even now—

Lady G. See, Miſs Byron!—How captious!—Lord G. ought to have a termagant wife: One who could return rage for rage. Meekneſs is *my* crime.—I cannot be put out of temper.—Meekneſs was never before attributed to woman as a fault.

Lord G. Good God!—Meekneſs!—Good God!

Lady G. But, Harriet, do you judge on which ſide the grievance lies.—Lord G. preſents me with a face for his, that I never ſaw him wear before marriage: He has cheated me therefore: I ſhew him the ſame face that I ever wore, and treat him pretty much in the ſame manner (or I am miſtaken) that I ever did: And what reaſon can he give, that will not demonſtrate him to be the moſt ungrateful of men, for the airs he gives himſelf? Airs that he would not have preſumed to put on eight days ago. Who then, Harriet, has reaſon to complain of grievance; my lord, or I?

Lord G. You *ſee*, Miſs Byron—Can there be any arguing with a woman who knows herſelf to be in jeſt in all ſhe ſays?

Harriet. Why then, my lord, make a jeſt of it. What will not bear an argument will not be worth one's anger.

Lord G. I leave it to Miſs Byron, Lady G. to decide between us as ſhe pleaſes.

Lady G. You'd better leave it to me, Sir.

Harriet. Do, my lord.

Lord G. Well, madam!—And what is your decree?

Lady G. You, Miſs Byron, had beſt be lady chancellor, after all. I ſhould not bear to have my decree diſputed after it is pronounced.

Harriet. If I muſt, my decree is this:—You, Lady G. ſhall own yourſelf in fault, and promiſe amendment. My lord ſhall forgive you, and pro-

miſe that he will, for the future, endeavour to diſtinguiſh between your good and your ill-nature: That he will ſit down to jeſt with your jeſt, and never be diſturbed at what you ſay, when he ſees it accompanied with that archneſs of eye and lip which you put on to your brother, and to every one whom you beſt love, when you are diſpoſed to be teazingly facetious.

Lady G. Why, Harriet, you have given Lord G. a clue to find me out, and ſpoil all my ſport.

Harriet. What ſay *you*, my lord?

Lord G. Will Lady G. own herſelf in fault, as you propoſe?

Lady G. Odious recrimination!—I leave you together. I never was in fault in my life. Am I not a *woman?* If my lord will aſk pardon for his froppiſhneſs, as we ſay of children—

She ſtopt, and pretended to be going—

Harriet. That my lord ſhall not do, Charlotte. You have carried the jeſt too far already. My lord ſhall preſerve his dignity for his *wife*'s ſake. My lord, you will not permit Lady G. to leave us, however?

He took her hand, and preſſed it with his lips: For God's ſake, madam, let us be happy: It is in your power to make us both ſo: It ever *ſhall* be in your power. If I have been in fault, impute it to my love. I cannot bear your contempt, and I never will deſerve it.

Lady G. Why could not this have been ſaid ſome hours ago?—Why, ſlighting my early caution, would you *expoſe* yourſelf?

I took her aſide. Be generous, Lady G. Let not your *huſband* be the only perſon to whom you are not ſo.

Lady G. (*whiſpering*). Our quarrel has not run half its length. If we make up here, we ſhall make up clumſily. One of the ſilliеſt things in the world is, a quarrel that ends not, as a coach-

man

man after a journey comes in with a ſpirit. We ſhall certainly renew it.

Harriet. Take the caution you gave to my lord: Don't *expoſe* yourſelf. And another, that you cannot more effectually do ſo than by expoſing your huſband. I am more than half-aſhamed of you. You are not the Charlotte I once thought you were. Let me ſee, if you have any regard to *my* good opinion of you, that you can own an error with ſome grace.

Lady G. I am a meek, humble, docile creature. She turned to me, and made me a ruſtic courteſy, her hands before her: I'll try for it; tell me if I am right. Then ſtepping towards my lord, who was with his back to us looking out of the window —and he turning about to her bowing—My lord, ſaid ſhe, Miſs Byron has been telling me more than I knew before of my duty. She propoſes herſelf one day to make a won-der-ful obedient wife. It would have been well for you, perhaps, had I had *her* example to walk by. She ſeems to ſay, that, now I am married, I muſt be grave, ſage, and paſſive: That *ſmiles* will hardly become me: That I muſt be prim and formal, and reverence my huſband. If you think this behaviour will become a married woman, and expect it from me, pray, my lord, put me right by your *frowns*, whenever I ſhall be wrong. For the future, if I ever find myſelf diſpoſed to be very light-hearted, I will aſk your leave before I give way to it. And now, what is next to be done? humorouſly courteſying, her hands before her.

He claſped her in his arms: Dear provoking creature! This, this is next to be done—I aſk you but to love me half as much as I love you, and I ſhall be the happieſt man on earth.

My lord, ſaid I, you ruin all by this condeſcenſion on a ſpeech and air ſo ungracious. If this is all you get by it, never, never my lord, fall out

again. O Charlotte! If you are not generous, you come off much, *much* too eaſily.

Well, now, my lord, ſaid ſhe, holding out her hand, as if threatening me, let you and me, man and wife like, join againſt the interpoſer in our quarrels—Harriet, I will not forgive you, for this laſt part of your lecture.

And thus was this idle quarrel made up. All that vexes me on the occaſion is, that it was not made up with dignity on my lord's part. His honeſt heart ſo overflowed with joy at his lips, that the haughty creature, by her arch leers, every now and then, ſhewed, that ſhe was ſenſible of her conſequence to his happineſs. But, Lucy, don't let her ſink *too* low in your eſteem: She has many fine qualities.

They prevailed on me to ſtay ſupper. Emily rejoiced in the reconciliation: Her heart was, as I may ſay, viſible in her joy. *Can* I love her better than I do? If I *could*, ſhe would, every time I ſee her, give me reaſon for it.

LETTER XV.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Wedneſday, Noon, April 19.

IT would puzzle you to gueſs at a viſitor I had this morning.—Honeſt Mr Fowler. I was very glad to ſee him. He brought me a letter from his worthy uncle. Good Sir Rowland! I had a joy that I thought I ſhould not have had while I ſtaid in London, on its being put into my hand, though the contents gave me ſenſible pain. I incloſe it. It is dated from Caermarthen. Be pleaſed to read it here.

Caermarthen,

Caermarthen, April 11.

HOW ſhall I, in fit manner, inſcribe my letter to the loveliеſt of women. I don't mean *becauſe* of your lovelineſs; but whether as *daughter* or not, as you did me the honour to call yourſelf. Really and truly I muſt ſay, that I had rather call you by *another* name, though a little more remote as to conſanguinity. Lord have mercy upon me, how have I talked of you! How many of our fine Caermarthen girls have I filled with envy of your peerleſs perfections!

Here am I ſettled to my heart's content, could I but obtain—You know whom I mean—A town of gentry: A fine country round us—A fine eſtate of our own. Eſteemed, nay, for that matter, *beloved* by all our neighbours and tenants. Who ſo happy as Rowland Meredith, if his poor boy could be happy!—Ah, madam!—And can't it be ſo? I am *afraid* of aſking. Yet I underſtand, that, notwithſtanding all the Jack-a-dandies that have been fluttering about you, you are what you were when I left town. Some whiſpers have gone out of a fine gentleman indeed, who had a great kindneſs for you; but yet that ſomething was in the way between you. The Lord bleſs and proſper my dear *daughter*, as I muſt then call you, and not *niece*, if you have any kindneſs for him. And if as how you have, it would be wonderfully gracious if you would but give half a hint of it to my nephew, or if ſo be you will not to him, to me, your *father* you know, under your own precious hand. The Lord be good unto me! But I ſhall never ſee the *ſhe* that will ſtrike my fancy as you have done. But what a dreadful thing would it be, if you, who are ſo much courted and admired by many fine gallants, ſhould at laſt be taken with a man who could not be yours! God forbid that ſuch a diſaſtrous thing ſhould happen! I profeſs to you, madam, that a tear or two have ſtrayed down my

cheeks.

cheeks at the thoughts of it. For why? Becauſe you played no tricks with any man: You never were a coquet, as they call 'em. You dealt plainly, ſincerely, and tenderly too, to all men, of which my nephew and I can bear witneſs.

Well, but what now is the end of my writing? —Lord love you, cannot, cannot you at laſt give comfort to two honeſt hearts? Honeſter you never knew! And yet, if you could, I dare ſay you would. Well then, and if you can't, we muſt ſit down as contented as we can; that's all we have for it.—But, poor young man! Look at him, if you read this before him. *Strangely* altered! Poor young man!—And if as how you cannot, why then God bleſs my *daughter*; that's all. And I do aſſure you, that you have our prayers every Lord's day, from the bottom of our hearts.

And now, if you will keep a ſecret, I will tell it you; and yet, when I began, I did not intend it: The poor youth muſt not know I do. It is done in the ſingleneſs of our hearts; and if you think we mean to gain your love for us by it, I do aſſure you, that you wrong us.—My nephew declares, that he never will marry, if it be not *ſomebody*: And he has made his will, and ſo have I his uncle; and, let me tell you, that if as how I cannot have a *niece*, my *daughter* ſhall be the better for having known, and treated as kindly as power was lent her,

Her true friend, loving father,
and obedient ſervant,
ROWLAND MEREDITH.

Love and ſervice to Mr and Mrs Reeves, and all friends who enquire after me. Farewell. God bleſs you! Amen.

Have you, could you, Lucy, read this letter with dry eyes? Generous, worthy, honeſt man! I read

read but half way before Mr Fowler—Glad I was that I read no further. I ſhould not have been able to have kept his uncle's ſecret if I had; had it been but to diſclaim the acceptance of the generous purpoſe. The carrying it into effect would exceedingly diſtreſs me, *beſides* the pain the demiſe of the honeſt man would give me; and the more, as I beſpoke the fatherly relation from him myſelf. If ſuch a thing were to be, Sir Charles Grandiſon's behaviour to the Danbies ſhould be my example.

Do you know, Mr Fowler, ſaid I, the contents of the letter you have put into my hand?

No further than that my uncle told me, it contained profeſſions of fatherly love, and with *wiſhes* only—But without ſo much as expreſſing his *hopes*.

Sir Rowland is a good man, ſaid I: I have not read above half his letter. There ſeems to be too much of the *father* in it for me to read further, before my *brother*. God bleſs my *brother* Fowler, and reward the *fatherly* love of Sir Rowland to his *daughter* Byron!—I muſt write to him.

Mr Fowler, poor man! profoundly ſighed, bowed, with *ſuch* a look of reſpectful acquieſcence—Bleſs me, my dear, how am I to be diſtreſſed on all ſides! by *good* men too, as Sir Charles could ſay he was by good women.

Is there nothing leſs than giving myſelf to either, that I can do to ſhew Mr Orme and Mr Fowler my true value for them?

Poor Mr Fowler!—Indeed he looks to be, as Sir Rowland hints, not well.—Such a modeſt, ſuch an humble, ſuch a ſilent lover!—He coſt me tears at parting: I could not hide them. He heaped praiſes and good wiſhes upon me, and hurried away at laſt, to hide his emotion, with a ſentence unfiniſhed—God preſerve you, dear and worthy Sir! was all I could *try* to ſay. The laſt words ſtuck in my throat till he was out of hearing; and then

then I prayed for bleſſings upon him and his uncle: And repeated them with freſh tears, on reading the reſt of the affecting letter.

Mr Fowler told Mr Reeves, before I ſaw him, that he is to go to Caermarthen for the benefit of his native air in a week. He let him know where he lodged in town. He had been riding for his health and diverſion about the country ever ſince his uncle went, and has not been yet at Caermarthen.

I wiſh Mr Fowler had once, if *but* once, called me *ſiſter:* It would have been ſuch a *kind* acquieſcence, as would have given me ſome little pleaſure on recollection. Methinks I don't know how to have done writing of Sir Rowland and Mr Fowler.

I ſat down, however, while the uncle and nephew filled my thoughts, and wrote to the former. I have incloſed the copy of my letter. Adieu, my Lucy.

LETTER XVI.

Miſs BYRON, *To Sir* ROWLAND MEREDITH.

Wedneſday, April 19.

IT was with great pleaſure that I received, this day, the kindeſt letter that ever was written by a real father to his deareſt child. I was reſolved that I would not go to reſt till I had acknowledged the favour.

How ſweet is the name of *father* to a young perſon who, out of near one-and-twenty years of life, has for more than half the time been bereaved of hers; and who was alſo one of the beſt of men!

You gave me an additional pleaſure in cauſing this remembrance of your promiſed paternal good-

neſs

neſs to be given me by Mr Fowler in perſon. Till I knew you and him, I had no father, no brother.

How good you are in your apprehenſions that there may be a man on whom your daughter has caſt her eye, and who cannot look upon *her* with the ſame diſtinction—O that I had been near you when you wrote that ſweetly-compaſſionating, that indulgent paſſage! I would have wiped the tears from your eyes myſelf, and reverenced you as my true father.

You demand of me, *as* my father, a hint, or half a hint, as you call it, to be given to my brother Fowler; or, if not to him, to you. To him, whom I call father, I *mean* all the duty of a child. I call him not father *nominally* only: I will, irkſome as the ſubject is, own without reſerve, the truth to *you* (In tenderneſs to my brother, how could I to *him?*) —There *is* a man whom, and whom only, I could love as a good wife ought to love her huſband. He is the beſt of men. O my good Sir Rowland Meredith! if you knew him, you would love him yourſelf, and own him for your ſon. I will not conceal his name from my father: Sir Charles Grandiſon is the man. Enquire about him. His character will riſe upon you from every mouth. He engaged firſt all your daughter's gratitude, by reſcuing her from a great danger and oppreſſion; for he is as brave as he is good: And how could ſhe help ſuffering a tenderneſs to ſpring up from her gratitude, of which ſhe was never before ſenſible to any man in the world? There *is* ſomething in the way, my good Sir; but not that proceeds from his ſlights or contempts. Your daughter could not live, if it were ſo. A glorious creature is in the way! who has ſuffered for him, who *does* ſuffer for him: He ought to be hers, and only hers; and if ſhe can be recovered from a fearful malady that has ſeized her mind, he probably will. My daily prayers are, that God will reſtore her!

But

But yet, my dear Sir, my friend, my father! my eſteem for this nobleſt of men is of ſuch a nature, that I cannot give my hand to any other: My father Meredith would not wiſh me to give a hand without a heart.

This, Sir, is the caſe. Let it, I beſeech you, reſt within your own breaſt, and my brother Fowler's. How few minds are there delicate and candid enough to ſee circumſtances of this kind in the light they ought to appear in! And pray for me, my good Sir Rowland, not that the way may be ſmoothed to what once would have crowned my wiſhes as to this life; but that Sir Charles Grandiſon may be happy with the lady that is, and ought to be, deareſt to his heart; and that your daughter may be enabled to rejoice in their felicity. What, my good Sir, is this ſpan of life, that a paſſenger through it ſhould ſeek to overturn the intereſts of others to eſtabliſh her own? And can the ſingle life be a grievance? Can it be deſtitute of the nobleſt tenderneſſes? No, Sir. You that have lived to an advanced age, in a fair fame, ſurrounded with comforts, and as tender to a worthy nephew as the moſt indulgent father could be to the worthieſt of ſons, can teſtify for me, that it is not.

But now, Sir, one word—I diſclaim, but yet in all thankfulneſs, the acceptance of the favour ſignified to be intended me in the latter part of the paternal letter before me. Our acquaintance began with a hope, on your ſide, that I could not encourage. As I could not, Shall I accept of the benefit from you, to which I could have only been intitled (and that as I had behaved) had I been able to oblige you?—No, Sir! I will not, in this caſe, be benefited, when I cannot benefit. Put me not therefore, I beſeech you, Sir, if ſuch an event (deplored by me, as it would be!) ſhould happen, upon the neceſſity of enquiring after your other relations and friends. Sir Rowland Meredith my father, and

Mr Fowler my brother, are all to me of the family they diſtinguiſh by their relation, that I know at preſent. Let me not be made known to the reſt by a diſtinction that would be unjuſt to them, and to yourſelf, as it muſt deprive you of the grace of obliging thoſe who have more than a ſtranger's claim; and muſt, in the event, lay them under the appearance of an obligation to that ſtranger for doing them common juſtice.

I uſe the word *ſtranger* with reference to thoſe of your family and friends, to whom I muſt really appear in that light. But laying theſe conſiderations aſide, in which I am determined not to interfere with *them*, I am, with the tendereſt regard, dear and good Sir,

Your ever dutiful and
affectionate Daughter,
HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XVII.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

Wedneſday, April 19.

I SHALL diſpatch this by your Gibſon early in the morning. It was kind in you to bid him call in his way down; for now I ſhall be almoſt ſure of meeting (if not my uncle) your brother, and who knows but my Lucy herſelf, at Dunſtable? Where, barring accidents, I ſhall be on Friday night.

You will ſee ſome of the worthieſt people in the world, my dear, if you come, all prepared to love you; but let not any body be put to inconvenience to meet me at Dunſtable. My noble friends here will proceed with me to Stratford, or even to Northampton, they ſay; but they will ſee me ſafe in the

protection of Somebody I love, and whom they muſt love for my ſake.

I don't wonder that Sir Charles Grandiſon loves Mr Beauchamp: He is a very worthy and ſenſible man. He, as every-body elſe, idolizes Sir Charles. It is ſome pleaſure to me, Lucy, that I ſtand high in his eſteem. To be reſpected by the worthy is one of the greateſt felicities in this life; ſince it is to be ranked as one of them. Sir Harry and his lady are come to town. All, it ſeems, is harmony in that family. They cannot bear Mr Beauchamp's abſence from them for three days together. All the neighbouring gentlemen are in love with him. His manners are ſo gentle; his temper ſo even; ſo deſirous to oblige; ſo genteel in his perſon; ſo pleaſing in his addreſs; he muſt undoubtedly make a good woman very happy.

But Emily, poor girl! ſees only Sir Charles Grandiſon with eyes of love. Mr Beauchamp is, however, greatly pleaſed with Emily. He told Lady G. that he thought her a fine young creature; and that her mind was ſtill more amiable than her perſon. But his behaviour to her is extremely prudent. He ſays finer things *of* her, than *to* her: Yet ſurely I am miſtaken if he meditates not in her his future wife.

Mr Beauchamp will be one of my eſcorte.

Emily has made it her requeſt, to go to Colnebrook with Lady L. after I am gone.

Mr Reeves will ride. Lord L. and Lord G. will alſo oblige me with their company on horſeback.

Mrs Reeves is forbidden to venture; but Lady L. and Lady G. will not be denied coming with me.

I ſhall take leave of Lady Olivia and Lady Maffei to-morrow morning; when they will ſet out for their projected tour. To-morrow we and the whole Grandiſon family are to dine together at Lord L.'s, for

for the laſt time. It will be a mournful dining time, on that account.

Lady Betty Williams, her daughter, and Miſs Clements, ſupped with us this night, and took leave of me in the tendereſt manner. They greatly regrete my going down ſo ſoon as they call it.

As to the public diverſions, which they wiſh me to ſtay and give into, to be ſure I ſhould have been glad to have been better qualified to have entertained you with the performances of this or that actor, this or that muſician, and the like: But, frighted by the vile plot upon me at the maſquerade, I was thrown out of that courſe of diverſion, and indeed into more affecting, more intereſting engagements; into the knowledge of a family that had no need to look out of itſelf for entertainments: And, beſides, Are not all the company we ſee, as viſiters or gueſts, full of theſe things? I have ſeen the principal performers, in every way, often enough to give me a notion of their performances, though I have not troubled you with ſuch common things as revolve every ſeaſon.

You know I am far from ſlighting the innocent pleaſures in which others delight—It would have been happier for me, perhaps, had I had more leiſure to attend thoſe amuſements, than I have found. Yet I am not ſure either: For methinks, with all the pangs that my ſuſpences have coſt me, I would not but have known Sir Charles Grandiſon, his ſiſters, his Emily, and Dr Bartlett.

I could only have wiſhed to have been ſpared Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's vile attempt: Then, if I had come acquainted with this family, it would have been as I came acquainted with others: My gratitude had not been engaged ſo deeply.

Well—But what ſignify If's?—What has been, has; what muſt be, muſt. Only love me, my dear friend, as you *uſed* to love me. If I was a good girl when I left you, I hope I am not a bad one now

that I am returning to you. My heart is not corrupted by the vanities of the great town: I have a little more experience than I had: And if I have ſeverely paid for it, it is not at the price of my reputation. And I hope, if no-body has benefited by me, ſince I have been in town, that no one has ſuffered by me. Poor Mr Fowler!—I could not help it, you know. Had I, by little ſnares, follies, coquetries, ſought to draw him on, and entangle him, his future welfare would with reaſon be more the ſubject of my ſolicitude, than it is now *neceſſary* it ſhould be; though indeed I cannot *help* making it a good deal ſo.

Thurſday Morning.

DR BARTLETT has juſt now taken leave of me, in my own dreſſing-room. The parting ſcene between us was tender.

I have not given you my opinion of Miſs Williams. Had I ſeen her at my firſt coming to town, I ſhould have taken as much notice of her, in my letters to you, as I did of the two Miſs Brambers, Miſs Darlington, Miſs Cantillon, Miſs Alleſtree, and others of my own ſex; and of Mr Somner, Mr Barnet, Mr Walden, of the other; who took my firſt notice, as they fell early in my way; and with whom it is poſſible, as well as with the town-diverſions, I had been more intimate, had not Sir Hargrave's vile attempt carried me out of their acquaintance into a much higher; which of neceſſity, as well as choice, entirely engroſſed my attention. But *now* how inſipid would any new characters appear to you, if they were but of a like caſt with thoſe I have mentioned, were I to make *ſuch* the ſubjects of my pen, and had I time before me; which I cannot have, to write again, before I embrace you all, my dear, my ever-dear and indulgent friends!

I will only ſay, that Miſs Williams is a genteel girl; but will hardly be more than one of the *better* ſort

ſort of modern women of condition; and that ſhe is to be claſſed ſo *high*, will be more owing to Miſs Clements' leſſons, than, I am afraid, to her mother's example.

Is it, Lucy, that I have more experience and diſcernment now, or leſs charity and good nature, than when I firſt came to town? for then I thought well, in the main, of Lady Betty Williams. But though ſhe is a good-natured, obliging woman, ſhe is ſo immerſed in the love of public diverſions! ſo fond of routs, drums, hurricanes—Bleſs me, my dear! how learned ſhould I have been in all the gaieties of the modern life; what a fine lady, poſſibly; had I not been carried into more rational (however to me they have been more painful) ſcenes; and had I followed the lead of this lady, as ſhe (kindly, as to her intention) had deſigned I ſhould!

In the afternoon Mr Beauchamp is to introduce Sir Harry and Lady Beauchamp, on their firſt viſit to the two ſiſters.

I had almoſt forgot to tell you, that my couſins and I are to attend the good Counteſs of D. for one half hour, after we have taken leave of Lady Olivia and her aunt.

And now, my Lucy, do I ſhut up my correſpondence with you from London. My heart beats high with the hope of being as indulgently received by all you, my deareſt friends, as I uſed to be after a ſhorter abſence: For I am, and ever will be,

The grateful, dutiful, and affectionate,

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XVIII.

Miſs BYRON, *To Lady G.*

Selby-houſe, Monday, April 24.

THOUGH the kind friends with whom I parted at Dunſtable were pleaſed, one and all, to allow that the correſpondence which is to paſs between my dear Lady G. and their Harriet, ſhould anſwer the juſt expectations of each upon her, in the writing way; and though (at *your* motion, remember, not at mine) they promiſed to be contented with hearing read to them ſuch parts of my letters as you ſhall think proper to communicate; yet cannot I diſpenſe with my duty to Lady L. my Emily, my couſin Reeves, and Dr Bartlett. Accordingly, I write to them by this poſt; and I charge *you*, my dear, with my ſincere and thankful compliments to your lord, and to Mr Beauchamp, for their favours.

What an agreeable night, in the main, was Friday night! Had we not been to ſeparate next morning, it would have been an agreeable one indeed!

Is not my aunt Selby an excellent woman? But you all admired her. She admires you all. I will tell you, another time, what ſhe ſaid of *you*, my dear, in particular.

My couſin Lucy, too—*is* ſhe not an amiable creature?—Indeed you all were delighted with her. But I take pleaſure in recollecting your approbations of one I ſo dearly love. She is as prudent as Lady L. and now our Nancy is ſo well recovered, as chearful as Lady G. You ſaid, you would provide a good huſband for her: Don't forget. The man, whoever he be, cannot be too good for my Lucy. Nancy is ſuch another good girl: But ſo I told you.

Well,

Well, and pray, did you ever meet with ſo pleaſant a man as my uncle Selby? What ſhould we have done, when we talked of your brother, when we talked of our parting, had it not been for him? You looked upon me every now-and-then, when he returned your ſmartneſs upon him, as if you thought I had let him know ſome of your perverſeneſs to Lord G.—And do you think I did not? Indeed I did. Can you imagine that your frank-hearted Harriet, who hides not from her friends her own faults, ſhould conceal yours?—But what a particular character is yours! Every body blames you, that knows of your over-livelineſſes; yet every body loves you—I think, for your very faults. Had it not been ſo, do you imagine I could ever have loved you, after you had led Lady L. to join with you, on a certain teazing occaſion?—My uncle doats upon you.

But don't tell Emily that my couſin James Selby is in love with her. That he may not, on the ſcore of the dear girl's fortune, be thought preſumptuous, let me tell you, that he is almoſt of age; and, when he is, comes into poſſeſſion of an handſome eſtate. He has many good qualities. I have, in ſhort, a very great value for him; but not enough, though he is my relation, to wiſh him my ſtill more beloved Emily. Dear creature! methinks I ſtill feel her parting tears on my cheek!

You charge me to be as minute, in the letters I write to you, as I uſed to be to my friends here: And you promiſe to be as circumſtantial in yours. I will ſet you the example: Do you be ſure to follow it.

We bated at Stoney Stratford. I was *afraid* how it would be: There were the two bold creatures, Mr Greville and Mr Fenwick, ready to receive us. A handſome collation, as at our ſetting out, ſo now, beſpoke by them, was ſet on the table. How they came by their intelligence, no body knows;

knows: We were all concerned to ſee them. They ſeemed half-mad for joy. My couſin James had alighted to hand us out; but Mr Greville was ſo earneſt to offer his hand, and though my couſin was equally ready, I thought I could not deny to his ſolicitude for the poor favour ſuch a mark of civility. Beſides, if I had, it would have been diſtinguiſhing him for more than a common neighbour, you know. Mr Fenwick took the other hand, when I had ſtept out of the coach, and then (with ſo much pride, as made me aſhamed of myſelf) they hurried me between them through the inn-yard, and into the room they had engaged for us; bleſſing themſelves, all the way, for my coming down Harriet Byron.

I looked about, as if for the dear friends I had parted with at Dunſtable. This is not, thought I, ſo delightful an inn as they made that—Now *they*, thought I, are purſuing their road to London, as we are ours to Northampton. But ah! where, where is Sir Charles Grandiſon at this time? And I ſighed! But don't read this, and ſuch ſtrokes as this, to any body but Lord and Lady L.—You won't, you ſay—Thank you, Charlotte—I will call you *Charlotte*, when I think of it, as you commanded me.

The joy we had at Dunſtable was eaſy, ſerene, deep, full, as I may ſay; it was the joy of ſenſible people: But the joy here was made by the two gentlemen, mad, loud, and even noiſy. They hardly were able to contain themſelves; and my uncle, and couſin James, were forced to be loud, to be heard.

Mr Orme, good Mr Orme, when we came near his park, was on the highway-ſide, perhaps near the very ſpot where he ſtood to ſee me paſs to London ſo many weeks ago—Poor man!—When I firſt ſaw him (which was before the coach came near, for I looked out only, as thinking I would mark

mark the place where I laſt beheld him), he looked with ſo *diſconſolate* an air, and ſo fixed, that I compaſſionately ſaid to myſelf, ſurely the worthy man has not been there ever ſince!

I twitched the ſtring juſt in time: The coach ſtopt. Mr Orme, ſaid I, how do you? Well, I hope?—How does Miſs Orme?

I had my hand on the coach-door. He ſnatched it. It was not an unwilling hand. He preſſed it with his lips. God be praiſed, ſaid he (with a countenance, O how altered for the better!) for permitting me once more to behold that face—that *angelic* face, he ſaid.

God bleſs you, Mr Orme! ſaid I: I am glad to ſee you. Adieu.

The coach drove on. Poor Mr Orme! ſaid my aunt.

Mr Orme, Lucy, ſaid I, don't look ſo ill as you wrote he was.

His joy to ſee you, returned ſhe—But Mr Orme is in a declining way.

Mr Greville, on the coach ſtopping, rode back juſt as it was going on again—And with a loud laugh—How the d—l came Orme to know of your coming, madam!—Poor fellow! It was very kind of you to ſtop your coach to ſpeak to the ſtatue. And he laughed again.—Nonſenſical: At what!.

My grandmamma Shirley, deareſt of parents! her youth, as ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, renewed by the expectation of ſo ſoon ſeeing her darling child, came (as my aunt told us, you know) on Thurſday night to Selby-houſe, to charge her and Lucy with her bleſſing to me; and reſolving to ſtay their to receive me. Our beloved Nancy was alſo to be there; ſo were two other couſins, Kitty and Patty Holles, *good* young creatures; who, in my abſence, had attended my grandmamma at every convenient opportunity, and whom I alſo found here.

When

When we came within ſight of this houſe, Now, Harriet, ſaid Lucy, I ſee the ſame kind of emotions beginning to ariſe in your face and boſom, as Lady G. told us you ſhewed when you firſt ſaw your aunt at Dunſtable. My grandmamma! ſaid I, I am in ſight of the dear houſe that holds her: I hope ſhe is here. But I will not ſurpriſe her with my joy to ſee her. Lie ſtill, throbbing, impatient heart.

But when the coach ſet us down at the inner-gate, *there*, in the outward-hall, ſat my bleſſed grandmamma. The moment I beheld her, my intended caution forſook me: I ſprang by my aunt, and before the foot-ſtep could be put down, flew, as it were, out of the coach, and threw myſelf at her feet, wrapping my arms about her; Bleſs, bleſs, ſaid I, your Harriet! I could not, at the moment, ſay another word.

Great God! ſaid the pious parent, her hands and eyes lifted up, Great God! I thank thee! Then folding her arms about my neck, ſhe kiſſed my forehead, my cheek, my lips—God bleſs my love! Pride of my life! the moſt precious of a hundred daughters! How does my child—My Harriet—O my love!—After ſuch dangers, ſuch trials, ſuch harraſſings—Once more. God be praiſed that I claſp to my fond heart my Harriet!

Separate them, ſeparate them, ſaid my facetious uncle (yet he had tears in his eyes), before they grow together?—Madam, to my grandmamma, ſhe is *our* Harriet as well as *yours*: Let us welcome the *ſaucy* girl, on her re-entrance into theſe doors! —Saucy, I ſuppoſe, I ſhall ſoon find her.

My grandmamma withdrew her fond arms: Take her, take her, ſaid ſhe, each in turn: But I think I never can part with her again.

My uncle ſaluted me, and bid me very kindly welcome home—So did every one.

How

How can I return the obligations which the love of all my friends lays upon me? To be good, to be grateful, is not enough; ſince *that* one ought to be for one's own ſake. Yet how can I be even grateful to them with half a heart. Ah Lady G. don't you think I look ſilly to myſelf? You bid me be free in my confeſſions. You promiſe to look my letters over before you read them to any body; and to mark paſſages proper to be kept to yourſelf—Pray do.

Mr Greville and Mr Fenwick were here ſeparately, an hour ago: I thanked them for their civility on the road, and not *ungraciouſly*, as Mr Greville told my uncle, as to him. He was not, he ſaid, without hopes yet; ſince I knew not how to be ungrateful. Mr Greville builds, as he always did, a merit on his civility; and by that means ſinks, in the narrower lover, the claim he might otherwiſe make to the title of the generous neighbour.

MISS ORME has juſt been here. She could not help throwing in a word of her brother.

You will gueſs, my dear Lady G. at the ſubject of our converſations here, and what they *will be*, morning, noon, and night, for a week to come. My grandmamma is better in health than I have known her for a year or two paſt. The health of people in years *can* mend but ſlowly; and they are ſlow to acknowledge it in their own favour. My grandmamma, however, allows that ſhe is better within theſe few days paſt; but attributes the amendment to her Harriet's return.

How do they all bleſs, revere, extol your noble brother!—How do they wiſh—And how do they regret—You know what—Yet how ready are they to applaud your Harriet, if ſhe can hold her magnanimity, in preferring the happineſs of Clementina to her own!—My grandmamma and aunt are

of

of opinion that I *ſhould*, and they praiſe me for the generoſity of my effort, whether the ſuperior merits of the man will or will not allow me to ſucceed in it. But my uncle, my Lucy, and my Nancy, from their unbounded love of me, think a little, and *but* a little narrower; and, believing it will go hard with me, ſay it is hard. My uncle, in particular, ſays, the very pretenſion is flight and nonſenſe: But, however, if the girl, added he, can *parade* away her paſſion for an object ſo worthy, with all my heart: It will be but juſt, that the romancing elevations, which ſo often drive headſtrong girls into difficulties, ſhould now and then help a more diſcreet one out of them.

Adieu, my beloved Lady G. *Repeated* compliments, love, thanks to my Lord and Lady L. to my Emily, to Dr Bartlett, to Mr Beauchamp, and particularly to my Lord G. Dear, dear Charlotte, be good! Let me beſeech you be good! If you are *not*, you will have every one of *my* friends againſt you; for thoſe of them who met you at Dunſtable find but one fault in my lord: It is, that he ſeems too fond of a wife, who, by her archneſs of looks, and half-ſaucy turns upon him, even before them, evidently ſhewed—Shall I ſay what?

But I ſtand up for you, my dear. Your gratitude, your generoſity, your honour, I ſay (and why ſhould I not add your *duty?*) will certainly make you one of the moſt obliging of wives to the moſt affectionate of huſbands.

My uncle ſays, he hopes ſo: But though he adores you for a friend, and the companion of a lively hour, yet he does not know but his *Dame* Selby is *ſtill* the woman whom a man ſhould prefer for a wife: And ſhe, ſaid he, is full as ſaucy as a wife need to be, though I think, Harriet, that ſhe has not been the leſs dutiful of late for *your* abſence.

Once more, adieu, my dear Lady G. and continue to love

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XIX.

Lady G. *To Miſs* BYRON.

Thurſday, April 27.

EVERY one of the Dunſtable party ſays, that you are a grateful and good girl. Beauchamp can talk of nobody elſe of our ſex: I believe in my conſcience he is in love with you. I think all the unprovided-for young women, wherever you come, muſt hate you. Were you never by ſurprize carried into the chamber of a friend labouring with the ſmall-pox in the infectious ſtage of it?—O, but I think you once ſaid you had had that diſtemper. But your mind, Harriet, were your face to be ruined, would make you admirers. The fellows who could think of preferring even ſuch a face to ſuch a heart, may be turned over to the claſs of inſignificants.

Is not your aunt Selby, you aſk, an excellent woman?—She is. I admire her. But I am very angry with you for deferring to another time acquainting me with what ſhe ſaid of *me*. When we are taken with any body, we love they ſhould be taken with us. Teazing Harriet! You know what an immoderate quantity of curioſity I have. Never ſerve me ſo again!

I am in love with your couſin Lucy. Were either Fenwick or Greville good enough—But they are not. I think ſhe ſhall have Mr Orme. Nancy, you ſay, is ſuch another good girl. I don't doubt it. Is ſhe not your couſin, and Lucy's ſiſter? But I cannot undertake for every good girl who wants

a huſband. I wiſh I had ſeen Lucy a fortnight ago: Then Nancy might have had Mr Orme, and Lucy ſhould have had Lord G. He admires her greatly. And do you think that a man, who at that time profeſſed for me ſo much love and ſervice, and all that, would have ſcrupled to oblige me, had I (as I eaſily ſhould) proved to him, that he would have been a much happier man than he could hope to be with ſomebody elſe?

Your uncle is a pleaſant man: But tell him I ſay, that the man would be out of his wits, that did not make the preference he does in favour of his *dame* Selby, as he calls her. Tell him alſo, if you pleaſe, in return for his plain dealing, that I ſay, he *ſtudies* too much for his pleaſantries: He is continually hunting for occaſions to be ſmart. I have heard my father ſay, that this was the fault of ſome wits of his acquaintance, whom he ranked among the wit-lings for it. If you think it will mortify him more, you may tell him (for I am very revengeful when I think myſelf affronted), that were I at liberty, which, God help me! I am not, I would ſooner chuſe for a huſband the man I *have* (poor ſoul, as I now and then think him) than ſuch a teazing creature as himſelf, were *both* in my power, and both of an age. And I ſhould have this good reaſon for my preference: Your uncle and I ſhould have been too much alike, and ſo been jealous of each other's wit; whereas I can make my honeſt Lord G. look about him, and admire me ſtrangely whenever I pleaſe.

But I am, it ſeems, a perſon of a particular character. Every one, you ſay, loves me, yet blames me. Odd characters, my dear, are needful to make even characters ſhine. You good girls would not be valued as you are, if there were not bad ones. Have you not heard it ſaid, that all human excellence is but comparative? Pray allow of the contraſt. You, I am ſure, ought. You are an ungrateful

ungrateful creature, if, whenever you think of my over-livelineſſes, as you call 'em, you don't drop a courteſy, and ſay, you are obliged to me.

But ſtill the attack made upon you in your dreſſing-room at Colnebrook, by my ſiſter and me, ſticks in your ſtomach—And why ſo? We were willing to ſhew you, that we were *not* the ſilly people you muſt have thought us, had we not been able to diſtinguiſh light from darkneſs. You, who ever were, I believe, one of the frankeſt-hearted girls in Britain, and admired for the eaſe and dignity given you by that frankneſs, were growing aukward, nay diſhoneſt. Your gratitude! your gratitude! was the duſt you wanted to throw into our eyes, that we might not ſee that you were governed by a ſtronger motive. You called us your friends, your ſiſters, but treated us not as either; and this man, and that, and t'other, you could refuſe; and why? No reaſon given for it; and we were to be popt off with your gratitude, truly!—We were to believe juſt what you ſaid, and no more; nay, not ſo much as you ſaid. But we were not ſo implicit. Nor would *you*, in our caſe, have been ſo.

But "you, perhaps, would not have violently 'broken in upon a poor thing, who thought we 'were blind, becauſe ſhe was not willing we ſhould 'ſee."—May be not: But then, in that caſe, we were honeſter than you would have been; that's all. Here, ſaid I, Lady L. is this poor girl aukwardly ſtruggling to conceal what every body ſees; and, ſeeing, applauds her for, the man conſidered [yes, Harriet, the man conſidered; be pleaſed to take that in]: Let us, in pity, relieve her. She is thought to be frank, open-hearted, communicative; nay, ſhe paſſes herſelf upon us in thoſe characters: She ſees we keep nothing from her. She has been acquainted with *your* love before wedlock; with *my* folly, in-relation to Anderſon: She had carried her head above a ſcore or two of men

not contemptible. She ſits inthroned among *us*, while *we* make but common figures at her foot-ſtool: She calls us ſiſters, friends, and twenty pretty names. Let us acquaint her, that we ſee into her heart; and why Lord D. and others are ſo indifferent with her. If ſhe is ingenuous, let us ſpare her; if not, leave *me* to puniſh her—Yet we will keep up her punctilio as to our brother; we will leave him to make his own diſcoveries. She may confide in his politeneſs; and the reſult will be happier for her; becauſe ſhe will then be under no reſtraint to us, and her native freedom of heart may again take its courſe.

Agreed, agreed, ſaid Lady L.—And arm in arm we entered your dreſſing-room, diſmiſſed the maid, and began the attack—And, O Harriet! how you heſitated, paraded, fooled on with us, before you came to a confeſſion! Indeed you deſerved not the mercy we ſhewed you—So, child, you had better to have let this part of your ſtory ſleep in peace.

You bid me not tell Emily, that your couſin is in love with her: But I think I will. Girls begin very early to look out for admirers. It is better, in order to ſtay her ſtomach, to find out one for her, than that ſhe ſhould find out one for herſelf; eſpecially when the man is among ourſelves, as I may ſay, and both in our own management, and at diſtance from each other. Emily is a good girl; but ſhe has ſuſceptibilities already: And though I would not encourage her as yet, to look out of herſelf for happineſs, yet I would give her conſequence with herſelf, and at the ſame time let her ſee, that there could be no mention made of anything that related to *her*, but what ſhe ſhould be acquainted with. Dear girl! I love her as well as you; and I pity her too: For ſhe, as well as ſomebody elſe, will have difficulties to contend with, which ſhe will not know eaſily how to get over; though

though ſhe can in a flame ſo young, generouſly prefer the intereſt of a more excellent woman to her own.—There, Harriet, is a grave paragraph: You'll like me for it.

You are a very reflecting girl, in mentioning to me, ſo particularly, your behaviour to your Greville's, Fenwicks, and Ormes. What is that but ſaying, See Charlotte! I am a much more complaiſant creature to the men, no one of which I intend to have, than you are to your huſband!

What a pious woman, indeed, muſt be your grandmamma, that ſhe could ſuſpend her joy, her long abſent darling at her feet, till ſhe had firſt thanked God for reſtoring her to her arms! But in this inſtance we ſee the force of habitual piety. Though not ſo good as I ſhould be myſelf, I revere thoſe who are ſo, and that I hope you will own is no bad ſign.

Well, but now for ourſelves, and thoſe about us.

Lady Olivia has written a letter from Windſor to Lady L. It is in French; extremely polite. She promiſes to write to me from Oxford.

Lady Anne S. made me a viſit this morning. She was more concerned than I wiſhed to ſee her, on my confirming the report ſhe had heard of my brother's being gone abroad. I rallied her a little too freely, as it was before Lord G. and Lord L. I never was better rebuked than by her; for ſhe took out her pencil, and on the cover of a letter wrote theſe lines from Shakeſpeare, and ſlid them into my hand:

And will you rend our ancient love aſunder,
To join with men *in ſcorning your poor friend?*
It is not friendly; 'tis not maidenly:
Our ſex, *as well as I, may chide you for it,*
Tho' I alone do feel the injury.

I never, my dear, told you how freely this lady and I had talked of love: But, freely as we had talked, I was not aware that the matter lay ſo deep in her heart. I know not how to tell her that my brother had ſaid, *it could not be.* I could have wept over her when I read this paper; and I owned myſelf by a whiſper juſtly rebuked. She charged me not to let any man ſee this; particularly not either of thoſe preſent: And do *you*, Harriet, keep what I have written of Lady Anne to yourſelf.

My aunt Eleanor has written a congratulatory letter to me from York. Sir Charles, it ſeems, had acquainted her with Lord G.'s day [not my day, Harriet! that is not the phraſe, I hope!] as ſoon as he knew it himſelf; and ſhe writes, ſuppoſing that I was actually *offered* on it. Women are victims on theſe occaſions: I hope you'll allow me that. My brother has made it a point of duty to acquaint his father's ſiſter with every matter of conſequence to the family; and now, ſhe ſays, that both her nieces are ſo well diſpoſed of, ſhe will come to town very quickly to ſee her new relations and us; and deſires we will make room for her. And yet ſhe owns, that my brother has informed her of his being obliged to go abroad; and ſhe ſuppoſes him gone. As he is the beloved of her heart, I wonder ſhe thinks of making this viſit now he is abſent: But we ſhall all be glad to ſee my aunt Nell. She is a good creature, tho' an old maid. I hope the old lady has not utterly loſt either her invention, or memory; and then, between both, I ſhall be entertained with a great number of love ſtories of the laſt age; and perhaps of ſome dangers and eſcapes; which may ſerve for warnings for Emily. Alas! alas! they will come too late for your Charlotte!

I have written already the longeſt letter that I ever wrote in my life: Yet is prating; and to you,

you, to whom I love to prate. I have not *near* done.

You bid me be good; and you threaten me, if I am not, with the ill opinion of all your friends: But I have ſuch an unaccountable bias for roguery, or what ſhall I call it? that I believe it is impoſſible for me to take your advice. I have been examining myſelf. What a duce is the matter with me, that I cannot ſee my honeſt man in the ſame advantageous light in which he appears to every body elſe? Yet I do not, in my heart, diſlike him. On the contrary, I know not, were I to look about me, far and wide, the man I would have wiſhed to have called mine, rather than him. But he is ſo important about trifles; ſo nimble, yet ſo ſlow: He is ſo ſenſible of his own *intention* to pleaſe, and has ſo many antic motions in his obligingneſs, that I cannot forbear laughing at the very time that I ought perhaps to reward him with a gracious approbation.

I muſt fool on a little while longer, I believe: Permit me, Harriet, ſo to do, as occaſions ariſe.

AN inſtance, an inſtance in point, Harriet. Let me laugh as I write. I did at the time.—What do you laugh at, Charlotte?—Why this poor man, or, as I ſhould rather ſay, this lord and maſter of mine, has juſt left me. He has been making me both a compliment, and a preſent. And what do you think the compliment is? Why if I pleaſe, he will give away to a virtuoſo friend his collection of moths and butterflies: I once, he remembred, rallied him upon them. And by what ſtudy, thought I, wilt thou, honeſt man, ſupply their place? If thou haſt a talent this way, purſue it; ſince perhaps thou wilt not ſhine in any other. And the *beſt* any thing, you know, Harriet, carries with it the appearance of excellence.

Nay,

Nay, he would alſo part with his collection of ſhells, if I had no objection.

To whom, my lord?—He had not reſolved.—Why then, only as Emily is too little of a child, or you might give them to her. "Too little of a 'child, madam!" and a great deal of buſtle and importance took poſſeſſion of his features—Let me tell you, madam—I *won't* let you, my lord; and I laughed.

Well, madam, I hope here is ſomething coming up that you will not diſdain to accept of yourſelf.

Up came groaning under the weight, or rather under the *care*, two ſervants with baſkets: A fine ſet of old japan china with brown edges, believe me. They ſet down their baſkets, and withdrew.

Would you not have been delighted, Harriet, to ſee my lord buſying himſelf with taking out, and putting in the windows, one at a time, the cups, plates, jars, and ſaucers, rejoicing and parading over them, and ſhewing his connoiſſeurſhip to his motionleſs admiring wife, in commending this and the other piece as a beauty? And when he had done, taking the *liberty*, as he had phraſed it, half fearful, half reſolute, to ſalute his bride for his reward; and then pacing backwards ſeveral ſteps, with ſuch a ſtrut and a crow—I ſee him yet!—Indulge me, Harriet!—I burſt into a hearty laugh; I could not help it: And he, reddening, looked round himſelf, and round himſelf, to ſee if any thing was amiſs in his garb. The *man*, the *man!* honeſt friend, I *could* have ſaid, but had too much reverence for my huſband, is the oddity! Nothing amiſs in the garb. I quickly recollected myſelf, however, and put him in a good humour, by proper marks of my gracious acceptance. On reflection, I could not bear myſelf for vexing the honeſt man when he had meant to oblige me.

How ſoon I may relapſe again, I know not.—O Harriet! Why did you beſeech me to be good? I think

think in my heart I have the ſtronger inclination to be bad for it! You call me *perverſe*: If you think me ſo, bid me be ſaucy, bid me be bad; and I may then, like other good wives, take the contrary courſe for the ſake of dear contradiction.

Shew not however (I in turn beſeech *you*) to your grandmamma and aunt, ſuch parts of this letter as would make them deſpiſe me. You ſay you ſtand up for me; I have need of your advocate-ſhip: Never let me want it. And do I not, after all, do a greater credit to my good-man, when I can ſo heartily laugh in the wedded ſtate, than if I were to ſit down with my finger in my eye?

I have taken your advice, and preſented my ſiſter with my half of the jewels. I deſired her to accept them, as they were my mother's, and for her ſake. This gave me a value with her, more than equal to their worth: But Lord L. is uneaſy, and declares he will not ſuffer Lady L. long to lie under the obligation. Were every one of family in South Britain and North Britain to be as generous and diſintereſted as Lord L. and our family, the union of the two parts of the iſland would be complete.

LORD help this poor obliging man! I wiſh I don't love him at laſt. He has taken my hint, and has preſented his collection of ſhells (a very fine one, he ſays, it is) to Emily; and they two are actually buſied (and will be for an hour or two, I doubt not) in admiring them; the one ſtrutting over the beauties, in order to enhance the value of the preſent; the other courteſying ten times in a minute, to ſhew her gratitude. Poor man! When his virtuoſo friend has got his butterflies and moths, I am afraid he muſt ſet up a turner's ſhop for employment. If he loved reading, I could, when our viſiting hurries are over, ſet him to read me the new things that come out, while I knot or work; and, if he loved writing, to copy the letters which

paſs

paſs between you and me, and thoſe for you which I expect with ſo much impatience from my brother by means of Dr Bartlett. I think he ſpells pretty well, for a lord.

I have no more to ſay, at preſent, but compliments, without number or meaſure, to all you ſo deſervedly love and honour; as well thoſe I have not ſeen as thoſe I have.

Only one thing: Reveal to me all the ſecrets of your heart, and how that heart is from time to time affected; that I may know whether you are capable of that greatneſs of mind in a love-caſe that you ſhew in all others. We will allow you all to love Sir Charles Grandiſon. Thoſe who do, give honour to themſelves, if their eyes ſtop not at perſon, *his* having ſo many advantages. For the ſame reaſon, I make no apologies, and never did, for praiſing my brother, as any other lover of him might do.

Let me know every thing how and about your fellows, too. Ah! Harriet, you make not the uſe of power that I would have done in your ſituation. I was half-ſorry when my hurrying brother made me diſmiſs Sir Walter; and yet, to have but two danglers after one are poor doings for a fine lady. Poorer ſtill to have but one!

Here's a letter as long as my arm. Adieu. I was loth to come to the name: But defer it ever ſo long, I muſt ſubſcribe, at laſt,

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

Miſs JERVOIS, *To Miſs* BYRON*.

Monday, May 1.

O MY deareſt, my honoured Miſs Byron, how you have ſhamed your Emily by ſending a letter to her; ſuch a ſweet letter too! before I have paid my duty to you, in a letter of thanks for all your love to me, and for all your kind inſtructions. But I began once, twice, and thrice, and wrote a great deal each time, but could not pleaſe myſelf: You, madam, are *ſuch* a writer, and I am ſuch a *poor thing* at my pen!—But I know you will accept the heart. And ſo my very diffidence ſhews pride; ſince it cannot be expected from me to be a fine writer: And yet this very letter, I foreſee, will be the worſe for my diffidence, and not the better: For I don't like this beginning neither.—But come, it ſhall go. Am I not uſed to your goodneſs? And do you not bid me prattle to you, in my letters, as I uſed to do in your dreſſing-room? O what ſweet advice have you and do you return for my ſilly prate! And ſo I will begin.

And *was* you grieved at parting with your Emily on Saturday morning? I am ſure I was very much concerned at parting with you. I could not help crying all the way to town; and Lady G. ſhed tears as well as I; and ſo did Lady L. ſeveral times; and ſaid, You are the lovelieſt, beſt young lady in the world. And we all praiſed likewiſe your aunt, your couſin Lucy, and young Mr Selby. How good are all your relations! They muſt be good! And Lord L. and Lord G. for men, were

as

* *The letter to which this is an anſwer, as well as thoſe written by Miſs Byron to her couſin Reeves, Lady L. &c. and theirs in return are omitted.*

as much concerned as we at parting with you. Mr Reeves was *ſo* dull all the way!—Poor Mr Reeves, he was very dull. And Mr Beauchamp, *he* praiſed you to the very ſkies; and in ſuch a pretty manner too! Next to my guardian, I think Mr Beauchamp is a very agreeable man. I fancy theſe noble ſiſters, if the truth were known, don't like him ſo well as their brother does: Perhaps *that* may be the reaſon out of jealouſy, as I may ſay, if there be any thing in my obſervation. But they are vaſtly civil to him, nevertheleſs; yet they never praiſe him when his back is turned; as they do others, who can't ſay half the good things that he ſays.

Well, but enough of Mr Beauchamp. My guardian! my gracious, my kind, my indulgent guardian! who, that thinks of him, can praiſe any body elſe?

O madam! where is he now? God protect and guide my guardian, where-ever he goes! This is my prayer, firſt and laſt, and I can't tell how often in the day. I look for him in every place I have ſeen him in [and pray tell me, madam, did not *you* do ſo when he had left us?]; and when I can't find him, I do *ſo* ſigh!—What a pleaſure, yet what a pain, is there in ſighing, when I think of him! Yet I know I am an innocent girl. And this I am ſure of, that I wiſh him to be the huſband of but one woman in the whole world; and that is you. But then my next wiſh is—You know what—Ah my Miſs Byron! you muſt let me live with you and my guardian, if you ſhould ever be Lady Grandiſon.

But, here, madam, are ſad doings ſometimes between Lord and Lady G. I am very angry at her often in my heart; yet I cannot help laughing now-and-then at her out of the way ſayings. Is not her character a very new one? Or are there more ſuch young wives? I could not do as ſhe does, were I to be queen of the globe. Every

body blames her. She will make my lord not love her at laſt. Don't you think ſo? And then what will ſhe get by her wit?

JUST this moment ſhe came into my cloſet—Writing, Emily? ſaid ſhe: To whom?—I told her.—Don't tell tales out of ſchool, Emily.—I was *ſo* afraid that ſhe would have aſked to ſee what I had written: But ſhe did not. To be ſure ſhe is very polite, and knows what belongs to herſelf, and every body elſe: To be ungenerous, as you once ſaid, to her huſband only, that is a very ſad thing to think of.

Well, and I would give any thing to know if you think what I have written tolerable, before I go any farther: But I will go on this way, ſince I cannot do better. Bad is my beſt; but you ſhall have quantity, I warrant, ſince you bid me write long letters.

But I have ſeen my mother: It was but yeſterday. She was in a mercer's ſhop in Covent-garden. I was in Lord L.'s chariot; only Anne was with me. Anne ſaw her firſt; I alighted, and aſked her bleſſing in the ſhop: I am ſure I did right. She bleſſed me, and called me dear love. I ſtaid till ſhe had bought what ſhe wanted, and then I ſlid down the money, as if it were her own doing; and glad I was I had ſo much about me; It came but to four guineas. I begged her, ſpeaking low, to forgive me for ſo doing: And finding ſhe was to go home as far as Soho, and had thoughts of having a hackney-coach called, I gave Anne money for a coach for herſelf, and waited on my mother to her own lodgings; and it being Lord L.'s chariot, ſhe was ſo good as to diſpenſe with my alighting.

She bleſſed my guardian all the way, and bleſſed me. She ſaid, ſhe would not aſk me to come to ſee her, becauſe it might not be thought proper, as

my guardian was abroad: But ſhe hoped ſhe might be allowed to come and ſee me ſometimes.—Was ſhe not very good, madam? But my guardian's goodneſs makes every body good.—O that my mamma had been always the ſame! I ſhould have been but too happy.

God bleſs my guardian, for putting me on enlarging her power to live handſomely. Only as a coach brings on other charges, and people muſt live accordingly, or be diſcredited, inſtead of credited, by it, or I ſhould hope the additional two hundred a-year might afford her one. Yet one does not know but Mr O'Hara may have been in debt before he married her; and I fancy he has people who hang upon him. But if it pleaſes God, I will not, when I am at age, and have a coach of my own, ſuffer my mother to walk on foot. What a bleſſing is it to have a guardian that will ſecond every good purpoſe of one's heart!

Lady Olivia is rambling about; and I ſuppoſe ſhe will wait here in England till Sir Charles return: But I am ſure he never will have her. A wicked wretch, with her poinards! Yet it is pity! She is a fine woman. But I hate her for her expectation, as well as for her poinard. And a woman to leave her own country to ſeek for a huſband! I could die before I could do ſo! though to ſuch a man as my guardian. Yet once I thought I could have liked to have lived with her at Florence. She had ſome good qualities, and is very generous, and in the main well eſteemed in her own country; every body knew ſhe loved my guardian: But I don't know how it is; no body blamed her for it, vaſt as the difference in fortune then was. But that is the glory of being a virtuous man; to love him is a credit, inſtead of a ſhame. O madam! Who would not be virtuous? And that not only for their own, but for their friends'

friends' ſakes, if they loved their friends, and wiſhed them to be well thought of?

Lord W. is very deſirous to haſten his wedding.

Mr Beauchamp ſays, that all the Mansfields (he knows them) bleſs my guardian every day of their lives; and their enemies tremble. He has commiſſions from my guardian to enquire and act in their cauſe, that no time may be loſt to do them ſervice, againſt his return.

We have had another viſit from Lady Beauchamp, and have returned it. She is very much pleaſed with us: You ſee I ſay *us*. Indeed my two dear ladies are very good to me: but I have no merit: It is all for their brother's ſake.

Mr Beauchamp tells us, juſt now, that his mother-in-law has joined with his father, at their own motion, to ſettle 1000 *l.* a-year upon him. I am glad of it, with all my heart: Are not you? He is all gratitude upon it. He ſays, that he will redouble his endeavours to oblige her: and that his gratitude to her, as well as his duty to his father, will engage his utmoſt regard for her.

Mr Beauchamp, Sir Harry himſelf and my lady, are continually bleſſing my guardian: Every body, in ſhort, bleſſes him.—But, ah! madam, where is he at this moment? O that I were a bird! that might hover over his head, and ſometimes bring tidings to his friends of his motions and good deeds. I would often flap my wings, dear Miſs Byron, at your chamber-window, as a ſignal of his welfare, and then fly back again, and perch as near him as I could.

I am very happy, as I ſaid before, in the favour of Lady and Lord L. and Lady and Lord G.; but I never ſhall be ſo happy, as when I had the addition of your charming company. I miſs you and my guardian: O how I miſs you both! But, deareſt Miſs Byron, love me not the leſs, though

now I have put pen to paper, and you ſee what a poor creature I am in my writing. Many a one, I believe, may be thought tolerable in converſation; but when they are ſo ſilly as to put pen to paper, they expoſe themſelves; as I have done, in this long piece of ſcribble. But accept it, nevertheleſs, for the true love I bear you; and a truer love never flamed in any boſom, to any one the moſt dearly beloved, than does in mine for you.

I am afraid I have written arrant nonſenſe, becauſe I knew not how to expreſs half the love that is in the heart of

Your ever-obliged and affectionate

EMILY JERVOIS.

LETTER XXI.

Miſs BYRON, *To Lady* G.

Tueſday, May 2.

I HAVE no patience with you, Lady G. You are ungenerouſly playful. Thank heaven, if this be wit, that I have none of it. But what ſignifies expoſtulating with one who knows herſelf to be faulty, and will not amend? How many *ſtripes*, Charlotte, do you deſerve?—But you never ſpared any body, not even your brother, when the humour was upon you. So make haſte; and ſince you will lay in ſtores of repentance, fill up your meaſure as faſt as you can.

"Reveal to you the ſtate of my heart:"—Ah, my dear! it is an unmanageable one. "Greatneſs of mind!"—I don't know what it is.—All his excellencies, his greatneſs, his goodneſs, his modeſty, his chearfulneſs under ſuch afflictions as would weigh down every other heart that had but half the compaſſion in it with which his overflows

—Muſt

—Muſt not all other men appear little, and, leſs than little, nothing, in my eyes?—It is an inſtance of patience in me, that I can endure any of them who pretend to regard me out of my own family.

I thought, that when I got down to my dear friends here, I ſhould be the better enabled, by their prudent counſels, to attain the deſireable frame of mind which I had promiſed myſelf: But I find myſelf miſtaken. My grandmamma and aunt are ſuch admirers of him, take ſuch a ſhare in the diſappointment, that their advice has not the effect I had hoped it would have. Lucy, Nancy, are perpetually reminding me of his excellencies, by calling upon me to tell them ſomething of Sir Charles Grandiſon; and when I begin, I know not how to leave off. My uncle rallies me, laughs at me, ſometimes reminds me of what he calls my former brags. I did not brag, my dear: I only hoped, that reſpecting as I did *every* man according to his merit, I ſhould never be greatly taken with *any* one, before duty added force to the inclination. Methinks the company of the friends I am with does not ſatisfy me; yet they never were dearer to me than they now are. I want to have Lord and Lady L. Lord and Lady G. Dr Bartlett, my Emily with me. To loſe you all at once!—is hard!—There ſeems to be a ſtrange void in my heart—And ſo much, at preſent, for that ſtate of that heart.

I always had reaſon to think myſelf greatly obliged to my friends and neighbours all around us; but never, till my return, after theſe few months abſence, knew how much. So many kind viſiters; ſuch unaffected expreſſions of joy on my return; that, had I not a very great counterbalance on my heart, would be enough to make me proud.

My grandmamma went to Shirley manor on Saturday; on Monday I was with her all day: But

ſhe would have it that I ſhould be melancholy if I ſtaid with her. And ſhe is *ſo* ſelf-denyingly careful of her Harriet! There never was a more noble heart in woman. But her *ſolitary* moments, as my uncle calls them, are her moments of joy. And why? Becauſe ſhe then diveſts herſelf of all that is either painful or pleaſurable to her in this life: For ſhe ſays, that her cares for her Harriet, and eſpecially *now*, are at leaſt a balance for the delight ſhe takes in her.

You command me to acquaint you with what paſſes between me and the gentlemen in my neighbourhood; in your ſtile, *my fellows*.

Mr Fenwick invited himſelf to breakfaſt with my aunt Selby yeſterday morning. I would not avoid him.

I will not trouble you with the particulars: You know well enough what men will ſay on the ſubject upon which you will ſuppoſe he wanted to talk to me. He was extremely earneſt. I beſought him to accept my thanks for his good opinion of me, as all the return I could make him for it; and this in ſo very ſerious a manner, that my heart was fretted, when he declared, with warmth, his determined perſeverance.

Mr Greville made us a tea-viſit in the afternoon. My uncle and he joined to rally us poor women, as uſual. I left the defence of the ſex to my aunt and Lucy. How poor appears to me every converſation now with theſe men!—But hold, ſaucy Harriet, was not your uncle Selby one of the ralliers?—But he does not believe all he ſays; and therefore cannot wiſh to be ſo much regarded, on this topic, as he ought to be by me, on others.

After the run of raillery was over, in which Mr Greville made exceptions favourable to the women preſent, he applied to every one for their intereſt with me, and to me to countenance his addreſs. He ſet forth his pretenſions very pompouſly, and mentioned

mentioned a conſiderable increaſe of his fortune, which before was a handſome one. He offered our own terms. He declared his love for me above all women, and made his happineſs in the next world, as well as in this, depend upon my favour to him.

It was eaſy to anſwer all he ſaid; and is equally ſo for you to gueſs in what manner I anſwered him: And he finding me determined, began to grow vehement, and even affrontive. He hinted to me, that he *knew* what had made me ſo very reſolute. He threw out threatnings againſt the man, be he who he would, and ſhould ſtand in the way of his ſucceſs with me; at the ſame time intimating ſaucily, as I may ſay (for his manner had inſult in it), that it was impoſſible a certain event could ever take place.

My uncle was angry with him; ſo was my aunt: Lucy was ſtill more angry than they: But I, ſtanding up, ſaid, Pray, my dear friends, take nothing amiſs that Mr Greville has ſaid.—He once told me, that he would ſet ſpies upon my conduct in town. If, Sir, your ſpies have been juſt, I fear nothing they can ſay. But the hints you have thrown out ſhew ſuch a total want of all delicacy of mind, that you muſt not wonder if my *heart* rejects you. Yet I am not angry: I reproach you not: Every one has his peculiar way. All that is left me to ſay or do, is to thank you for your favourable opinion of me, as I have thanked Mr Fenwick: And to deſire that you will allow me to look upon you as my neighbour, and *only* as my neighbour.

I courteſied to him, and withdrew.

But my great difficulty had been before with Mr Orme.

His ſiſter had deſired that I would ſee her brother. He and ſhe were invited by my aunt to dinner on Tueſday. They came. Poor man! He is not well! I am ſorry for it. Poor Mr Orme is not well! He made me ſuch *honeſt* compliments, as I may ſay: His *heart* was too much in his civilities to

to raiſe them above the civilities that juſtice and truth might warrant in favour of a perſon highly eſteemed. Mine was filled with compaſſion for him; and that compaſſion would have ſhewed itſelf in tokens of tenderneſs, more than once, had I not reſtrained myſelf for *his* ſake.

How you, my dear Lady G. can delight in giving pain to an honeſt heart, I cannot imagine. I would make all God Almighty's creatures happy, if I could; and ſo would your noble brother. Is he not croſſing dangerous ſeas, and aſcending, through almoſt perpetual ſnows, thoſe dangerous Alps which I have heard deſcribed with ſuch terror, for the generous end of relieving diſtreſs?

I made Mr Orme ſit next me. I was aſſiduous to help him, and do to him all the little offices which I thought would light up pleaſure in his modeſt countenance; and he was quite another man. It gave delight to his ſiſter, and to all my friends, to ſee him ſmile, and look happy.

I think, my dear Lady G. that when Mr Orme looks pleaſant, and at eaſe, he reſembles a little the good-natured Lord G.—O that you would take half the pains to oblige him, that I do to relieve Mr Orme!—*Half the pains*, did I ſay! That you would not take pains to *diſ*-oblige him; and he would be, of courſe, obliged. Don't be afraid, my dear, that, in ſuch a world as this, things will not happen to make you uneaſy without your ſtudying for them.

Excuſe my ſerioufneſs. I am indeed *too* ſerious at times.

But when Mr Orme requeſted a few minutes audience of me, as he called it, and I walked with him into the cedar parlour, which you have heard me mention, and with which I hope you will be one day acquainted; he paid, poor man! for his too tranſient pleaſure. Why would he urge a denial that he could not but know I muſt give?

His

His ſiſter and I had afterwards a conference. I was greatly affected by it; and at laſt beſought her, if ſhe valued my friendſhip as I did hers, never more to mention to me a ſubject which gave me a pain too ſenſible for my peace.

She requeſted me to aſſure her, that neither Mr Greville, nor Mr Fenwick, might be the man. They both took upon them, ſhe ſaid, to ridicule her brother for the profound reſpect, even to reverence, that he bore me; which, if he knew, might be attended with conſequences: For that her brother, mild and gentle as was his paſſion for me, had courage to reſent any indignities that might be caſt upon him by ſpirits boiſterous as were thoſe of the two gentlemen ſhe had named; ſhe never therefore told her brother of their ſcoffs. But it would go to her heart, if either of them ſhould ſucceed, or have reaſon but for a diſtant hope.

I made her heart eaſy on that ſcore.

I have juſt now heard, that Sir Hargrave Pollexfen is come from abroad already. What can be the meaning of it? He is ſo low-minded, ſo malicious a man, and I have ſuffered ſo much from him—What can be the meaning of this ſudden return? I am told that he is actually in London. Pray, my dear Lady G. inform yourſelf about him; and whether he thinks of coming into theſe parts.

Mr Greville, when he met us at Stoney-Stratford, threw out menaces againſt Sir Hargrave, on my account; and ſaid, It was well he was gone abroad. I told him then, that he had no buſineſs, even were Sir Hargrave preſent, to engage himſelf in my quarrels.

Mr Greville is an impetuous man; a man of rough manners; and makes many people afraid of him. He has, I believe, *indeed*, had his ſpies about me; for he ſeems to know every thing that has befallen me in my abſence from Selby-houſe.

He

He has dared alſo to threaten ſomebody elſe. Inſolent wretch! But he hinted to me yeſterday, that he was exceedingly pleaſed with the news, that a certain gentleman was gone abroad, in order to proſecute a *former amour*, was the light wretch's as light expreſſion. If my indignant eyes could have killed him, he would have fallen dead at my foot.

Let the conſtant and true reſpects of all my friends to you and yours, and to my beloved Emily, be always, for the future, conſidered as very affectionately expreſſed, whether the variety of other ſubjects leave room for a particular expreſſion of them, or not, by, my deareſt Lady G.

Your faithful, and over-obliged

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXII.

Lady G. *To Miſs* BYRON.

Saturday, May 6.

I THANK you, Harriet, for yours. What muſt your fellows think of you? In this groſs age, your delicacy muſt aſtoniſh them. There uſed to be more of it formerly. But how ſhould men know any thing of it, when women have forgot it? Lord be thanked, we females, ſince we have been admitted into ſo conſtant a ſhare of the public diverſions, want not courage. We can give the men ſtare for ſtare wherever we meet them. The next age, nay, the riſing generation, muſt ſurely be all heroes and heroines. But whither has this word *delicacy* carried me; me who, it ſeems, have faults to be corrected for, of another ſort; and who want not the *courage* for which I congratulate others?

But

But to other ſubjects. I could write a vaſt deal of ſtuff about my lord and ſelf, and Lord and Lady L. who aſſume parts which I know not how to allow them: And ſometimes they threaten me with my brother's reſentments, ſometimes with my Harriet's; ſo that I muſt really have leading-ſtrings faſtened to my ſhoulders. O my dear! a fond huſband is a ſurfeiting thing; and yet I believe moſt women love to be made monkeys of.

BUT all other ſubjects muſt now give way. We have heard *of*, though not *from* my brother. A particular friend of Mr Lowther was here with a letter from that gentleman, acquainting us, that Sir Charles and he were arrived at Paris.

Mr Beauchamp was with us when Mr Lowther's friend came. He borrowed the letter on account of the extraordinary adventure mentioned in it.

Make your heart eaſy in the firſt place about Sir Hargrave. He is indeed in town, but very ill. He was frighted into England, and intends not ever again to quit it. In all probability he owes it to my brother that he exiſts.

Mr Beauchamp went directly to Cavendiſh-ſquare, and informed himſelf there of other particulars relating to the affair, from the very ſervant who was preſent, and acting in it; and from thoſe particulars, and Mr Lowther's letter, wrote one for Dr Bartlett. Mr Beauchamp obliged me with the peruſal of what he wrote; whence I have extracted the following account: For his letter is long and circumſtantial; and I did not aſk his leave to take a copy, as he ſeemed deſirous to haſten it to the doctor.

ON Wedneſday the 29-30th of April, in the evening, as my brother was purſuing his journey to Paris, and was within two miles of that capital, a ſervant-man rode up, in viſible terror, to his poſt-chaiſe,

in

in which were Mr Lowther and himſelf, and beſought them to hear his dreadful tale. The gentlemen ſtopt, and he told them, that his maſter, who was an Engliſhman, and his friend of the ſame nation, had been but a little while before attacked, and forced out of the road in their poſt-chaiſe, as he doubted not, to be murdered, by no leſs than ſeven armed horſemen; and he pointed to a hill at a diſtance, called Mont Matre, behind which they were at that moment perpetrating their bloody purpoſe. He had juſt before, he ſaid, addreſſed himſelf to two other gentlemen, and their retinue, who drove on the faſter for it.

The ſervant's great coat was open; and Sir Charles obſerving his livery, aſked him, if he were not a ſervant of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen? and was anſwered in the affirmative.

There are, it ſeems, trees planted on each ſide the road from St Denis to Paris, but which, as France is an open and unincloſed country, would not, but for the hill, have hindered the ſeeing a great way off the ſcuffling of ſo many men on horſeback. There is alſo a ditch on either hand; but places left for owners to come at their grounds with their carts and other carriages. Sir Charles ordered the poſt-boy to drive to one of thoſe paſſages, ſaying, he could not forgive himſelf, if he did not endeavour to ſave Sir Hargrave and his friend, whoſe name the man told him was Merceda.

His own ſervants were three in number, beſides one of Mr Lowther's. My brother made Mr Lowther's ſervant diſmount; and, getting himſelf on his horſe, ordered the others to follow him. He begged Mr Lowther to continue in the chaiſe, bidding the diſmounted ſervant ſtay and attend his maſter, and galloped away towards the hill. His ears were ſoon pierced with the cries of the poor wretches; and preſently he ſaw two men on horſeback holding the horſes of four others, who had

under them the two gentlemen, ſtruggling, groaning, and crying out for mercy.

Sir Charles, who was a good way a-head of his ſervants, calling out to ſpare the gentlemen, and bending his courſe to relieve the proſtrate ſufferers, two of the four quitted their prey, and mounting, joined the other two horſemen, and advanced to meet him, with a ſhew of ſupporting the two men on foot in their violence, who continued laying on the wretches with the but-ends of their whips unmercifully.

As the aſſailants offered not to fly, and as they had more than time enough to execute their purpoſe, had it been robbery and murder, Sir Charles concluded, it was likely that theſe men were actuated by a private revenge. He was confirmed in this ſurmiſe, when the four men on horſeback, tho' each had his piſtol ready drawn, as Sir Charles alſo had his, demanded a conference; warning Sir Charles how he provoked his fate by his raſhneſs, and declaring, that he was a dead man if he fired.

Forbear then, ſaid Sir Charles, all further violences to the gentlemen, and I will hear what you have to ſay.

He then put his piſtol into his holſter; and one of his ſervants being come up, and the two others at hand (to whom he called out not to fire till they had his orders), he gave him his horſe's reins, bidding him have an eye on the holſters of both, and leapt down, and drawing his ſword, made towards the two men who were ſo cruelly exerciſing their whips, and who, on his approach, retired to ſome little diſtance, drawing their hangers.

The four men on horſeback joined the two on foot, juſt as they were quitting the objects of their fury; and one of them ſaid, Forbear, for the preſent, further violence, brother; the gentleman ſhall be told the cauſe of all this.—Murder, Sir, ſaid he, is not intended, nor are we robbers: The men

whom you are ſolicitous to ſave from our vengeance are villains.

Be the cauſe what it will, anſwered Sir Charles, you are in a country noted for doing *ſpeedy* juſtice, upon proper application to the magiſtrates. In the ſame inſtant he raiſed firſt one groaning man, then the other. Their heads were all over bloody, and they were ſo much bruiſed, that they could not extend their arms to reach their wigs and hats, which lay near them, nor put them on without Sir Charles's help.

The men on foot by this time had mounted their horſes, and all ſix ſtood upon their defence; but one of them was ſo furious, crying out, that his vengeance ſhould be yet more complete, that two of the others could hardly reſtrain him.

Sir Charles aſked Sir Hargrave and Mr Mereeda, whether they had reaſon to look upon themſelves as injured men, or injurers? One of the aſſailants anſwered, that they both knew themſelves to be villains.

Either from conſciouſneſs or terror, perhaps from both, they could not ſpeak for themſelves but by groans; nor could either of them ſtand or ſit upright.

Juſt then came up in the chaiſe, Mr Lowther and his ſervant, each a piſtol in his hand. He quitted the chaiſe when he came near the ſuffering men; and Sir Charles deſired him inſtantly to examine whether the gentlemen were dangerouſly hurt or not.

The moſt enraged of the aſſailants having ſlipt by the two who were earneſt to reſtrain him, would again have attacked Mr Mereeda, offering a ſtroke at him with his hanger: But Sir Charles (his drawn ſword ſtill in his hand) caught hold of his bridle; and, turning his horſe's head aſide, diverted a ſtroke, which, in all probability, would otherwiſe have been a finiſhing one.

They

They all came about Sir Charles, bidding him at his peril uſe his ſword upon their friend: And Sir Charles's ſervants were coming up to their maſter's ſupport, had there been occaſion. At that inſtant Mr Lowther, aſſiſted by his own ſervant, was examining the wounds and bruiſes of the two terrified men, who had yet no reaſon to think themſelves ſafe from further violence.

Sir Charles repeatedly commanded his ſervants not to fire, nor approach nearer, without his orders. The perſons, ſaid he to the aſſailants, whom you have ſo cruelly uſed, are Engliſhmen of condition. I will protect them. Be the provocation what it will, you muſt know that your attempt upon them is a criminal one; and if my friend laſt come up, who is a very ſkilful ſurgeon, ſhall pronounce them in danger, you ſhall find it ſo.

Still he held the horſe of the furious one; and three of them, who ſeemed to be principals, were beginning to expreſs ſome reſentment at this cavalier treatment, when Mr Lowther gave his opinion, that there was no apparent danger of death: And then Sir Charles quitting the man's bridle, and putting himſelf between the aſſailants and ſufferers, ſaid, that as they had not either offered to fly, or to be guilty of violence to himſelf, his friend or ſervants, he was afraid they had ſome reaſon to think themſelves ill uſed by the gentlemen. But, however, as they could not ſuppoſe they were at liberty, in a civilized country, to take their revenge on the perſons of thoſe who were intitled to the protection of that country, he ſhould expect, that they would hold themſelves to be perſonally anſwerable for their conduct at a proper tribunal.

The villains, ſaid one of the men, know who we are, and the provocation, which merits a worſe treatment than they have hitherto met with. You,

Sir, proceeded he, ſeem to be a man of honour and temper: We are men of honour as well as you. Our deſign, as we told you, was not to kill the miſcreants, but to give them reaſon to remember their villainy as long as they lived, and to put it out of their power ever to be guilty of the like. They have made a vile attempt, continued he, on a lady's honour at Abbeville; and, finding themſelves detected and in danger, took round-about ways, and ſhifted from one vehicle to another, to eſcape the vengeance of her friends. The gentleman whoſe horſe you held, and who has reaſon to be in a paſſion, is the huſband of the lady (a Spaniſh huſband, ſurely, Harriet, not a French one, according to our notions.) *That* gentleman, and *that*, are her brothers. We have been in purſuit of them two days; for they gave out, in order, no doubt, to put us on a wrong ſcent, that they were to go to Antwerp.

And it ſeems, my dear, that Sir Hargrave and his colleague had actually ſent ſome of his ſervants that way; which was the reaſon that they were themſelves attended but by one.

The gentleman told Sir Charles, that there was a third villain in their plot. They had hopes, he ſaid, that he would not eſcape the cloſe purſuit of a manufacturer of Abbeville, whoſe daughter, a lovely young creature, he had ſeduced, under promiſes of marriage. Their government, he obſerved, were great countenancers of the manufacturers at Abbeville; and he would have reaſon, if he were laid hold of, to think himſelf happy, if he came off with being obliged to perform his promiſes.

This third wretch muſt be Mr Bagenhall. The Lord grant, ſay I, that he may be laid hold of; and obliged to make a ruined girl an *honeſt woman*, as they phraſe it in LANCASHIRE. Don't *you* wiſh ſo, my dear? And let me add, that had the relations of

of the injured lady completed their intended vengeance on thoſe two libertines (a very proper puniſhment, I ween, for all libertines), it might have helped them to paſs the reſt of their lives with great tranquility; and honeſt girls might, for any contrivances of theirs, have paſſed to and from *maſquerades* without moleſtation.

Sir Hargrave and his companions intended, it ſeems, at firſt, to make ſome reſiſtance; four only, of the ſeven, ſtopping the chaiſe: But when the other three came up, and they ſaw who they were, and knew their own guilt, their courage failed them.

The ſeventh man was ſet over the poſt-boy, whom he had led about half a mile from the ſpot they had choſen as a convenient one for their purpoſe.

Sir Hargrave's ſervant was ſecured by them at their firſt attack; but after they had diſarmed him and his maſters, he found an opportunity to ſlip from them, and made the beſt of his way to the road, in hopes of procuring aſſiſtance for them.

While Sir Charles was buſy in helping the bruiſed wretches on their feet, the ſeventh man came up to the others, followed by Sir Hargrave's chaiſe. The aſſailants had retired to ſome diſtance, and, after a conſultation together, they all advanced towards Sir Charles; who, bidding his ſervants be on their guard, leapt on his horſe with that agility and preſence of mind, for which, Mr Beauchamp ſays, he excels moſt men; and leading towards them, Do you advance, gentlemen, ſaid he, as friends, or otherwiſe?—Mr Lowther took a piſtol in each hand, and held himſelf ready to ſupport him; and the ſervants diſpoſed themſelves to obey their maſter's orders.

Our enmity, anſwered one of them, is only to theſe two *inhoſpitable* villains: Murder, as we told you, was not our deſign. They know where we are to be found; and that they are the vileſt of men, and

have not been punished equal to their demerits. Let them on their knees ask this gentleman's pardon; pointing to the husband of the insulted lady. We insist upon this satisfaction; and upon their promise, that they never more will come within two leagues of Abbeville; and we will leave them in your protection.

I fancy, Harriet, that these women-frightening heroes needed not to have been urged to make this promise.

Sir Charles, turning towards them, said, If you have done wrong, gentlemen, you ought not to scruple asking pardon. If you know yourselves to be innocent, though I should be loth to risque the lives of my friend and servants, yet shall not my countrymen make so undue a submission.

The wretches kneeled; and the seven men, civilly saluting Sir Charles and Mr Lowther, rode off; to the joy of the two delinquents, who kneeled again to their deliverer, and poured forth blessings upon the man whose life, so lately, one of them sought; and whose preservation he had now so much reason to rejoice in, for the sake of his own safety.

My brother himself could not but be well pleased that he was not obliged to come to extremities, which might have ended fatally on both sides.

By this time Sir Hargrave's post-chaise was come up. He and his colleague were with difficulty lifted into it. My brother and Mr Lowther went into theirs; and being but a small distance from Paris, they proceeded thither in company; the poor wretches blessing them all the way; and at Paris found their other servants waiting for them.

Sir Charles and Mr Lowther saw them in bed in the lodgings that had been taken for them. They were so stiff with the bastinado they had met with, that they were unable to help themselves. Mr Merceda had been more severely (I cannot call it more cruelly) treated than the other; for he, it seems, was

was the greateſt malefactor in the attempt made upon the lady: And he had, beſides, two or three gaſhes, which, but for his ſtruggles, would have been but one.

As you, my dear, always turn pale when the word *Maſquerade* is mentioned; ſo, I warrant, will ABBEVILLE be a word of terror to theſe wretches as long as they live.

Their enemies, it ſeems, carried off their arms; perhaps, in the true ſpirit of French chivalry, with a view to lay them, as ſo many trophies, at the feet of the inſulted lady.

Mr Lowther writes, that my brother and he are lodged in the hotel of a man of quality, a dear friend of the late Mr Danby, and one of the three whom he has remembered in his will; and that Sir Charles is extremely buſy in relation to the executorſhip; and having not a moment to ſpare, deſired Mr Lowther to engage his friend to whom he wrote, to let us know as much; and that he was haſtening every-thing for his journey onwards.

MR Beauchamp's narrative of this affair is, as I told you, very circumſtantial. I thought to have ſhortened it more than I have done. I wiſh I have not made my abſtract confuſed, in ſeveral material places: But I have not time to clear it up. Adieu, my dear. CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXIII.

Lady G. *To Miſs* BYRON.

Sunday, May 7.

I BELIEVE I ſhall become as arrant a ſcribbler as ſomebody elſe. I begin to like writing. A great compliment to you, I aſſure you. I ſee one may bring one's mind to any-thing—I thought I

must

muſt have had recourſe, when you and my brother left us, and when I mas married, to the public amuſements, to fill up my leiſure: And as I have ſeen every thing worth ſeeing of thoſe, many times over (maſquerades excepted, and them I deſpiſe); time, you know, in that caſe, would have paſſed a little heavily, after having ſhewn myſelf, and, by ſeeing Who and Who was together, laid in a little ſtore of the right ſort of converſation for the tea-table. For you know, Harriet, that among us modern fine people, the company, and not the entertainment, is the principal part of the Raree-ſhow. Pretty enough! to *make* the entertainment, and *pay* for it too, to the honeſt fellows, who have nothing to do but to project ſchemes to get us together.

I don't know what to do with this man. I little thought that I was to be conſidered as ſuch a doll, ſuch a toy, as he would make me. I want to drive him out of the houſe without me, were it but to purvey for me news and ſcandal. What are your fine gentlemen fit for elſe? You know, that with all my faults I have a domeſtic and managing turn. A man ſhould encourage that in a wife, and not be perpetually teazing her for her company abroad, unleſs he did it with a view to keep her at home. Our ſex don't love to be preſcribed to, even in the things to which they are not naturally averſe: And for *this* very reaſon, perhaps, becauſe it *becomes* us to ſubmit to preſcription. Human nature, Harriet, is a perverſe thing. I believe, if my good-man wiſhed me ſtay at home, I ſhould torture my brain, as other good wives do, for inventions to go abroad.

It was but yeſterday, that in order to give him a hint, I pinned my apron to his coat, without conſidering who was likely to be a ſufferer by it; and he, getting up, in his uſual nimble way, gave it a rent, and then looked behind him with *ſo* much

much apprehenſion—Hands folded, bag in motion from ſhoulder to ſhoulder. I was vexed too much to make the uſe of the trick which I had defined, and huffed him. He made excuſes, and looked pitifully; bringing in his ſoul to teſtify that he knew not how it could be.—How it could be! Wretch! When you are always ſquatting upon one's cloaths, in defiance of hoop, or diſtance.

He went out directly, and brought me in two aprons, either of which was worth twenty of that he ſo careleſly rent. Who could be angry with him?—I was, indeed, thinking to chide him for *this*—As if I were not to be truſted to buy my own cloaths; but he looked at me with ſo good-natured an eye, that I relented, and accepted, with a bow of graciouſneſs, his preſent; only calling him an odd creature—And that he *is*, you know, my dear.

We live very whimſically, in the main: Not above four quarrels, however, and as many other chidings, in a day. What does this man ſtay at home for them ſo much, when I am at home?—Married people, by frequent abſences, may have a chance for a little happineſs. How many debatings, if not direct quarrels, are ſaved by the good-man's and his meek wife's ſeeing each other but once or twice a-week! In what can men and women, who are much together, employ themſelves, but in proving and defending, quarrelling and making up? Eſpecially if they both chance to marry for love (which, thank Heaven, is not altogether my caſe); for then both honeſt ſouls, having promiſed more happineſs to each other than they can poſſibly meet with, have nothing to do but reproach each other, at leaſt tacitly, for their diſappointment—A great deal of free-maſonry in love, my dear, believe me! The ſecret, like *that*, when found out, is hardly worth the knowing.

Well,

Well, but what ſilly tattle is this, Charlotte! methinks you ſay, and put on one of your wiſeſt looks.

No matter, Harriet! There may be ſome wiſdom in much folly. Every one ſpeaks not out ſo plainly as I do. But when the novelty of an acquiſition or change of condition is over, be the change or the acquiſition what it will, the principal pleaſure is over, and other novelties are hunted after, to keep the pool of life from ſtagnating.

This is a *ſerious* truth, my dear, and I expect you to praiſe me for it. You are very ſparing of your praiſe to poor me; and yet I had rather have your good word that any woman's in the world: Or man's either, I was going to ſay; but I ſhould then have forgot my *brother*. As for Lord G. were I to accuſtom him to obligingneſs, I ſhould deſtroy my own conſequence: For then it would be no novelty; and he would be hunting after a new folly.—Very true, Harriet.

Well, but we have had a good ſerious falling out; and it ſtill ſubſiſts. I began on Friday night; *preſent* Lord and Lady L. and Emily. I was very angry with him for bringing it on before them. The man has no diſcretion, my dear; none at all. And what about? Why, we have not made our *appearance at court* forſooth.

A very confident thing, this ſame appearance, I think! A compliment made to fine cloaths and jewels at the expence of modeſty.

Lord G. pleads decorum—Decorum againſt modeſty, my dear!—But if by decorum is meant faſhion, I have in a hundred inſtances found decorum beat modeſty out of the houſe. And as my brother, who would have been our principal honour on ſuch an occaſion, is gone abroad; and as *ours* is an *elderly novelty*, as I may ſay [Our *fineries* were

were not ready, you know, before my brother went], I was ſervent againſt it.

"I was the only woman of condition in England who would be againſt it."

I told my lord, that was a reflection on my ſex: But Lord and Lady L. who had been ſpoken to, I believe, by Lady Gertrude, were both on his ſide [I ſhall have this man utterly ruined for a huſband among you]—When there were three to one, it would have looked cowardly to yield, you know. I was brave. But it being propoſed for Sunday, and that being at a little diſtance, it was not doubted but I would comply. So the night paſt off, with prayings, hopings, and a little *mutteration* [Allow me that word, or find me a better]. The entreaty was renewed in the morning; but, no!—"I was aſhamed of him," he ſaid. I aſked him, if he really thought ſo?—"He *ſhould* think 'ſo, if I refuſed him." Heaven forbid, my lord, that I, who contend for the liberty of acting, ſhould hinder you from the liberty of thinking! Only one piece of advice, honeſt friend, ſaid I: Don't imagine the worſt againſt yourſelf: And another, if you have a mind to carry a point with me, don't bring on the cauſe before any body elſe: For that would be to doubt either my duty, or your own reaſonableneſs.

As ſure as your alive, Harriet, the man made an exception againſt being called *honeſt friend*; as if, as I told him, either of the words were incompatible with *quality*. So, once, he was as froppiſh as a child, on my calling him *the man*: a higher diſtinction, I think, than if I had called him a king, or a prince. THE MAN!—Strange creature! To except to a diſtinction that implies that he is the man of men!—You ſee what a captious mortal I have been forced to call *my* lord. But *lord* and *maſter* do not always go together; though they

they do *too* often, for the happineſs of many a meek ſoul of our ſex.

Well, this debate ſeemed ſuſpended, by my telling him, that if I were preſented at court, I would not have either the Earl or Lady Gertrude go with us, the very people who were moſt deſirous to be there—But I *might* not think of that, at the time, you know.—I would not be thought *very* perverſe; only a little whimſical, or ſo. And I wanted not an excellent reaſon for excluding them—"Are their *conſents* to our paſt affair '*doubted*, my lord, ſaid I, that you think it neceſ-'ſary for them to appear to juſtify us?"

He could ſay nothing to this, you know. And I ſhould never forgive the huſband, as I told him, on another occaſion, who would pretend to argue, when he had nothing to ſay.

Then (for the baby will be always craving ſomething) he wanted me to go abroad with him—I forget whither—But to ſome place that he ſuppoſed (poor man!) I ſhould *like* to viſit. I told him, I dared to ſay, he wiſhed to be thought a *modern* huſband, and a *faſhionable* man; and he would get a bad name, if he could never ſtir out without his wife. *Neither* could he anſwer *that*, you know.

Well, he went on, mutter, mutter, grumble, grumble, the thunder rolling at a diſtance; a little impatience now and then, however, portending that it would come nearer. But, as yet, it was only, pray, my dear, oblige me; and, pray, my lord, excuſe me; till this morning, when he had the aſſurance to be pretty peremptory; hinting, that the lord in waiting had been ſpoke to. A fine time of it would a wife have, if ſhe were not at liberty to dreſs herſelf as ſhe pleaſes. Were I to chuſe again, I do aſſure you, my dear, it ſhould not be a man, who by his taſte for moths and butterflies, ſhells, china, and ſuch-like trifles,

would give me warning, that he would preſume to dreſs his baby, and when he had done, would perhaps admire his own fancy more than his perſon. I believe, my Harriet, I ſhall make you afraid of matrimony: But I will purſue my ſubject for all that.——

When the inſolent ſaw that I did not dreſs as he would have had me, he drew out his face, glouting, to half the length of my arm; but was ſilent. Soon after Lady L. ſending to know whether her Lord and ſhe were to attend us to the drawing-room, and I returning for anſwer, that I ſhould be glad of their company at dinner, he was in violent wrath. True, as you are alive! and dreſſing himſelf in a great hurry, left the houſe, without ſaying by your leave, with your leave, or whether he would return to dinner or not. Very pretty doings, Harriet!

Lord and Lady L. came to dinner, however. I thought they were very kind, and, till they opened their lips, was going to thank them: For then, it was all *elder* ſiſter, and inſolent brother-in-law, I do aſſure you. Upon my word, Harriet, they took upon them.

Lady L. told me, I might be the happieſt creature in the world, if—and there was ſo good as to ſtop.

One of the happieſt only, Lady L.! Who can be happier than you?

But I, ſaid ſhe, ſhould neither *be* ſo, nor *deſerve* to be ſo, *if*——Good of her again, to ſtop at *if*.

We cannot be all of one mind, replied I. I ſhall be wiſer in time.

Where was poor Lord G. gone?

Poor Lord G. is gone to ſeek his fortune, I believe.

What did I mean?

I told them the airs he had given himſelf; and that he was gone without leave, or notice of return.

He had ſerved me right, *ab*ſolutely right, Lord L. ſaid.

I believed ſo myſelf. Lord G. was a very good ſort of man, and ought not to bear with me ſo much as he had done: But it would be kind in them not to tell him what I had owned.

The earl lifted up one hand, the counteſs both. They had not come to dine with me, they ſaid, after the anſwer I had returned, but they were afraid ſomething was wrong between us.

Mediators are not to be of one ſide only, I ſaid: And as they had been ſo kindly free in blaming *me*, I hoped they would be as free with *him*, when they ſaw him.

And then it was, for *God's* ſake, Charlotte; and, let me *entreat* you, Lady G. And let *me*, too, *beſeech* you, madam, ſaid Emily, with tears ſtealing down her cheeks.

You are both very good: You are a ſweet girl, Emily. I have a too-playful heart. It will give me ſome pain, and ſome pleaſure; but if I had not more pleaſure than pain from my play, I ſhould not be ſo filly.

My lord not coming in, and the dinner being ready, I ordered it to be ſerved.—Won't you wait a little longer for Lord G.?—No. I hope he is ſafe, and well. He is his own maſter, as well as mine (I ſighed, I believe!); and, no doubt, has a paramount pleaſure in purſuing his own choice.

They raved. I begged that they would let us eat our dinner with *comfort*. My Lord, I hoped, would come in with a keen appetite, and Nelthorpe ſhould get a ſupper for him that he liked.

When we had dined, and retired into the adjoining drawing-room, I had another ſchooling-bout: Emily was even ſaucy. But I took it all: Yet, in my heart, was vexed at Lord G.'s perverſeneſs.

At

At laſt in came the *honeſt* man. He does not read this, and ſo cannot take exceptions, and I hope *you* will not, at the word *honeſt*.

So lordly! ſo ſtiff! ſo ſolemn!—Upon my word!—Had it not been Sunday, I would have gone to my harpſichord directly. He bowed to Lord and Lady L. and to Emily, very obligingly; to me he nodded.—I nodded again; but like a good-natured fool ſmiled. He ſtalked to the chimney; turned his back towards it, buttoned up his mouth, held up his glowing face, as if he were diſpoſed to crow; yet had not won the battle. One hand in his boſom; the other under the ſkirt of his waiſtcoat, and his poſture firmer than his mind.—Yet was my heart ſo devoid of malice, that I thought his attitude very genteel; and, had we not been man and wife, agreeable.

We hoped to have found your lordſhip at home, ſaid Lord L. or we ſhould not have dined here.

If Lord G. is as polite a *huſband* as a *man*, ſaid I, he will not thank your lordſhip for this compliment to his wife.

Lord G. ſwelled, and reared himſelf up. His complexion, which before was in a glow, was heightened.

Poor man! thought I.—But why ſhould my tender heart pity obſtinate people?—Yet I could not help being dutiful—Have you dined, my lord? ſaid I, with a ſweet ſmile, and very courteous.

He ſtalked to the window, and never a word anſwered he.

Pray, Lady L. be ſo good as to aſk my Lord G. if he has dined? Was not this very condeſcending, on ſuch a behaviour?

Lady L. *aſked* him; and as gently voiced as if ſhe were aſking the ſame queſtion of her own lord. Lady L. is a kind hearted ſoul, Harriet. She is *my* ſiſter.

I have *not*, madam, to Lady L. turning rudely from me, and not very civilly from her. Ah! thought I, theſe men! The more they are courted —Wretches! to find their conſequence in a woman's meekneſs—Yet I could not forbear ſhewing mine.—Nature, Harriet! Who can reſiſt conſtitution?

What ſtiff airs are theſe! approaching him.—I do aſſure you, my lord, I ſhall not take this behaviour well; and put my hand on his arm.

I was ſerved right. Would you believe it? The man ſhook off my condeſcending hand, by raiſing his elbow ſcornfully. He really did!

Nay, then!—I left him, and retired to my former ſeat. I was vexed that it was Sunday: I wanted a little harmony.

Lord and Lady L. both blamed me by their looks; and my lady took my hand, and was leading me towards him. I ſhewed a little reluctance: And, would you have thought it? out of the drawing room whipt my nimble lord, as if on purpoſe to avoid being moved by my conceſſion.

I took my place again.

I beg you, Charlotte, ſaid Lady L. go to my lord. You have uſed him ill.

When I think ſo, I will follow your advice, Lady L.

And *don't* you think ſo, Lady G.? ſaid Lord L.

What! for taking my own option how I would be dreſſed to-day? *What!* for deferring—That moment in came my bluff lord—Have I not, proceeded I, been forced to dine without him to-day? Did he let me know what account I ſhould give of his abſence? Or when he would return?—And ſee, *now*, how angry he looks.

He traverſed the room—I went on—Did he not ſhake off my hand, when I laid it, ſmiling, on his arm? Would he anſwer me a queſtion, which I kindly put to him, fearing he had not dined, and

and might be ſick for want of eating? Was I not forced to apply to Lady L. for an anſwer to my *careful* queſtion, on his ſcornfully turning from me in ſilence?—Might we not, if he had not gone out ſo abruptly, nobody knows where, have made the *appearance* his heart is ſo ſet upon?—But now, indeed, it is too late.

Oons, madam! ſaid he, and he kimboed his arms, and ſtrutted up to me. Now for a cuff, thought I. I was half afraid of it: But out of the room again capered he.

Lord bleſs me, ſaid I, what a paſſionate creature is this!

Lord and Lady L. both turned from me with indignation. But no wonder if *one*, and they *both* did. They are a ſilly pair; and I believe have agreed to keep each other in countenance in all they do.

But Emily affected me. She ſat before me in one corner of the room weeping; and juſt then ran to me, and wrapping her arms about me, Dear, dear Lady G. ſaid ſhe, for heaven's ſake think of what our Miſs Byron ſaid; "Don't jeſt away 'your own happineſs." I don't ſay who is in fault: But, my dear lady, do *you* condeſcend. It looks pretty in a woman to condeſcend. Forgive me; I will run to my lord, and I will beg of him—

Away ſhe ran, without waiting for an anſwer—and bringing in the paſſionate wretch, hanging on his arm—You muſt not, my lord, *indeed* you muſt not be ſo paſſionate. Why, my lord, you frighted *me*; indeed you did. Such a word I never heard from your lordſhip's mouth—

Ah, my lord, ſaid I, you give yourſelf pretty airs! Don't you? and uſe pretty words; that a child ſhall be terrified at them! But come, come, aſk my pardon for leaving me to *dine without* you.

Was not that tender?—Yet out went Lord and Lady L. To be ſure they did right, if they withdrew, in hopes theſe kind words would have been received as reconciliatory ones; and not in diſpleaſure with *me*, as I am half afraid they did: For their good-nature (worthy ſouls!) does ſometimes lead them into miſapprehenſions. I kindly laid my hand on his arm again.—He was ungracious.—Nay, my lord, don't once more reject me with diſdain—If you do—I then ſmiled moſt courteouſly. Carry not your abſurdities, my lord, too far: And I took his hand [There, Harriet, was condeſcenſion!]:—I proteſt, Sir, if you give yourſelf any more of theſe airs, you will not find me ſo condeſcending.—Come, come, tell me you are ſorry, and I will forgive you.

Sorry! madam; *ſorry!*—I am indeed ſorry for your provoking airs!

Why that's not ill ſaid—But kimboed arms, my lord! are you not ſorry for ſuch an air? And *Oons!* are you not ſorry for ſuch a word? and for ſuch looks too? and for quarrelling with your dinner?—I proteſt, my lord, you make one of us look like a child who flings away his bread and butter becauſe it has not glaſs windows upon it.—

Not for one moment forbear, madam!—

Pr'ythee, pr'ythee—[I profeſs I had like to have ſaid *honeſt friend*] No more of theſe airs; and, I tell you, I will forgive you.

But, madam, I cannot, I will not—

Huſh, huſh; no more in that ſtrain, and ſo loud, as if we had loſt each other in a wood—If you will let us be friends, ſay ſo—In an inſtant—If *not*, I am gone—gone this moment—caſting off from him, as I may ſay, intending to mount up ſtairs.

Angel, or demon, ſhall I call you? ſaid he.—Yet I receive your hand as offered. But, for God's ſake, madam, let us be happy! And he kiſſed

fed my hand, but not ſo cordially as it became him to do; and in came Lord and Lady L. with countenances a little ungracious.

I took my ſeat next my own man, with an air of officiouſneſs, hoping to oblige him by it. He *was* obliged; and another day, not yet quite agreed upon, this parade is to be made.

And thus began, proceeded, and ended, this doughty quarrel. And who knows but, before the day is abſolutely reſolved upon, we may have half a ſcore more? Four, five, ſix days, as it may happen, is a great ſpace of time for people to agree, who are ſo much together; and one of whom is playful, and the other will not be played with. But theſe kimbo and oons airs, Harriet, ſtick a little in my ſtomach; and the man ſeems not to be quite come to neither. He is ſullen and gloomy, and don't prate away as he uſed to do, when we have made up before.

But I will ſing him a ſong to-morrow: I will pleaſe the *honeſt* man, if I can. But really he ſhould not have had for a wife a woman of ſo ſweet a temper as

Your CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXIV.

Lady G. *To Miſs* BYRON.

Monday, May 8.

MY LORD and I have had another little—*tiff*, ſhall I call it? It came not up to a quarrel. Married people would have enough to do, if they were to trouble their friends every time they miſunderſtood one another. And now a word or two of other people: Not always ſcribbling of ourſelves.

We

We have juſt heard, that our couſin Everard has added another fool of our ſex to the number of the weak ones who diſgrace it: A ſorry fellow! He has been ſeen with her, by one whom he would not know, at Cuper's gardens; dreſſed like a ſea officer, and ſkulking like a thief, into the privateſt walks of the place. When he is tired of the poor wretch, he will want to accommodate with us by promiſes of penitence and reformation, as once or twice before. Rakes are not only odious, but they are deſpicable creatures. You will the more clearly ſee this, when I aſſure you, from thoſe who know, that this ſilly creature our couſin is looked upon, among his brother libertines, and ſmarts, as a man of the *firſt* conſideration.

He has alſo been ſeen in a gayer habit, at a certain gaming-table near Covent-garden; where he did not content himſelf with being an idle ſpectator. Col. Winwood, our informant, ſhook his head, but made no other anſwer to ſome of our enquiries. May he ſuffer! ſay I.—A ſorry fellow!

Preparations are going on, all *ſo faſt*, at Windſor. We are all invited. God grant that Miſs Mansfield may be as happy as Lady W. as we all conclude ſhe will be! But I never was fond of matches between ſober young women and battered old rakes. Much good may do the adventurers, drawn in by gewgaw and title?—Poor things!— But convenience, when that's the motive, whatever fooliſh girls think, will hold out its comforts, while a gratified love quickly evaporates.

Beauchamp, who is acquainted with the Mansfields, is intruſted by my brother, in his abſence, with the management of the law affairs. He hopes, he ſays, to give a good account of them. The baſe ſteward of the uncle Calvert, who lived as a huſband with the woman who had been forced upon his ſuperannuated maſter in a doting fit, has been brought, by the death of one of the children born in Mr Calvert's

vert's life-time, and by the precarious health of the poſthumous one, to make overtures of accommodation. A new hearing of the cauſe between them and the Keelings is granted; and great things are expected from it in their favour, from ſome new lights thrown in upon that ſuit. The Keelings are frighted out of their wits, it ſeems; and are applying to Sir John Lambton, a diſintereſted neighbour, to offer himſelf as a mediator between them. The Mansfields will ſo ſoon be related to us, that I make no apology for intereſting you in their affairs.

Be ſure you chide me for my whimſical behaviour to Lord G. I know you will. But don't blame my *heart*: My *head* only is wrong.

A LITTLE more from freſh informations of this ſorry varlot Everard. I wiſhed him to ſuffer; but I wiſhed him not to be ſo very great a ſufferer as it ſeems he is. Sharpers have bit his head off, quite cloſe to his ſhoulders: They have not left it him to carry under his arm, as the honeſt patron of France did his. They lend it him, however, now-and-then, to repent with, and curſe himſelf. The creature he attended to Cuper's Gardens, inſtead of a country innocent, as he expected her to be, comes out to be a caſt miſtreſs, experienced in all the arts of ſuch, and acting under the ſecret influences of a man of quality; who, wanting to get rid of her, ſupports her in a proſecution commenced againſt him (poor devil!) for performance of covenants. He is extremely mortified on finding my brother gone abroad: He intends to apply to him for his pity and help. Sorry wretch! He boaſted to us, on our expectation of our brother's arrival from abroad, that he would enter his couſin Charles into the ways of the town. Now he wants to avail himſelf againſt the practices of the ſons of that town, by his couſin's character and conſequence.

A

A combination of ſharpers, it ſeems, had long ſet him as a man of fortune: But, on his taking refuge with my brother, gave over for a time their deſigns upon him, till he threw himſelf again in their way.

The worthleſs fellow had been often liberal of his promiſes of marriage to young creatures of more innocence than *this*; and thinks it very hard that he ſhould be proſecuted for a crime that he had ſo frequently committed with impunity. Can you pity him? I cannot, I aſſure you. The man who can betray and ruin an innocent woman, who loves him, ought to be abhorred by *men*. Would he ſcruple to betray and ruin *them*, if he were not afraid of the law?—Yet there are women who can forgive ſuch wretches, and herd with them.—

My aunt Eleanor is arrived: A good, plump, bonny-faced old virgin. She has choſen her apartment. At preſent we are moſt prodigiouſly civil to each other: But I already ſuſpect ſhe likes Lord G. better than I would have her. She will, perhaps, if a party ſhould be formed againſt your poor Charlotte, make one of it.

Will you think it time thrown away, to read a further account of what is come to hand about the wretches who lately, in the double ſenſe of the word, were *overtaken* between St Denis and Paris?

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, it ſeems, ſtill keeps his chamber: He is thought not to be out of danger from ſome inward hurt, which often makes him bring up blood in quantities. He is miſerably oppreſſed by lowneſs of ſpirits; and when he is a little better in that reſpect, his impatience makes his friends apprehenſive for his head. But has he intellects ſtrong enough to give apprehenſions of that nature! Fool and madman we often join as terms of reproach; but I believe fools ſeldom run really mad.

Mercedes is in a ſtill more dangerous way. Beſides his bruiſes, and a fractured ſkull, he has, it ſeems,

ſeems, a wound in his thigh, which in the delirium he was thrown into by the fracture, was not duly attended to; and which, but for his *valiant* ſtruggles againſt the knife which gave the wound, was deſigned for a ſtill greater miſchief. His recovery is deſpaired of; and the poor wretch is continually offering up vows of penitence and reformation, if his life may be ſpared.

Bagenhall *was* the perſon who had ſeduced, by promiſes of marriage, and fled for it, the manufacturer's daughter of Abbeville. He was overtaken by his purſuers at Douay. The incenſed father and friends of the young woman, would not otherwiſe be pacified than by his performing his promiſe; which, with infinite reluctance, he complied with, principally thro' the threats of the brother, who is noted for his fierceneſs and reſolution; and who once made the ſorry creature feel an argument which greatly terrified him. Bagenhall is at preſent at Abbeville, living as well as he can with his new wife, curſing his fate, no doubt, in ſecret. He is obliged to appear fond of her before her brother and father; the latter being alſo a four man, a Gaſcon, always boaſting of his family, and valuing himſelf upon a *De.* affixed by *himſelf* to his name, and jealous of indignity offered to it. The fierce brother is reſolved to accompany his ſiſter to England, when Bagenhall goes thither, in order, as he declares, to ſecure to her good uſage, and ſee her owned and viſited by all Bagenhall's friends and relations And thus much of theſe fine getlemen.

How different a man is Beauchamp! But it is injuring him to think of thoſe wretches and him at the ſame time. He certainly has an eye to Emily, but behaves with great prudence towards her: Yet every-body but *ſhe* ſees his regard for her: Nobody but her guardian runs in her head; and the more, as ſhe really thinks it is a glory to love him, becauſe

of

of his goodneſs. Every-body, ſhe ſays, has the *ſame* admiration of him that ſhe has.

Mrs Reeves deſires me to acquaint you that Miſs Clements, having, by the death of her mother and aunt, come into a pretty fortune, is addreſſed to by a Yorkſhire gentleman of eaſy circumſtances, and is preparing to leave the town, having other connections in that country; but that ſhe intends to write to you before ſhe goes, and to beg you to favour her now-and-then with a letter.

I think Miſs Clements is a good ſort of young woman: But I imagined ſhe would have been one of thoſe nuns at large, who need not make vows of living and dying aunt Eleanors, or Lady Gertrudes; all three of them, good honeſt ſouls! chaſte, pious, and plain. It is a charming ſituation, when a woman is arrived at ſuch a height of perfection, as to be above giving or receiving temptation. Sweet innocents! They have my reverence, if not my love. How would they be affronted, if I were to ſay *pity!*—I think only of my two good aunts, at the preſent writing. Miſs Clements, you know, is a *youngiſh* woman; and I reſpect her much. One would not jeſt upon the unſightlineſs of perſon, or plainneſs of feature: But think you ſhe will not be one of thoſe, who twenty years hence may put in her boaſt of her quondam beauty?

How I run on! I think I ought to be aſhamed of myſelf.

"Very true, Charlotte."

And ſo it is, Harriet. I have done—Adieu!—Lord G. will be ſilly again, I doubt; but I am prepared. I wiſh he had half my patience.

"Be quiet, Lord G! What a fool you are!"—The man, my dear, under pretence of being friends, run his ſharp noſe in my eye. No bearing his fondneſs: It is *worſe* than inſolence. How my eye waters!—I can tell him—But I will tell *him*, and not *you*.—Adieu, once more. CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

Mr LOWTHER, *To* JOHN ARNOLD, *Eſq; (his Brother-in-law) in London.*

Bologna, May 5.-16.

I WILL now, my dear brother, give you a circumſtantial account of our ſhort, but flying journey The 20th of April, O. S. early in the morning, we left Paris, and reached Lyons the 24th at night.

Reſting but a few hours, we ſet out for Pont Beauvoiſin, where we arrived the following evening: There we bid adieu to France, and found ourſelves in Savoy, equally noted for its poverty and rocky mountains. Indeed it was a total change of the ſcene. We had left behind us a blooming ſpring, which enlivened with its verdure the trees and hedges on the road we paſſed, and the meadows already ſmiled with flowers. The chearful inhabitants were buſy in adjuſting their limits, lopping their trees, pruning their vines, tilling their fields: But when we entered Savoy, nature wore a very different face; and I muſt own, that my ſpirits were great ſufferers by the change. Here we began to view on the nearer mountains, covered with ice and ſnow, notwithſtanding the advanced ſeaſon, the rigid winter, in frozen majeſty, ſtill preſerving its domains: And arriving at St Jean Maurienne the night of the 26th, the ſnow ſeemed as if it would diſpute with us our paſſage; and horrible was the force of the boiſterous winds, which ſat full in our faces.

Overpowered by the fatigues I had undergone in the expedition we had made, the unſeaſonable coldneſs of the weather, and the ſight of one of the worſt countries under heaven, ſtill cloathed in ſnow, and deformed by continual hurricanes; I was here taken ill. Sir Charles was greatly concerned for my

indiſpoſition, which was increaſed by a great lowneſs of ſpirits. He attended upon me in perſon; and never had a more kind and indulgent friend. Here we ſtaid two days; and then, my illneſs being principally owing to fatigue, I found myſelf enabled to proceed. At two of the clock in the morning of the 28th, we proſecuted our journey, in palpable darkneſs, and diſmal weather, though the winds were ſomewhat laid; and reaching the foot of Mount Cenis by break of day, arrived at Lanebourg, a poor little village, ſo environed by high mountains, that for three months in the twelve it is hardly viſited by the chearing rays of the ſun. Every object which here preſents itſelf is exceſſively miſerable. The people are generally of an olive complexion, with wens under their chins; ſome ſo monſtrous, eſpecially women, as quite diſfigure them.

Here it is uſual to unſcrew and take in pieces the chaiſes, in order to carry them on mules over the mountain, and to put them together on the other ſide: For the Savoy ſide of the mountain is much more difficult to paſs than the other. But Sir Charles choſe not to loſe time; and therefore left the chaiſe to the care of the inn-keeper; proceeding with all expedition to gain the top of the hill.

The way we were carried was as follows: A kind of horſe, as it is called with you, with two poles like thoſe of chairmen, was the vehicle, on which is ſecured a ſort of elbow chair, in which the traveller ſits. A man before, another behind, carry this open machine with ſo much ſwiftneſs, that they are continually running and ſkipping, like wild goats, from rock to rock, the four miles of that aſcent. If a traveller were not prepoſſeſſed that theſe mountaineers are the ſureſt-footed carriers in the univerſe, he would be in continual apprehenſions of being overturned. I, who never undertook this journey before, muſt own that I could

I could not be ſo fearleſs on this occaſion as Sir Charles was, though he had very exactly deſcribed to me how every thing would be. Then, though the ſky was clear when we paſſed this mountain, yet the cold wind blew quantities of frozen ſnow in our faces; inſomuch that it ſeemed to be juſt as if people were employed, all the time we were paſſing, to wound us with the ſharpeſt needles. They indeed call the wind that brings this ſharp-pointed ſnow, *The Tormenta.*

An adventure, which any-where elſe might have appeared ridiculous, I was afraid would have proved fatal to one of our chairmen, as I will call them. I had flapt down my hat to ſcreen my eyes from the fury of that deluge of ſharp-pointed frozen ſnow; and it was blown off my head, by a ſudden guſt, down the precipices: I gave it for loſt, and was about to bind a handkerchief over the woolen cap, which thoſe people provide to tie under the chin, when one of the aſſiſting carriers (for they are always ſix in number to every chair, in order to relieve one another) undertook to recover it. I thought it impoſſible to be done; the paſſage being, as I imagined, only practicable for birds: However, I promiſed him a crown reward if he did. Never could the leaps of the moſt dextrous of rope-dancers be compared to thoſe of this daring fellow: I ſaw him ſometimes jumping from rock to rock, ſometimes rolling down a declivity of ſnow like a ninepin, ſometimes running, ſometimes hopping, ſkipping; in ſhort, he deſcended like lightning to the verge of a torrent, where he found the hat. He came up almoſt as quick, and appeared as little fatigued as if he had never left us.

We arrived at the top in two hours from Lanebourg, and the ſun was pretty high above the horizon. Out of a hut half-buried in ſnow, came ſome mountaineers, with two poor ſledges drawn by mules, to carry us through the *Plain of Mount Ce-*

nis, as it is called, which is about four Italian miles in length, to the deſcent of the Italian ſide of the mountain. Theſe ſledges are not much different from the chairs, or ſedans, or horſe, we then quitted; only the two under-poles are flat, and not ſo long as the others, and turning up a little at the end, to hinder them from ſticking faſt in the ſnow. To the fore-ends of the poles are fixed two round ſticks, about two feet and a half long, which ſerve for a ſupport and help to the man who guides the mule, who running on the ſnow between the mule and the ſledge, holds the ſticks with each hand.

It was diverting to ſee the two ſledgemen ſtriving to outrun each other.

Encouraged by Sir Charles's generoſity, we very ſoon arrived at the other end of the plain. The man who walked, or rather ran, betweeen the ſledge and the mule, made a continual noiſe, hallooing and beating the ſtubborn beaſt with his fiſts, which otherwiſe would be very ſlow in its motion.

At the end of this plain we found ſuch another hut as that on the Lanebourg ſide. Here they took off the ſmoking mules from the ſledges to give them reſt.

And now began the moſt extraordinary way of travelling that can be imagined. The deſcent of the mountain from the top of this ſide, to a ſmall village called Novaleſa, is four Italian miles. When the ſnow has filled up all the inequalities of the mountain, it looks, in many parts, as ſmooth and equal as a ſugar-loaf. It is on the brink of this rapid deſcent that they put the ſledge. The man who is to guide it ſits between the feet of the traveller, who is ſeated in the elbow-chair, with his legs at the outſide of the ſticks fixed at the fore-ends of the flat poles, and holds the two ſticks with his hands; and when the ſledge has gained the declivity, its own weight carries it down with

ſurpriſing

ſurpriſing celerity. But as the immenſe irregular rocks under the ſnow make now and then ſome edges in the declivity, which, if not avoided, would overturn the ſledge, the guide, who foreſees the danger, by putting his foot ſtrongly and dexterouſly in the ſnow next to the precipice, turns the machine, by help of the above-mentioned ſticks, the contrary way, and by way of zig-zag goes to the bottom. Such was the velocity of this motion, that we diſpatched theſe four miles in leſs than five minutes; and, when we arrived at Novaleſa, hearing that the ſnow was very deep moſt of the way to Suſa, and being pleaſed with our way of travelling, we had ſome mules put again to the ſledges, and ran all the way to the very gates of that city, which is ſeven miles diſtant from Mount Cenis.

In our way we had a curſory view of the impregnable fortreſs of Brunetta, the greateſt part of which is cut out of the ſolid rock, and commands that important paſs.

We reſted all night at Suſa; and, having bought a very commodious poſt-chaiſe, we proceeded to Turin, where we dined; and from thence, the evening of May 2. O. S. got to Parma by way of Alexandria and Placentia, having purpoſely avoided the high road through Milan, as it would have coſt us a few hours more time.

Sir Charles obſerved to me, when we were on the plain or flat top of Mount Cenis, that had not the winter been particularly long and ſevere, we ſhould have had, inſtead of this terrible appearance of ſnow there, flowers ſtarting up, as it were, under our feet, of various kinds, which are hardly to be met with anywhere elſe. One of the greateſt dangers, he told me, in paſſing this mount in winter, ariſes from a ball of ſnow, which is blown down from the top by the wind, or falls down by ſome other accident; which, gathering all the way in its deſcent, becomes inſtantly of ſuch

a prodigious bigneſs, that there is hardly any avoiding being carried away with it, man and beaſt, and ſmothered in it. One of theſe balls we ſaw rolling down; but as it took another courſe than ours, we had no apprehenſions of danger from it.

At Parma we found expecting us, the biſhop of Nocera, and a very reverend father, Mareſcotti by name, who expreſſed the utmoſt joy at the arrival of Sir Charles Grandiſon, and received me, at his recommendation, with a politeneſs which ſeems natural to them. I will not repeat what I have written before of this excellent young gentleman; intrepidity, bravery, diſcretion, as well as generoſity, are conſpicuous parts of his character. He is ſtudious to avoid danger, but is unappalled in it. For humanity, benevolence, providence for others, to his very ſervants, I never met with his equal.

My reception from the noble family to which he has introduced me, the patient's caſe (a very unhappy one!), and a deſcription of this noble city, and the fine country about it, ſhall be the ſubject of my next. Aſſure all my friends of my health and good wiſhes for them; and, my dear Arnold, believe me to be

Ever Yours, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr* BARTLETT.

Bologna, Wedneſday, May 10.-21.

I TOLD you, my dear and reverend friend, that I ſhould hardly write to you till I arrived in this city.

The affair of my executorſhip obliged me to ſtay a day longer at Paris than I intended; but I have put every thing relating to that truſt in ſuch a way as to anſwer all my wiſhes.

Mr

Mr Lowther wrote to Mr Arnold, a friend of his in London, the particulars of the extraordinary affair we were engaged in between St Denis and Paris, with deſire that he would inform my friends of our arrival at that capital.

We were obliged to ſtop two days at St Jean de Maurienne: The expedition we travelled with was too much for Mr Lowther; and I expected, and was not diſappointed, from the unuſual backwardneſs of the ſeaſon, to find the paſſage over Mount Cenis leſs agreeable than it uſually is in the beginning of May.

The biſhop of Nocera had offered to meet me anywhere on his ſide of the mountains. I wrote to him from Lyons, that I hoped to ſee him at Parma, on or about the very day that I was ſo fortunate as to reach the palace of the Count of Belvedere in that city; where I found, that he and father Mareſcotti had arrived the evening before. They, as well as the Count, expreſſed great joy to ſee me; and when I preſented Mr Lowther to them, with the praiſes due to his ſkill, and let them know the conſultations I had had with eminent phyſicians of my own country on Lady Clementina's caſe, they invoked bleſſings upon us both, and would not be interrupted in them by my eager queſtions after the health and ſtate of mind of the two deareſt perſons of their family—Unhappy! *very* unhappy! ſaid the biſhop. Let us give you ſome refreſhment before we come to particulars.

To my repeated enquiries, Jeronymo, poor Jeronymo! ſaid the biſhop, is living, and that is all we can ſay. The ſight of you will be a cordial to his heart. Clementina is on her journey to Bologna from Naples. You deſired to find her with us, and not at Naples. She is weak; is obliged to travel ſlowly. She will reſt at Urbino two or three days. Dear creature! What has ſhe not ſuffered from the cruelty of her couſin Laurana, as well

as

as from her malady! The general has been, and is indulgent to her. He is married to a lady of great merit, quality, and fortune. He has at length conſented that we ſhall try this laſt experiment, as the hearts of my mother, and now lately of my father, as well as mine, are in it. His lady would not be denied accompanying my ſiſter; and as my brother could not bear being abſent from her, he travels with them. I wiſh he had ſtaid at Naples. I hope, however, he will be as ready as you will find us all, to acknowledge the favour of this viſit, and the fatigue and trouble you have given yourſelf on our account.

As to my ſiſter's bodily health, proceeded he, it is greatly impaired. We are almoſt hopeleſs with regard to the ſtate of her mind. She ſpeaks not; ſhe anſwers not any queſtions. Camilla is with her. She ſeems regardleſs of any body elſe. She has been told, that the general is married. His lady makes great court to her, but ſhe heeds her not. We are in hopes, that my mother, on her return to Bologna, will engage her attention. She never yet was ſo ill as to forget her duty, either to God or her parents. Sometimes Camilla thinks ſhe pays ſome little attention to your name; but then ſhe inſtantly ſtarts as in terror, looks round her with fear, puts her finger to her lips, as if ſhe dreaded her cruel couſin Laurana ſhould be told of her having heard it mentioned.

The biſhop and father both regreted that ſhe had been denied the requeſted interview. They were now, they ſaid, convinced, that if that had been granted, and ſhe had been left to Mrs Beaumont's friendly care, a happy iſſue might have been hoped for: But now, ſaid the biſhop—Then ſighed, and was ſilent.

I diſpatched Saunders early the next morning to Bologna, to procure convenient lodgings for me and Mr Lowther.

In

In the afternoon we ſet out for that city. The Count of Belvedere found an opportunity to let me know his unabated paſſion for Clementina, and that he had lately made overtures to marry her, notwithſtanding her malady; having been adviſed, he ſaid, by proper perſons, that as it was not an hereditary, but an accidental diſorder, it might be in time curable. He accompanied us about half way in our journey; and, at parting, Remember, Chevalier, whiſpered he, that Clementina is the ſoul of my hope: I cannot forego that hope. No other woman will I ever call mine.

I heard him in ſilence: I admired him for his attachment: I pitied him. He ſaid, he would tell me more of his mind at Bologna.

We reached Bologna on the 15th, N. S. Saunders had engaged for me the lodgings I had before.

Our converſation on the road turned chiefly on the caſe of Signor Jeronymo. The biſhop and father were highly pleaſed with the ſkill, founded on practice, which evidently appeared in all that Mr Lowther ſaid on the ſubject. And the biſhop once intimated, that, be the event what it would, his journey to Italy ſhould be made the moſt beneficial affair to him he had ever engaged in. Mr Lowther replied, that as he was neither a neceſſitous nor a mean-ſpirited man, and had reaſon to be entirely ſatisfied with the terms I had already ſecured to him, he ſhould take it unkindly if any other reward were offered him.

Think, my dear Dr Bartlett, what emotions I muſt have on entering, once more, the gates of the Porretta palace, though Clementina was not there.

I haſtened up to my Jeronymo, who had been appriſed of my arrival. The moment he ſaw me, do I once more, ſaid he, behold my friend, my Grandiſon? Let me embrace the deareſt of men.

Now

Now, now, have I lived long enough. He bowed his head upon his pillow, and meditated me; his countenance ſhining with pleaſure, in defiance of pain.

The biſhop entered: He could not be preſent at our firſt interview.

My lord, ſaid Jeronymo, make it your care that my dear friend be treated, by every ſoul of our family, with the gratitude and reſpect which are due to his goodneſs. Methinks I am eaſier and happier this moment, than I have been for the tedious ſpace of time ſince I laſt ſaw him. He named that ſpace of time to the day, and to the very hour of the day.

The Marquis and Marchioneſs ſignifying their pleaſure to ſee me, the biſhop led me to them. My reception from the Marquis was kind; from his lady it was as that of a mother to a long abſent ſon. I had ever been, ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, a fourth ſon in her eye; and now that ſhe had been informed that I had brought over with me a ſurgeon of experience, and the advice in writing of eminent phyſicians of my country, the obligations I had laid on their whole family, whatever were the ſucceſs, were unreturnable.

I aſked leave to introduce Mr Lowther to them. They received him with great politeneſs, and recommended their Jeronymo to his beſt ſkill. Mr Lowther's honeſt heart was engaged by a reception ſo kind. He never, he told me afterwards, beheld ſo much pleaſure and pain ſtruggling in the ſame countenance as in that of the lady; ſo fixed a melancholy as in that of the Marquis.

Mr Lowther is a man of ſpirit, though a modeſt man. He is, as on every *proper* occaſion I found, a man of piety, and has a heart tender as manly. Such a man, heart and hand, is qualified for a profeſſion which is the moſt uſeful and certain in the art of healing. He is a man of ſenſe and learning

ing *out* of his profeſſion, and happy in his addreſs.

The two ſurgeons who now attend Signor Jeronymo are both of this country. They were ſent for. With the approbation, and at the requeſt of the family, I preſented Mr Lowther to them; but firſt gave them his character, as a modeſt man, as a man of ſkill and experience; and told them, that *he* had quitted buſineſs, and wanted not either fame or fortune.

They acquainted him with the caſe, and their methods of proceeding. Mr Lowther aſſiſted in the dreſſings that very evening. Jeronymo would have me to be preſent. Mr Lowther ſuggeſted an alteration in their method, but in ſo eaſy and gentle a manner (as if he doubted not but *ſuch* was their intention when the ſtate of the wounds would admit of that method of treatment) that the gentlemen came readily into it. A great deal of matter had been collected, by means of the wrong methods purſued; and he propoſed, if the patient's ſtrength would bear it, to make an aperture below the principal wound, in order to diſcharge the matter downward; and he ſuggeſted the dreſſing with hollow tents and bandage, and to diſmiſs the large tents, with which they had been accuſtomed to diſtend the wound, to the extreme anguiſh of the patient, on pretence of keeping it open, to aſſiſt the diſcharge.

Let me now give you, my dear friend, a brief hiſtory of my Jeronymo's caſe, and of the circumſtances which have attended it; by which you will be able to account for the difficulties of it, and how it has happened, that, in ſuch a ſpace of time, either the cure was not effected, or that the patient yielded not to the common deſtiny.

In lingering caſes, patients or their friends are ſometimes too apt to blame their phyſicians, and to liſten to new recommendations. The ſurgeons attending

attending this unhappy caſe had been more than once changed. Signor Jeronymo, it ſeems, was unſkilfully treated by the young ſurgeon of Cremona, who was firſt engaged: He neglected the moſt dangerous wound; and, when he attended to it, managed it wrong, for want of experience. He is therefore very properly diſmiſſed.

The unhappy man had at firſt three wounds: One in his breaſt, which had been for ſome time healed; one in his ſhoulder, which, through his own impatience, having been too ſuddenly healed up, was obliged to be laid open again: The other, which is the moſt dangerous, is in the hip-joint.

A ſurgeon of this place, and another at Padua, were next employed. The cure not advancing, a ſurgeon of eminence from Paris was ſent for.

Mr Lowther tells me, that this man's method was by far the moſt eligible; but that he undertook too much; ſince, from the firſt, there could not be any hope, from the nature of the wound in the hip-joint, that the patient could ever walk, without ſticks or crutches: And of this opinion were the other two ſurgeons: But the French gentleman was ſo very pragmatical, that he would neither draw with them, nor give reaſons for what he did; regarding them only as his aſſiſtants. They could not long bear this uſage, and gave up to him in diſguſt.

How cruel is punctilio, among men of this ſcience, in caſes of difficulty and danger!

The preſent operators, when the two others had given up, were not, but by leave of the French gentleman, called in: He valuing himſelf on his practice in the royal hoſpital of invalids at Paris, looked upon them as *theoriſts* only; and treated them with as little ceremony as he had ſhewn the others: So that at laſt, from their frequent differences, it became neceſſary to part with either him

or them. His pride, when he knew that this queſtion was a ſubject of debate, would not allow him to leave the family an option. He made his demand: It was complied with; and he returned to Paris.

From what this gentleman threw out at parting, to the diſparagement of the two others, Signor Jeronymo ſuſpected their ſkill; and from a hint of this ſuſpicion, as ſoon as I knew I ſhould be welcome myſelf, I procured the favour of Mr Lowther's attendance.

All Mr Lowther's fear is, that Signor Jeronymo has been kept too long in hand by the different managements of the ſeveral operators; and that he will ſink under the neceſſary proceſs, through weakneſs of habit. But, however, he is of opinion, that it is requiſite to confine him to ſtrict diet, and to deny him wine and fermented liquors, in which he has hitherto been indulged, againſt the opinion of his own operators, who have been too complaiſant to his appetite.

An operation ſomewhat ſevere was performed on his ſhoulder yeſterday morning. The Italian ſurgeons complimented Mr Lowther with the lancet. They both praiſed his dexterity; and Signor Jeronymo, who will be conſulted on every thing that he is to ſuffer, bleſſed his gentle hand.

At Mr Lowther's requeſt, a phyſician was yeſterday conſulted; who adviſed ſome gentle aperitives, as his ſtrength will bear it; and ſome balſamics, to ſweeten the blood and juices.

Mr Lowther told me juſt now, that the fault of the gentlemen who have now the care of him, has not been want of ſkill, but of *critical* courage, and a too great ſolicitude to oblige their patient; which, by their own account, had made them forego ſeveral opportunities which had offered to aſſiſt nature. In ſhort, Sir, ſaid he, your friend knows too much of his own caſe to be ruled, and

too little to qualify him to direct what is to be done, eſpecially as ſymptoms muſt have been frequently changing.

Mr Lowther doubts not, he ſays, but he ſhall ſoon convince Jeronymo that he merits his confidence, and then he will exact it from him; and, in ſo doing, ſhall not only give weight to his own endeavours to ſerve him, but rid the other two gentlemen of embarraſſments which have often given them diffidence when reſolution was neceſſary.

In the mean time the family here are delighted with Mr Lowther. They *will* flatter themſelves, they ſay, with hopes of their Jeronymo's recovery; which however Mr Lowther, for fear of diſappointment, does not encourage. Jeronymo himſelf owns, that his ſpirits are much revived; and we all know the power that the mind has over the body.

Thus have I given you, my reverend friend, a general notion of Jeronymo's caſe, as I underſtand it from Mr Lowther's *as* general repreſentation of it.

He has been prevailed upon to accept an apartment adjoining to that of his patient. Jeronymo ſaid, that when he knows he has ſo ſkilful a friend near him, he ſhall go to reſt with confidence; and good reſt is of the higheſt conſequence to him.

What a happineſs, my dear Dr Bartlett, will fall to my ſhare, if I may be an humble inſtrument, in the hand of providence, to heal this brother; and if his recovery ſhall lead the way to the reſtoration of his ſiſter; each ſo known a lover of the other, that the world is more ready to attribute her malady to his misfortunes and danger than to any other cauſe! But how early days are theſe, on which my love and my compaſſion for

perſons

perſons ſo meritorious, emboldened me to build ſuch forward hopes!

Lady Clementina is now impatiently expected by every one. She is at Urbino. The general and his lady are with her. His haughty ſpirit cannot bear to think ſhe ſhould ſee me, or that my attendance on her ſhould be thought of ſo much importance to her.

The Marchioneſs, in a converſation that I have juſt now had with her, hinted this to me, and beſought me to keep my temper, if his high notion of family and female honour ſhould carry him out of his uſual politeneſs.

I will give you, my dear friend, the particulars of this converſation.

She began with ſaying, that ſhe did not, for her part, now think, that her beloved daughter, whom once ſhe believed hardly any private man could deſerve, was worthy of me, even were ſhe to recover her reaſon.

I could not but gueſs the meaning of ſo high a compliment. What anſwer could I return that would not, on one hand, be capable of being thought *cool*; on the other, of being ſuppoſed *intereſted*, and as if I were looking forward to a reward that ſome of the family ſtill think too high? But while I knew my own motives, I could not be diſpleaſed with a lady who was not at liberty to act, in this point, according to her own will.

I only ſaid (and it was with truth), that the calamity of the noble lady had endeared her to me, more than it was poſſible the moſt proſperous fortune could have done.

I, my good Chevalier, may ſay any thing to you. We are undetermined about every thing. We know not what to propoſe, what to conſent to. Your journey, on the firſt motion, though but from ſome of us; the dear creature continuing ill; you in poſſeſſion of a conſiderable eſtate, exerciſing

yourſelf in doing good in your native country [you muſt think we took all opportunities of enquiring after the man once ſo likely to be one of us]; the firſt fortune in Italy, Olivia, though ſhe is not a Clementina, purſuing you in hopes of calling herſelf yours (for to England we hear ſhe went, and there you own ſhe is); What obligations have you laid upon us!—What *can* we determine upon? What can we *wiſh?*

Providence and you, madam, ſhall direct my ſteps. I am in yours and your Lord's power. The ſame uncertainty, from the ſame unhappy cauſe, leaves me not the *thought*, becauſe not the *power* of determination. The recovery of Lady Clementina and her brother, without a view to my own intereſt, fills up, at preſent, all the wiſhes of my heart.

Let me aſk, ſaid the lady (it is for my own private ſatisfaction), were ſuch a happy event, as to Clementina, to take place, could you, would you, think yourſelf bound by your former offers?

When I made thoſe offers, madam, the ſituation on your ſide was the ſame that it is now: Lady Clementina was unhappy in her mind. My fortune, it is true, is higher: It is indeed as high as I wiſh it to be. I then declared, that if you would give me your Clementina, without inſiſting on one hard, on one indiſpenſable article, I would renounce her fortune, and truſt to my father's goodneſs to me for a proviſion. Shall my acceſſion to the eſtate of my anceſtors alter me?—No, madam: I never yet made an offer that I receded from, the circumſtances continuing the ſame. If, in the article of reſidence, the Marquis, and you, and Clementina, would relax, I would acknowledge myſelf indebted to your goodneſs; but without conditioning for it.

I told you, ſaid ſhe, that I put this queſtion only for my own private ſatisfaction: And I told you

you truth. I never will deceive or miſlead you. Whenever I ſpeak to you, it ſhall be as if, even in your own concerns, I ſpoke to a third perſon; and I ſhall not doubt but you will have the generoſity to adviſe, as *ſuch*, though againſt yourſelf.

May I be enabled to act worthy of your good opinion! I, madam, look upon myſelf as bound; you and yours are free.

What a pleaſure is it, my dear Dr Bartlett, to the proud heart of your friend, that I could ſay this! —Had I ſought, in purſuance of my own *inclinations*, to engage the affections of the admirable Miſs Byron, as I might with honour have endeavoured to do, had not the woes of this noble family, and the unhappy ſtate of mind of their Clementina, ſo deeply affected me, I might have involved myſelf, and that lovelieſt of women, in difficulties which would have made ſuch a heart as mine ſtill more unhappy than it is.

Let me know, my dear Dr Bartlett, that Miſs Byron is happy. I rejoice, whatever be my own deſtiny, that I have not involved her in my uncertainties. The Counteſs of D. is a worthy woman: The Earl her ſon is a good young man: Miſs Byron merits ſuch a mother; the Counteſs ſuch a daughter. How dear, how important, is her welfare to me?—You know your Grandiſon, my good Dr Bartlett. Her friendſhip I preſumed to aſk: I dare not to wiſh to correſpond with her. I rejoice for her ſake, that I truſted not my heart with ſuch a propoſal. What difficulties, my dear friend, have I had to encounter with!—God be praiſed, that I have nothing, with regard to theſe two incomparable women, to reproach myſelf with. I am perſuaded that our prudence, if raſhly we throw not ourſelves into difficulties, and if we will exert it, and make a reliance on the proper aſſiſtance, is generally proportioned to our trials.

I aſked the Marchioneſs after Lady Sforza, and her daughter Laurana; and whether they were at Milan?

You have heard, no doubt, anſwered ſhe, the cruel treatment that my poor child met with from her couſin Laurana. Lady Sforza juſtifies her in it. We are upon extreme bad terms on that account. They are both at Milan. The general has vowed, that he never will ſee them more, if he can avoid it. The biſhop, only as a Chriſtian, can forgive them. You, chevalier, know the reaſon why we cannot allow our Clementina to take the veil.

The particular reaſons I have not, madam, been inquiſitive about; but have always underſtood them to be family ones, grounded on the dying requeſt of one of her grandfathers.

Our daughter, Sir, is intitled to a conſiderable eſtate which joins to our own domains. It was purchaſed for her by her two grandfathers; who vied with each other in demonſtrating their love of her by ſolid effects. One of them (*my* father) was, in his youth, deeply in love with a young lady of great merit; and ſhe was thought to love him: But, in a fit of *pious bravery*, as he uſed to call it, when every-thing between themſelves, and between the friends on both ſides, was concluded on, ſhe threw herſelf into a convent; and paſſing ſteadily through the probationary forms, took the veil; but afterwards repented, and took pains to let it be known that ſhe was unhappy. This gave him a diſguſt againſt the ſequeſtered life, though he was, in other reſpects, a zealous Catholic. And Clementina having always a ſerious turn; in order to deter her from embracing it (both grandfathers being deſirous of ſtrengthening their houſe, as well in the female as male line), they inſerted a clauſe in each of their wills, by which they gave the eſtate deſigned for her, in caſe ſhe took the veil, to Laurana, and her deſcendants; Laurana to enter into poſſeſſion

poſſeſſion of it on the day that Clementina ſhould be profeſſed. But if Clementina married, Laurana was then to be intitled only to a handſome legacy, that ſhe might not be entirely diſappointed: For the reverſion, in caſe Clementina had no children, was to go to our eldeſt ſon; who, however, has been always generouſly ſolicitous to have his ſiſter marry.

Both grandfathers were rich. Our ſon Giacomo, on my father's death, as he had willed, entered upon a conſiderable eſtate in the kingdom of Naples, which had for ages been in my family: He is therefore, and will be, greatly provided for. Our ſecond ſon has great proſpects before him, in the church: But you know *he* cannot marry. Poor Jeronymo! We had not, *before* his misfortune, any great hopes of ſtrengthening the family by his means: He, alas! (as *you* well know, who took ſuch laudable pains to reclaim him, before we knew you) with great qualities, imbibed free notions from bad company, and declared himſelf a deſpiſer of marriage. This the two grandfathers knew, and often deplored; for Jeronymo and Clementina were equally their favourites. To him and the biſhop he bequeathed great legacies.

We ſuſpected not till very lately, that Laurana was deeply in love with the Count of Belvedere; and that her mother and ſhe had views to drive our ſweet child into a convent, that Laurana might enjoy the eſtate; which they hoped would be an inducement to the Count to marry her. Cruel Laurana! Cruel Lady Sforza! So much love as they both had pretended to our child; and, I believe, *had*, till the temptation, ſtrengthened by power, became *too* ſtrong for them. Unhappy the day that we put her into their hands.

Beſides the eſtate ſo bequeathed to Clementina, we can do great things for her: Few Italian families are ſo rich as ours. Her brothers forget their own

own intereſt, when it comes into competition with hers: She is as generous as they. Our four children never knew what a contention was, but who ſhould give up an advantage to the other. This child, this ſweet child, was ever the delight of us all, and likewiſe of our brother the Conte della Porretta. What joy would her recovery and nuptials give us?——Dear creature! We have ſometimes thought, that ſhe is the fonder of the ſequeſtered life, as it is that which we wiſh her not to embrace —But can Clementina be perverſe? She cannot. Yet *that* was the life of her choice, when ſhe had a *choice*, her grandfathers' wiſhes notwithſtanding.

Will you now wonder, Chevalier, that neither our ſons nor we can allow Clementina to take the veil? Can we ſo reward Laurana for her cruelty? Eſpecially now, that we ſuſpect the motives for her barbarity? Could I have thought that my ſiſter Sforza ——But what will not love and avarice do, their powers united, to compaſs the ſame end; the one reigning in the boſom of the mother, and the other in that of the daughter? Alas! alas! they have, between them, broken the ſpirit of my Clementina. The *very* name of Laurana gives her terror—*So* far is ſhe ſenſible. But, O Sir, her ſenſibility appears only when ſhe is harſhly treated! To tenderneſs ſhe had been too much accuſtomed, to make her think an indulgent treatment new, or unuſual.

I dread, my dear Dr Bartlett, yet am impatient to ſee the unhappy lady. I wiſh the general were not to accompany her. I am afraid I ſhall want temper if he forget his. My own heart, when it tells me that I have not deſerved ill uſage (from my equals and ſuperiors in rank eſpecially), bids me not bear it. I am aſhamed to own to you, my reverend friend, *that* pride of ſpirit, which, knowing it to be my fault, I ought long ago to have ſubdued.

Make-

Make my compliments to every one I love. Mr and Mrs Reeves are of the number.

Charlotte, I hope, is happy. If ſhe is not, it muſt be her own fault. Let her know, that I will not allow, when my love to both ſiſters is equal, that ſhe ſhall give me cauſe to ſay that Lady L. is my beſt ſiſter.

Lady Olivia gives me uneaſineſs. I am aſhamed my dear Dr Bartlett, that a woman of a rank ſo conſiderable, and who has ſome great qualities, ſhould lay herſelf under obligation to the compaſſion of a man who can *only* pity her. When a woman gets over that delicacy, which is the teſt or bulwark, as I may ſay, of modeſty—Modeſty itſelf may ſoon lie at the mercy of an enemy.

Tell my Emily, that ſhe is never out of my mind; and that, among the other excellent examples ſhe has before her, Miſs Byron's muſt never be out of hers.

Lord L. and Lord G. are in full poſſeſſion of my brotherly love.

I ſhall not at preſent write to my Beauchamp. In writing to you, I write to him.

You know all my heart. If in this or my future letters, any thing ſhall fall from my pen, that would poſſibly in your opinion affect or give uneaſineſs to any one I love and honour, were it to be communicated, I depend upon your known and unqueſtionable diſcretion to keep it to yourſelf.

I ſhall be glad you will enable yourſelf to inform me of the way Sir Hargrave and his friends are in. They were very ill at Paris; and, it was thought, too weak, and too much bruiſed, to be ſoon carried over to England. Men! Engliſhmen! thus to diſgrace themſelves, and their country—I am concerned for them!

I expect large pacquets by the next mails from my

my friends. England, which was *always* dear to me, never was half ſo dear as *now* to

Your ever-affectionate

GRANDISON.

LETTER XXVII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr* BARTLETT.

Bologna, May 11—22.

THE biſhop ſet out yeſterday for Urbino, in order to inform himſelf of his ſiſter's ſtate of health, and perhaps to qualify the general to meet me with temper and politeneſs. Were I ſure the good prelate thought this neceſſary, my pride would be excited.

The Count of Belvedere arrived here yeſterday. He made it his firſt buſineſs to ſee me. He acquainted me, but in confidence, that propoſals of marriage with Lady Laurana had actually been made him: To which he had returned anſwer, that his heart, however hopeleſly, was engaged; and that he never could think of any other woman than Lady Clementina.

He made no ſcruple, he ſaid, of returning ſo ſhort an anſwer, becauſe he had been appriſed of the cruelty with which one of the nobleſt young women in Italy had been treated by the propoſers; and with their motives for it.

You ſee, Chevalier, ſaid he, that I am open and unreſerved to you. You will oblige me, if you will let me know what it is you propoſe to your-*ſelf* in the preſent ſituation!—But, firſt, I ſhould be glad to hear from your own mouth, what paſſed between you and Clementina, and the family, before you quitted Italy the laſt time. I have had *their* account.

I gave

I gave him a very faithful relation of it. He was pleaſed with it. Exactly as it has been repreſented to me! ſaid he. Were Clementina and you of one religion, there could have been no hope for any other man. I adore her for her piety, and for her attachment to *hers*; and am not ſo narrow-minded a man, but I can admire you for *yours*. As her malady is accidental, I never would think of any other woman, could I flatter myſelf that ſhe would not, if reſtored, be unhappy with me. But now tell me: I am earneſt to know; Are you come over to us (I *know* you are invited) with an expectation to call her yours, in caſe of her recovery?

I anſwered him as I had done the marchioneſs.

He ſeemed as much pleaſed with me as I am with him. He is gone back to Parma.

Friday, May 12—23.

THE biſhop is returned. Lady Clementina has been very ill: A fever. How has ſhe been hurried about! He tells me, that the general and his lady, and alſo the Conte della Porretta, acknowledge themſelves and their whole family obliged to me for the trouble I have been at to ſerve their Jeronymo.

The fever having left Lady Clementina, ſhe will ſet out in a day or two. The Count and Signor Sebaſtiano, as well as the general and his lady, will attend her. I am impatient to ſee her. Yet how greatly will the ſight of her afflict me! The biſhop ſays, ſhe is the picture of ſilent woe: Yet, though greatly emaciated, *looks herſelf*, were his words. They told her that Jeronymo was better than he had been. Your dear Jeronymo, ſaid the general to her. The ſweet echo repeated—Jeronymo—and was again ſilent.

They afterwards propoſed to name me to her. They did. She looked quick about her, as if for ſomebody. Laura, her maid, was occaſionally called upon. She ſtarted, and threw her arms about

bout Camilla, as terrified; looking wildly. Camilla doubts not, but by the name Laura ſhe apprehended the ſavage Laurana to be at hand.

How muſt ſhe have ſuffered from her barbarity! —Sweet innocent! She, who even in her reveries thought not but of good to the *ſoul* of the man whom ſhe honoured with her regard—She, who bore offence without reſentment; and by meekneſs only ſought to calm the violence for which ſhe had not given the leaſt cauſe!

But when Camilla and ſhe had retired, ſhe ſpoke to her. The biſhop gave me the following dialogue between them, as he had it from Camilla.

Did they not name to me the Chevalier Grandiſon? ſaid ſhe.

They did, madam.

See! ſee! ſaid ſhe, before I name him again, if my cruel couſin hearken not at the door.

Your cruel couſin, madam, is at many miles diſtance.

She may hear what I ſay for all that.

My dear Lady Clementina, ſhe cannot hear. She ſhall never more come near you.

So you ſay.

Did I ever deceive you, madam?

I can't remember: My memory is gone; quite gone, Camilla.

She then looked earneſtly at Camilla, and ſcreamed.

What ails you, my deareſt young lady?

Recovering herſelf—Ah, my own Camilla! It is you. I thought, by the caſt of your eye, you were become Laurana—Do not, do not give me ſuch another look!

Camilla was not ſenſible of any particularity in her looks.

Here you have me again upon a journey, Camilla: But how do I know that I am not to be carried to my cruel couſin?

You are really going to your father's palace at Bologna, madam.

Is my mother there?

She is.

Who elſe?

The Chevalier, madam.

What Chevalier?

Grandiſon.

Impoſſible! Is he not in proud England?

He is come over, madam.

What for?

With a ſkilful Engliſh ſurgeon, in hopes to cure Signor Jeronymo—

Poor Jeronymo!

And to pay his compliments to *you*, madam.

Flatterer! How many hundred times have I been told ſo?

Should you wiſh to ſee him, madam?

See whom?

The Chevalier Grandiſon.

Once I ſhould; and ſighed.

And not now, madam?

No: I have loſt all I had to ſay to him. Yet I wiſh I were allowed to go to that England. We poor women are not ſuffered to go any whither, while men—

There ſhe ſtopt; and Camilla could not make her ſay any more.

The biſhop was fond of repeating theſe particulars, as ſhe had not, for ſome time, talked ſo much, and ſo ſenſibly.

Friday Evening.

I PASS more than half my time with Signor Jeronymo, but (that I may not fatigue his ſpirits) at different hours of the day. The Italian ſurgeons and Mr Lowther happily agree in all their meaſures: They applaud him when his back is turned, and he ſpeaks well of them in their abſence. This

mutual return of good offices, which they hear of, unites them. The patient declares, that he had not for months been ſo eaſy as now. Every body attributes a great deal to his heart's being revived by my frequent viſits. To-morrow it is propoſed to make an opening below the moſt difficult wound. Mr Lowther ſays, he will not flatter us, till he ſees the ſucceſs of this operation.

The marquis and his lady are inexpreſſibly obliging to me. I had yeſterday a viſit from both, on an indiſpoſition that confined me to my chamber, occaſioned, I believe, by a hurry of ſpirits, by fatigue, by my apprehenſions for Jeronymo, by my concern for Clementina, and by my too great anxiety for the dear friends I had ſo lately left in England.

You know, Dr Bartlett, that I have a heart too ſuſceptible for my own peace, though I endeavour to *conceal* from *others* thoſe painful ſenſibilities which they cannot relieve. The poor Olivia was ever to be my diſturbance. Miſs Byron muſt be happy in the rectitude of her own heart. I am ready to think, that ſhe will not be able to reſiſt the warm inſtances of the Counteſs of D. in favour of her ſon, who is certainly one of the beſt young men among the nobility. She will be the happieſt woman in the world, as ſhe is one of the moſt deſerving, if ſhe be as happy as I wiſh her.

Emily takes up a large portion of my thoughts.

Our Beauchamp I know muſt be happy: So muſt my Lord W. my ſiſters, and their lords.—Why then ſhall I not think myſelf ſo? God reſtore Jeronymo and his ſiſter, and I muſt, I *will*; for you, my dear Dr Bartlett, are ſo: And then I will ſubſcribe myſelf a partaker of the happineſs of all my friends, and particularly

Your ever-affectionate

GRANDISON.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr* BARTLETT.

Bologna, Monday, May 15—26.

LAST night arrived Lady Clementina, the general, his lady, the Count, and Signor Sebaſtiano.

I had left Jeronymo about an hour. He had had in the morning the intended opening made by Mr Lowther. He would have me preſent.

The operation was happily performed: But, through weakneſs of body, he was ſeveral times in the day troubled with faintings.

I left him tolerably cheerful in the evening; and rejoicing in expectation of his ſiſter's arrival; and, as the biſhop had aſſured him of the general's grateful diſpoſition, he longed, he ſaid, to ſee that affectionate brother and his lady once more. He had never but once ſeen her before, and then was ſo ill, that he could hardly compliment her on the honour ſhe had done their family.

The biſhop ſent to tell me that his ſiſter was arrived, but that being fatigued and unhappy, Camilla ſhould acquaint me in the morning with the way in which ſhe ſhould then be.

I ſlept not half an hour the whole night. You, my dear friend, will eaſily account for my reſtleſsneſs.

I ſent, as uſual, early in the morning, to know how Jeronymo reſted. The anſwer was favourable; returned by Mr Lowther, who ſat up with him that night, at his own motion: He knew not but ſomething critical might happen.

Camilla came. The good woman was ſo full of her own joy to ſee me once more in Italy, that I could not preſently get a word from her of what my heart throbbed with impatience to know.

At laſt, you will, ſaid ſhe, have the general and the biſhop with you. Ah, Sir! my poor young lady! What has ſhe ſuffered ſince you left us! You will not know her. We are not ſure ſhe will know you. Who ſhall be able to bear the firſt interview! She has now but few intervals. It is all one gloomy confuſion with her. She cares not to ſpeak to any body. Every ſtranger ſhe ſees terrifies her. O the vile, thrice vile Lady Laurana!—

In this manner ran on Camilla: Nor would ſhe enter into any other particulars than the unhappy ones ſhe left me to collect from the broken hints and exclamations thus thrown out. Alas! thought I, the calamities of Clementina have affected the head of the poor Camilla! She hurried away, leſt ſhe ſhould be wanted, and leſt the general ſhould find her with me.

The two brothers came ſoon after. The general took my hand, with a kind of forced politeneſs: We are all obliged to you, Sir, ſaid he, for your Mr Lowther. Are the ſurgeons of England ſo famous? But the people of your nation have been accuſtomed to *give* wounds: They ſhould therefore furniſh operators to *heal* them. We are obliged to you alſo, for the trouble you have given yourſelf in coming over to us in perſon. Jeronymo has found a revival of ſpirits upon it: God grant they may not ſubſide! But, alas! our ſiſter!—Poor Clementina!—*She* is loſt!

Would to God, ſaid the biſhop, we had left her to the care of Mrs Beaumont!

The general himſelf, having taken her from Florence, would not join in this wiſh. There was a middle courſe, he ſaid, that ought to have been taken. But Laurana is a daughter of the devil, ſaid he; and Lady Sforza ought to be deteſted for upholding her.

The general expreſſed himſelf with coldneſs on my coming over, but ſaid, that now I *was* on the ſpot,

ſpot, and as his ſiſter had been *formerly* deſirous of ſeeing me, an interview might be permitted, in order to ſatisfy thoſe of the family who had given me the invitation, which it was very good of me to accept, eſpecially as I had the Lady Olivia in England attending my motions? But otherwiſe he had no opinion—There he ſtopt.

I looked upon him with indignation, mingled with contempt: And directing myſelf to the biſhop, you remember, my lord, ſaid I, the ſtory of Naaman the Syrian *.

What is that, my lord? ſaid he to the biſhop.

Far be it from me, continued I, ſtill directing myſelf to the biſhop, to preſume upon my own conſequence in the application of the ſtory: But your lordſhip will judge how far the compariſon will hold. Would to God it might *throughout!*

A happy alluſion, ſaid the biſhop. I ſay, Amen.

I know not who this Naaman is, ſaid the general, nor what is meant by your alluſion, Chevalier: But by your looks I ſhould imagine that you mean me contempt.

My looks, my lord, generally indicate my heart. You may make light of my intention; and ſo will I of the trouble I have been at, if your lordſhip make not light of *me*. But were I not, my lord, in my own lodgings, I would tell you, that you ſeem not to know, in my caſe, what graciouſneſs is. Yet I aſk not for favour from you, but as much for your own ſake as mine.

Dear Grandiſon! ſaid the biſhop—My lord! to his brother—Did not you promiſe me—Why did you mention Olivia to the Chevalier?

Does that diſturb you, Sir? ſaid the general to me. I cannot make light of a man of your conſequence, eſpecially with ladies, Sir—in a ſcornful manner.

* 2 *Kings*, *Chap.* v.

The general, you ſee, my lord, ſaid I, turning to the biſhop, has an inſuperable ill-will to me. I found, when I attended him at Naples, that he had harboured ſurmiſes that were as injurious to his ſiſter as to me. I was in hopes that I had obviated them, but a rooted malevolence will recur. However, ſatisfied as I am in my own innocence, he ſhall, for *many ſakes*, find it very difficult to provoke me.

For *my own* ſake among the reſt, Chevalier? with an air of drollery.

You are at liberty, returned I, to make your own conſtructions. Allow me, my lords, to attend you to Signor Jeronymo.

Not till you are cordial friends, ſaid the biſhop. —Brother, give me your hand, offering to take it —Chevalier, yours—

Diſpoſe of mine as you pleaſe, my lord, ſaid I, holding it out.

He took it, and the general's at the ſame time, and would have joined them.

Come, my lord, ſaid I to the general, and ſnatched his reluctant hand, accept of a friendly offer, from a heart as friendly. Let me honour you, from my *own knowledge*, for thoſe great qualities which the world gives you. I demand your favour, from a conſciouſneſs that I deſerve it; and *that* I could not, were I to ſubmit to be treated with indignity by any man. I ſhould be ſorry to look little in *your* eyes, but I will not in *my own*.

Who can bear the ſuperiority this man aſſumes, brother?

You *oblige* me, my lord, to aſſert myſelf.

The Chevalier ſpeaks nobly, my lord. His character is well known. Let me lead you both friends to our Jeronymo. But ſay, brother—Say, Chevalier, that you are ſo.

I cannot bear, ſaid the general, that the Chevalier

valier Grandiſon ſhould imagine himſelf of ſo much conſequence to my ſiſter as ſome of you ſeem to think him.

You know me not, my lord. I have at preſent no wiſh but for the recovery of your ſiſter and Signor Jeronymo. Were I able to be of ſervice to them, that ſervice would be my reward. But, my lord, if it will make you eaſy, and induce you to treat me as my own heart tells me I *ought* to be treated, I will give you my honour, and let me ſay that it never yet was forfeited, that whatever turn your ſiſter's malady may take, I will not accept of the higheſt favour that can be done me, but with the joint conſent of the three brothers, as well as of your father and mother. Permit me to add, that I will not enter into any family that ſhall think meanly of me; nor ſubject the woman I love to the contempt of her own relations.

This indeed is nobly ſaid, replied the general. Give me your hand upon it, and I am your friend for ever.

Proud man! He could not bear to think, that a ſimple Engliſh gentleman, as he looks upon me to be, ſhould ally with their family; improbable as it is, in his own opinion, that the unhappy lady ſhould ever recover her reaſon: But he greatly loves the Count of Belvedere; and all the family was fond of an alliance with that deſerving nobleman.

The biſhop rejoiced to find us at laſt in a better way of underſtanding each other than we had hitherto been in; and it was eaſier for me to allow for this haughty man, as Mrs Beaumont had let me know what the behaviour was that I had to expect from him: And indeed, his father, mother, and two brothers, were very apprehenſive of it: It will therefore be a pleaſure to them, that I had ſo eaſily overcome his prejudices.

They

They both adviſed me to ſuſpend my viſit to their brother till the afternoon, that they might have the more time to conſult with one another, and to prepare and diſpoſe their ſiſter to ſee me.

At taking leave, the general ſnatched my hand, and with an air of pleaſantry ſaid, I have a wife, Grandiſon. I wiſhed him joy. You need not, ſaid he, for I *have* it: One of the beſt of women. She longs to ſee you. I think I need not be apprehenſive, becauſe *ſhe* is generous, and *I* ever muſt be grateful: But take care, take care, Grandiſon! I ſhall watch every turn of your eye. Admire her if you will: You will not be able to help it. But I am glad ſhe ſaw you not before ſhe was mine.

I rejoice, ſaid the biſhop, that at a meeting, which, notwithſtanding your *promiſes*, brother, gave me apprehenſions as we came, is followed by ſo pleaſant a parting: Henceforth we are four brothers again.

Ay, and remember, Chevalier, that my *ſiſter* has alſo *four* brothers.

May the number four not be leſſened by the death of my Jeronymo, and may Clementina be reſtored; and Providence diſpoſe as it pleaſes of me! I am now going to the palace of Porretta; with what agitations of mind, you, Dr Bartlett, can better imagine than I deſcribe.

LETTER XXIX.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr* BARTLETT.

Bologna, Monday night, May 15-26.

I AM juſt returned. You will expect me to be particular.

I went

I went the earlier in the afternoon, that I might paſs half an hour with my Jeronymo. He complains of the aperture ſo lately made: But Mr Lowther give us hopes from it.

When we were alone, They will not let me ſee my ſiſter, ſaid he; I am ſure ſhe muſt be very bad. But I underſtand, that you are to be allowed that favour by and bye. O my Grandiſon! how I pity that tender, that generous heart of yours!—But what have you done to the general? He aſſures me, that he admires and loves you; and the biſhop has been congratulating me upon it. He knew it would give me pleaſure. My dear Grandiſon, you ſubdue everybody; yet in your own way; for they both admire your ſpirit.

Juſt then came in the general. He ſaluted me in ſo kind a manner, that Jeronymo's eyes overflowed; and he ſaid, Bleſſed be God, that I have lived to ſee you two, deareſt of men to me, ſo friendly together.

This ſweet girl! ſaid the general:—How, Grandiſon, will you bear to ſee her?

The biſhop entered: O Chevalier! my ſiſter is inſenſible of every thing and everybody. Camilla is no body with her to-day.

They had forgot Jeronymo, tho' in his chamber; and their attention being taken by his audible ſenſibilities, they comforted him; and withdrew with me into Mr Lowther's apartment; while Mr Lowther went to his patient.

The marchioneſs joined us in tears. This dear child knows me not; heeds me not: She never was unmindful of her mother before. I have talked to her of the Chevalier Grandiſon: She regards not your name. O this affecting ſilence!—Camilla has told her, that ſhe is to ſee you. My daughter-in-law has told her ſo. O Chevalier! She has quite loſt her underſtanding. Nay, we were barbarous

barous enough to try the name of Laurana. She was not terrified, as ſhe uſed to be, with that.

Camilla came in with a face of joy: Lady Clementina has juſt ſpoken! I told her, ſhe muſt prepare to ſee the Chevalier Grandiſon in all his glory, and that every-body, the general in particular, admired him. Go, naughty Camilla, ſaid ſhe, tapping my hand; you are a wicked deceiver. I have been told this ſtory too often to credit it. This was all I could get her to ſay.

Hence it was concluded, that ſhe would take ſome notice of me when ſhe ſaw me; and I was led by the general, followed by the reſt, into the marchioneſs's drawing-room.

Father Mareſcotti hath given me an advantageous character of the general's lady, whom I had not yet ſeen. The biſhop had told me, that ſhe was ſuch another excellent woman as his mother, and, like her, had the Italian reſerve ſoftened by a polite French education.

When we came into the drawing-room, the general preſented me to her. I do not, madam, bid you admire the Chevalier Grandiſon, ſaid he; but I forgive you if you do; becauſe you will not be able to do otherwiſe.

My lord, ſaid ſhe, you told me an hour ago that I muſt: And now, that I ſee the Chevalier, you will have no cauſe to reproach me with diſobedience.

Father Mareſcotti, madam, ſaid I, bid me expect from the lady of the young Marcheſe della Porretta every thing that was condeſcending and good. Your compaſſionate love for an unhappy new ſiſter, who deſerves every-one's love, exalts your character.

Father Mareſcotti came in. We took our places. It was deſigned, I found, to try to revive the young lady's attention, by introducing her in full aſſembly, I one of it. But I could not forbear aſking

the

the Marchioneſs, If Lady Clementina would not be too much ſtartled at ſo much company?

I wiſh, ſaid the marquis, ſighing, that ſhe *may* be ſtartled.

We meet, as only on a converſation-viſit, ſaid the marchioneſs. We have tried every other way to awaken her attention.

We are all near relations, ſaid the biſhop.

And want to make our obſervations, ſaid the general.

She has been bid to expect you among us, reſumed the marchioneſs. We ſhall only be attended by Laura and Camilla.

Juſt then entered the ſweet lady, leaning upon Camilla, Laura attending. Her movement was ſlow and ſolemn. Her eyes were caſt on the ground. Her robes were black and flowing. A veil of black gauſe half covered her face. What woe was there in it!

What, at that moment, was my emotion! I aroſe from my ſeat, ſat down, and aroſe again, irreſolute, not knowing what I did, or what *to* do!

She ſtopt in the middle of the floor, and made ſome motion, in ſilence, to Camilla, who adjuſted her veil: But ſhe looked not before her; lifted not up her eyes; obſerved no-body.

On her ſtopping, I was advancing towards her; but the general took my hand: Sit ſtill, ſit ſtill, dear Grandiſon, ſaid he: Yet I am charmed with your ſenſibility. She comes! She moves towards to us!

She approached the table round which we ſat, her eyes more than half cloſed, and caſt down. She turned to go towards the window. Here, here, madam, ſaid Camilla, leading her to an elbow chair that had been placed for her, between the two marchioneſſes. She implicitly took her woman's directions, and ſat down. Her mother wept. The young marchioneſs wept. Her father ſobbed;

ſobbed; and looked from her. Her mother took her hand: My love, ſaid ſhe, look around you.

Pray, ſiſter, ſaid the Count her uncle, leave her to her own obſervation.

She was regardleſs of what either ſaid; her eyes were caſt down, and half-cloſed. Camilla ſtood at the back of her chair.

The general, grieved and impatient, aroſe, and ſtepping to her, My deareſt ſiſter, ſaid he, hanging over her ſhoulder, look upon us all. Do not *ſcorn* us, do not *deſpiſe* us: See your father, your mother, your ſiſter, and every-body, in tears. If you love us, ſmile upon us. He took the hand which her mother had quitted, to attend to her own emotions.

She reared up her eyes to him, and ſweetly condeſcending, tried to ſmile; but ſuch a ſolemnity had taken poſſeſſion of her features, that ſhe only could ſhew her obligingneſs by the effort. Her ſmile was a ſmile of woe. And, ſtill further to ſhew her compliance, withdrawing her hand from her brother, ſhe looked on either ſide of her; and ſeeing which was her mother, ſhe with both hands, took hers, and bowed her head upon it.

The marquis aroſe from his ſeat, his handkerchief at his eyes. Sweet creature, ſaid he! never, never let me again ſee ſuch a ſmile as that. It is *here*, putting his hand on his breaſt.

Camilla offered her a glaſs of lemonade; ſhe accepted it not, nor held up her head for a few moments.

Obliging ſiſter! you do not ſcorn us, ſaid the general. See, father Mareſcotti is in tears [The reverend man ſat next me]: Pity his grey hairs! See, your own father too—Comfort your father. *His* grief for your ſilence—

She caſt her eyes that way. She ſaw me: Saw me greatly affected. She ſtarted. She looked again; again ſtarted; and, quitting her mother's hand, now changing pale, now reddening, ſhe aroſe,

roſe, and threw her arms about her Camilla—O Camilla! was all ſhe ſaid; a violent burſt of tears wounding, yet giving ſome eaſe to every heart. I was ſpringing to her, and ſhould have claſped her in my arms before them all; but the general taking my hand, as I reached her chair, Dear Grandiſon, ſaid he, pronouncing in her ear my name, keep your ſeat. If Clementina remembers her Engliſh tutor, ſhe will bid you welcome once more to Bologna—O Camilla, ſaid ſhe, faithful, good Camilla! Now, at laſt, have you told me truth! It is, it is he!—And her tears *would* flow, as ſhe hid her face in Camilla's boſom.

The general's native pride again ſhewed itſelf. He took me aſide. I ſee, Grandiſon, the conſequence you are of to this unhappy girl: Every one ſees it. But I depend upon your honour: You remember what you ſaid this morning—

Good God! ſaid I, with ſome emotion: I ſtopt—And reſuming, with pride equal to his own, Know, Sir, that the man whom you thus remind, calls himſelf a man of honour; and you, as well as the reſt of the world, ſhall find him ſo.

He ſeemed a little abaſhed. I was flinging from him, not too angrily for *him*, but for the reſt of the company, had they not been attentive to the motions of their Clementina.

We, however, took the biſhop's eye. He came to us.

I left the general; and the biſhop led him out, in order to enquire into the occaſion of my warmth.

When I turned to the company, I found the dear Clementina, ſupported by the two Marchioneſſes, and attended by Camilla, juſt by me, paſſing towards the door, in order, it ſeems, at *her* motion to withdraw. She ſtopt. Ah, Chevalier! ſaid ſhe; and reclining her head on her mother's boſom, ſeemed ready to faint. I took one hand, as it hung down lifeleſsly extended (her mother held the other); and kneeling, preſſed it with my

lips—Forgive me, ladies; forgive me, Lady Clementina!—My ſoul overflowed with tenderneſs, though the moment before it was in a tumult of another kind; for ſhe caſt down her eyes upon me with a benignity, that for a long time they all afterwards owned they had not beheld. I could not ſay more. I aroſe. She moved on to the door; and when there, turned her head, ſtraining her neck to look after me, till ſhe was out of the room. I was a ſtatue for a few moments; till the count, ſnatching my hand, and father Mareſcotti's, who ſtood neareſt him, we ſee to what the malady is owing—Father, you muſt join their hands!—Chevalier! you will be a Catholic!—Will you not?—O that you would! ſaid the father—Why, why, joined in the Count, did we refuſe the ſo-earneſtly-requeſted interview a year and a half ago?

The young Marchioneſs returned weeping—They will not permit me to ſtay. My ſiſter, my dear ſiſter, is in fits!—O Sir, turning graciouſly to me, you *are*—I will not ſay *what* you are—But I ſhall not be in danger of diſobeying my lord, on your account.

Juſt then, entered the general, led in by the biſhop. Now, brother, ſaid the latter, if you will not be generous, be, however, juſt—Chevalier, were you not a little haſty?

I *was*, my lord. But ſurely the general was unſeaſonable.

Perhaps I was.

There is as great a triumph, my lord, ſaid I, in a due acknowledgement as in a victory. Know me, my lords, as a man incapable of meanneſs; who will aſſert himſelf; but who, from the knowledge he has of his own heart, wiſhes at his ſoul to be received as the unqueſtionably diſintereſted friend of this whole family. Excuſe me, my lords, I am obliged to talk greatly, becauſe I would not

wiſh

wiſh to act petulantly. But my ſoul is wounded by thoſe diſtreſſes, which had not, I am ſorry to ſay it, a little while ago, a firſt place in *your* heart.

Do you reproach me, Grandiſon?

I need not, my lord, if you *feel* it as ſuch. But indeed you either know not me, or forget yourſelf. And now, having ſpoken all my mind, I am ready to aſk your pardon for any thing that may have offended you in the manner. I ſnatched his hand ſo ſuddenly, I hoped not rudely, but rather fervently, that he ſtarted—Receive me, my lord, as a friend. I will *deſerve* your friendſhip.

Tell me, brother, ſaid he to the biſhop, what I ſhall ſay to this ſtrange man? Shall I be angry or pleaſed?

Be pleaſed, my lord, replied the prelate.

The general embraced me—Well, Grandiſon, you have overcome. I *was* unſeaſonable. You were paſſionate. Let us forgive each other.

His lady ſtood ſuſpended, not being able to gueſs at the occaſion of this behaviour, and renewed friendſhip.

We ſat down, and reaſoned variouſly on what had paſſed, with regard to the unhappy lady, according to the hopes and fears which actuated the boſoms of each.

But I cannot help thinking, that had this interview been allowed to paſs with leſs ſurpriſe to her, ſhe might have been ſpared thoſe fits, with the affecting deſcription of which the young Marchioneſs alarmed us; till Camilla came in with the happy news, that ſhe was recovering from them: and that her mother was promiſing her another viſit from me, in hopes it would oblige her; though it was not what ſhe required.

I took this opportunity to put into the hands of the young Marchioneſs, ſealed up, the opinions of the phyſicians I had conſulted in England, on the

caſe of Clementina: requeſting that ſhe would give it to her mother, in order to have it conſidered.

The biſhop withdrew, to acquaint Jeronymo, in the way he thought beſt, with what had paſſed in this firſt interview with his ſiſter; reſolving not to take any notice of the little ſally of warmth between the general and me.

I hope to make the pride and paſſion of this young nobleman of uſe to myſelf, by way of caution: For am I not naturally too much inclined to the ſame fault? O Dr Bartlett! how have I regreted the paſſion I ſuffered myſelf to be betrayed into, by the fooliſh violence of O'Hara and Salmonet, in my own houſe, when it would have better become me to have had them ſhewed out of it by my ſervants!

And yet, were I to receive affronts with tameneſs from thoſe haughty ſpirits, who think themſelves of a rank ſuperior to me, and from men of the ſword, I, who make it a principle not to draw mine but in my own defence, ſhould be ſubjected to inſults, that would be continually involving me in the difficulties I am ſolicitous to avoid.

I attended the general and his lady to Jeronymo. The generous youth forgot his own weak ſtate, in the hopes he flattered himſelf with, of a happy concluſion to the ſiſter's malady, from the change of ſymptoms which had already taken place; though violent hyſtericks diſordered and ſhook her before-wounded frame.

The general ſaid, that if ſhe could overcome this firſt ſhock, perhaps it was the beſt method that could have been taken to rouſe her out of that ſtupidity and inattention which had been for ſome weeks ſo diſturbing to them all.

There were no hopes of ſeeing the unhappy lady again that evening. The general would have accompanied

accompanied me to the Caſino *; ſaying, that we might both be diverted by an hour paſſed there: But I excuſed myſelf. My heart was full of anxiety for the welfare of a brother and ſiſter, both ſo much endeared to me by their calamities: And I retired to my lodgings.

LETTER XXX.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr* BARTLETT.

Bologna, Tueſday, May 16-27.

I HAD a very reſtleſs night; and found myſelf ſo much indiſpoſed in the morning with a feveriſh diſorder, that I thought of contenting myſelf with ſending to know how the brother and ſiſter reſted, and of ſtaying within, at leaſt till the afternoon, to give my hurried ſpirits ſome little repoſe: But my meſſenger returned with a requeſt from the Marchioneſs to ſee me preſently.

I obeyed. Clementina had aſked, whether ſhe had really ſeen me, or had only dreamed ſo. They took this for a favourable indication; and therefore ſent the above requeſt.

I met the general in Jeronymo's apartment. He took notice that I was not very well. Mr Lowther propoſed to bleed me. I conſented. I afterwards ſaw my friend's wounds dreſſed. The

* *The Caſino at Bologna is a fine apartment, illuminated every night, for the entertainment of the gentlemen and ladies of the city, and whomever they pleaſe to introduce. There are card-tables; and waiters attend with chocolate, coffee, ice. The whole expence is defrayed by twelve men of the firſt quality, each in turn taking his month.*

three ſurgeons pronounced appearances not to be unfavourable.

We all then retired into Mr Lowther's apartment. The biſhop introduced to us two of the faculty. The preſcriptions of the Engliſh phyſicians were conſidered; and ſome of the methods approved, and agreed to be purſued.

Clementina, when I came, was retired to her own apartment with Camilla. Her terrors on Laurana's cruelty had again got poſſeſſion of her imagination; and they thought it not adviſeable that I ſhould be admitted into her preſence, till the hurries ſhe was in, on that account, had ſubſided.

But by this time, being a little more compoſed, her mother led her into the dreſſing-room. The general and his lady were both preſent; and, by their deſire, I was aſked to walk in.

Clementina, when I entered, was ſitting cloſe to Camilla; her head leaning on her boſom, ſeemingly thoughtful. She raiſed her head, and looked towards me; and, claſping her arms about Camilla's neck, hid her face in *her* boſom for a few moments; then looking as baſhful towards me, ſhe looſed her hands, ſtood up, and looked ſteadily at me, and at Camilla, by turns, ſeveral times, as irreſolute. At laſt; quitting Camilla, ſhe moved towards me with a ſtealing pace; but when near me, turning ſhort, hurried to her mother; and putting one arm about her neck, the other held up, ſhe looked at me, as if ſhe were doubtful whom ſhe ſaw. She ſeemed to whiſper to her mother, but not to be underſtood. She went then by her ſiſter-in-law, who took her hand as ſhe paſſed her with both hers, and kiſſed it; and coming to the general, who ſat ſtill nearer me, and who had deſired me to attend to her motions, ſhe ſtood by him, and looked at me with a ſweet irreſolution.

As ſhe had ſtolen ſuch advances towards me, I could no longer reſtrain myſelf. I aroſe, and, taking her hand, Behold the man, ſaid I, with a bent knee, whom once you honoured with the name of tutor, your Engliſh tutor!——Know you not the grateful Grandiſon, whom all your family have honoured with their regard!

O yes!—Yes,—I think I do.—They rejoiced to hear her ſpeak.—But where have you been all this time?

In England, madam—But returned, *lately* returned, to viſit you and your Jeronymo.

Jeronymo! one hand held up; the other not withdrawn. Poor Jeronymo!

God be praiſed! ſaid the general: Some faint hopes. The two Marchioneſſes wept for joy.

Your Jeronymo, madam, and my Jeronymo, is, we hope, in a happy way. Do you love Jeronymo?

Do I?—But what of Jeronymo? I don't underſtand you.

Jeronymo, now you are well, will be happy.

I am well? Ah, Sir!——But ſave me, ſave me, Chevalier!—faintly ſcreaming, and looking about her, with a countenance of woe and terror.

I *will* ſave you, madam. The general will alſo protect you. Of whom are you afraid?

O the cruel, cruel Laurana!—She withdrew her hand in a hurry, and lifted up the ſleeve of the other arm—You ſhall ſee—O I have been cruelly uſed——But *you* will protect me.—Forbearing to ſhew her arm, as ſhe ſeemed to intend.

Laurana ſhall never more come near you.

But don't hurt her!—Come, ſit down by me, and I will tell you all I have ſuffered.

She hurried to her former ſeat; and ſat down by her weeping Camilla. I followed her. She motioned to me to ſit down by her.

Why,

Why, you muſt know, Chevalier—She pauſed—Ah my head! putting her hand to it—Well, but, now you muſt leave me. Something is wrong—leave me—I don't know myſelf—

Then looking with a face of averted terror at me—You are not the ſame man I talked to juſt now!—Who *are* you, Sir?—She again faintly ſhrieked, and threw her arms about Camilla's neck, once more hiding her face in her boſom.

I could not bear this. Not very well before, it was too much for me. I withdrew.

Don't withdraw, Chevalier, ſaid the general, drying his eyes.

I withdrew, however, to Mr Lowther's chamber. He not being there, I ſhut the door upon myſelf—So oppreſſed! my dear Dr Bartlett, I was greatly oppreſſed.

Recovering myſelf in a few moments, I went to Jeronymo. I had but juſt entered his chamber, when the general, who ſeemed unable to ſpeak, took my hand, and in ſilence led me to his mother's dreſſing-room. As we entered it, ſhe enquires after you, Chevalier, ſaid he, and laments your departure. She thinks ſhe has offended you. Thank God, ſhe has recollection!

When I went in, ſhe was in her mother's arms; her mother ſoothing her, and weeping over her.

See, ſee, my child, the Chevalier! you have *not* offended him.

She quitted her mother's arms. I approached her. I thought it was not *you* that ſat by me a while ago. But when you went away from me, I ſaw it could be nobody but you. Why did you go away? Was you angry?

I could not be angry, madam. You bid me leave you: And I obeyed.

Well, but now what ſhall I ſay to him, madam? I do not know what I would ſay. You, madam,

ſtepping

ſtepping with a haſty motion towards her ſiſter-in-law, will not tell Laurana any thing againſt me?

Unhappy hour, ſaid her mother, ſpeaking to the general, that I ever yielded to her going to the cruel Laurana!

The marchioneſs took her hand; I hate Laurana, my dear; I love no body but you.

Don't hate her, however.—Chevalier, whiſperingly, Who is this lady?

The general rejoiced at the queſtion; for this was the firſt time ſhe had ever taken any particular notice of his lady, or enquired who ſhe was, notwithſtanding her generous tenderneſs to her.

That lady is your ſiſter, your brother Signor Giacomo's wife—

My ſiſter! how can that be?—Where has ſhe been all this time?

Your ſiſter by marriage: Your elder brother's wife.

I don't underſtand it. But why, madam, did you not tell me ſo before? I wiſh you happy. Laurana would not let me be *her* couſin. Will *you* own me?

The young marchioneſs claſped her arms about her. My ſiſter, my friend, my dear Clementina! Call me your ſiſter, and I ſhall be happy!

What ſtrange things, ſaid ſhe, have come to paſs?

How did theſe dawnings of reaſon rejoice every one.

Sir, turning to the general, let me ſpeak with you.

She led him by the hand to the other end of the room.—Let nobody hear us, ſaid ſhe: Yet ſpoke not low. What had I to ſay?—I had ſomething to ſay to you very earneſtly. I don't know what.———

Well,

Well, don't puzzle yourſelf, my dear, to recollect it, ſaid the general. Your new ſiſter loves you. She is the beſt of women. She is the joy of my life. Love your new ſiſter, my Clementina.

So I will. Don't I love every body.

But you muſt love her better than any other woman, the beſt of mothers excepted. She is *my* wife, and *your* ſiſter; and ſhe loves both you and our dear Jeronymo.

And no-body elſe? Does ſhe love nobody elſe?

Whom elſe would you have her love?

I don't know. But every body, I think; for I do.

Whomever you love, ſhe will love. She is all goodneſs.

Why that's well. I will love her, now I know who ſhe is. But, Sir, I have ſome notion——

Of what, my dear?

I don't know. But pray, Sir, what brings the Chevalier over hither again?

To comfort you, your father, mother, Jeronymo: To comfort us all. To make us all well, and happy in each other.

Why that's very good. Don't *you* think ſo? But he was always good. Are you, brother, happy?

I am, and ſhould be more ſo, if you and Jeronymo were.

But that can never, never be.

God forbid! my ſiſter. The Chevalier has brought over with him a ſkilful man, who hopes to cure our Jeronymo—

Has the Chevalier done this? Why did he not do ſo before?

The general was a little diſconcerted; but generouſly ſaid, we were wrong; we took not right methods. I, for my part, wiſh we had followed his advice in every thing.

Bleſs

Bleſs me!—holding up one hand. How came all theſe things about!—Sir, Sir, with quickneſs—I will come again preſently, and was making to the door.

Camilla ſtept to her—Whither, whither, my dear young lady?—O! Camilla will do as well—Camilla, laying her hand upon her ſhoulder, go to father Mareſcotti—Tell him—There ſhe ſtopt: Then proceeding, Tell him I have ſeen a viſion—He ſhall pray for us all.

Then ſtepping to her mother, and taking her paſſive hand, ſhe kiſſed it, and ſtroked her own forehead and cheek with it—Love me, madam; love your child. *You* don't know, neither do I, what ails my poor head. Heal it! Heal it! with your gentle hand! Again ſtroking her forehead with it; then putting it to her heart.

The marchioneſs, kiſſing her forehead, made her face wet with her tears.

Shall I, ſaid Camilla, go to father Mareſcotti?

No, ſaid the general, except ſhe repeats her commands. Perhaps ſhe has forgot him already—She ſaid no more of father Mareſcotti.

The marchioneſs thinks that ſhe had ſome confuſed notions of the former enmity of the general and father to me; and finding the former reconciled, wanted the father to be ſo too, and to pray for us all.

I was willing, my dear Dr Bartlett, to give you minutely the workings of the poor lady's mind on our two firſt interviews. Every body is rejoiced at ſo hopeful an alteration already.

We all thought it beſt, now, that ſhe had ſo ſurpriſingly taken a turn, from obſerving a profound ſilence, to ſo free talking, and ſhewn herſelf able, with very little incoherence, to purſue a diſcourſe, that ſhe ſhould not exhauſt herſelf; and Camilla was directed to court her into her own dreſſing room, and endeavour to engage her on ſome indifferent

different ſubjects. I aſked her leave to withdraw: She gave it me readily, with theſe words, I ſhall ſee you again, I hope, before you go to England.

Often I hope, very often, anſwered the general for me.

That is very good, ſaid ſhe; and, courteſying to me, went up with Camilla.

We all went into Jeronymo's apartment; and the young marchioneſs rejoiced him with the relation of what had paſſed. That generous friend was for aſcribing to my preſence the hoped-for happy alteration; while the general declared, that he never would have her contradicted for the future in any reaſonable requeſt ſhe ſhould make.

The count her uncle, and Signor Sebaſtiano his eldeſt ſon, are ſet out for Urbino. They took leave of me at my lodgings. He hoped, he ſaid, that all would be happy; and that I would be a Catholic.

I HAVE received a large pacquet of letters from England.

I approve of all you propoſe, my dear Dr Bartlett. You ſhall not, you ſay, be eaſy, except I will inſpect your accounts. Don't refuſe to give your own worthy heart any ſatisfaction that it can receive, by conſulting your true friend: But otherwiſe, you need not aſk my conſent to any thing you ſhall think fit to do. Of one thing, methinks, I could be glad that only ſuch children of the poor as ſhew a peculiar ingenuity, have any great pains taken with them in their *books*. Huſbandry and labour are what are moſt wanting to be encouraged among the lower claſs of people. Providence has given to men different geniuſſes and capacities, for different ends; and that all might become uſeful links of the ſame great chain. Let us apply thoſe talents to labour, thoſe to learning, thoſe to trade, to mechanics, in their different branches,

branches, which point out the different purſuits, and then no perſon will be unuſeful; on the contrary, every one may be eminent in ſome way or other. Learning of itſelf never made any man happy. The ploughman makes fewer miſtakes in the conduct of life than the ſcholar, becauſe the ſphere in which he moves is a more contracted one. But if a genius ariſe, let us encourage it: There will be ruſtics enough to do the common ſervices for the finer ſpirits, and to carry on the buſineſs of the world, if we do not, by our own indiſcriminate good offices, contribute to their miſapplication.

I will write to congratulate Lord W. and his lady. I rejoice exceedingly in their happineſs.

I will alſo write to my Beauchamp, and to Lady Beauchamp to give her joy on her enlarged heart. Surely, Dr Bartlett, human nature is not ſo bad a thing as ſome diſgracers of their own ſpecies have imagined. I have, on many occaſions, found, that it is but applying properly to the paſſions of perſons, who, though they have not been very remarkable for benevolence, may yet be induced to do right things in *ſome* manner, if not always in the *moſt graceful*. But as it is an obſervation, that the miſer's feaſt is often the moſt ſplendid, ſo may we ſay, as in the caſes of Lord W. and Lady Beauchamp, the one to her ſon-in-law, the other to his lady and nieces, that when ſuch perſons are brought to taſte the ſweets of a generous and beneficent action, they are able to behave greatly. We ſhould not too ſoon, and without making *proper* applications, give up perſons of ability or power, upon conceptions of their general characters; and then, with the herd, ſet our faces againſt them, as if we knew them to be incorrigible. How many ways are there to overcome perſons, who may not, however, be naturally benefi-

cent! Policy, a regard for outward appearances, oſtentation, love of praiſe, will ſometimes have great influences: And not ſeldom is the requeſter of a favour himſelf in fault, who perhaps ſhews as much *ſelf* in the application, as the refuſer does in the denial.

Let Charlotte know, that I will write to her when *ſhe gives me a ſubject.*

I will write to Lord and Lady L. by the next mail. To write to either, is to write to both.

I have already anſwered Emily's favour. I am very glad that her mother and her mother's huſband are ſo wiſe as to purſue their own intereſt in their behaviour to that good girl, and their happineſs in their conduct to each other.

My poor couſin Grandiſon—I am concerned for him. I have had a very affecting letter from him. But I ſee the proud man in it, valuing himſelf on his knowledge of the world, and rather vexed to be over-reached by the common artifices of ſome of the worſt people in it, than from right principles. I know not what I can do for him, except I were on the ſpot. I am grieved that he has not profited by other men's wiſdom: I wiſh he may by his own experience. I will write to him; yet neither to reproach him, nor to extenuate his folly, though I wiſh to free him from the conſequences of it.

I write to my aunt Eleanor, to congratulate and welcome her to London. I hope to find her there on my return from Italy.

The unhappy Sir Hargrave! The ſtill unhappier Merceda! What ſport have they made with their health, in the prime of their days; and with ther reputation! How poor would have been their triumph, had they eſcaped, by a flight ſo ignominious, the due reward of their iniquitous contrivances! But to meet with ſuch a diſgraceful puniſhment,

ment, and ſo narrowly to eſcape a ſtill *more* diſgraceful one--Tell me, can the poor men look out into open day?

But poor Bagenhall! ſunk as he is almoſt beneath pity, what can be ſaid of him?

We ſee, Dr Bartlett, in the behaviour, and ſordid acquieſcence with inſults, of theſe three men, that offenſive ſpirits cannot be true ones.

If you have any call or inclination to go to London, I am ſure you will look in upon the little Oldhams, and their mother.

My compliments to the young officer. I am glad he is pleaſed with what has been done for him.

I have letters from Paris. I am greatly pleaſed with what is done, and doing there, in purſuance of my directions, relating to good Mr Danby's legacy.

As he gained a great part of his conſiderable fortune in France, I think it would have been agreeable to him to find out there half of the objects of his benevolence: Why elſe named he France in his will?

The *intention* of the bequeather, in doubtful caſes, ought always to be conſidered: And another caſe has offered, which, I think, as there is a large ſurplus in my hands, after having done by his relations more than they expected, and full as much as is neceſſary to put them in a flouriſhing way, I ought to conſider in that light.

Mr Danby, at his ſetting out in life, owed great obligations to a particular family, then in affluent circumſtances. This family fell, by unavoidable accidents, into indigence. Its deſcendants were numerous. Mr Danby uſed to confer on no leſs than ſix grand-daughters, and four grand-ſons, of this family, an annual bounty, which kept them juſt above want. And he had put them in hopes that he would cauſe it to be continued to them, as

long as they were unprovided for: The elder girls were in ſervices; the younger were brought up to be qualified for the ſame uſeful way of life: The ſons were neither idle or vicious. I cannot but think, that it was his *intention* to continue his bounty to them by his laſt will, had he not forgot them when he gave orders for drawing it up; which was not till he thought himſelf in a dying way.

Proper enquiries have been made; and this affair is ſettled. The numerous family think themſelves happy. And the ſuppoſed intention of my deceaſed friend is fully anſwered; and no legatee a ſufferer.

You kindly, my dear Dr Bartlett, regret the diſtance we are at from each other. I am the loſer by it, and not you: ſince I give you, by pen and ink, almoſt as minute an account of my proceedings as I could do were we converſing together: Such are your expectations upon, and ſuch is the obedience of,

Your ever affectionate and filial Friend,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXI.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

June 12-23.

WE have now, thank God, ſome hopes of our Jeronymo. The opening made below the great wound anſwers happily its intention; and that in the ſhoulder is once more in a fine way.

Lady Clementina has been made to underſtand that he is better; and this good news, and the method ſhe is treated with, partly in purſuance of the

the advice of the Engliſh phyſicians, leave us not without hopes of her recovery.

The general and his lady are gone to Naples, in much higher ſpirits than when they left that city. His lady ſeconding his earneſt invitation, I was not able to deny them the promiſe of a viſit there.

Every one endeavours to ſoothe and humour Lady Clementina; and the whole family is now ſatisfied, that this was the method which always ought to have been taken with her; and lay to the charge of Lady Sforza and Laurana perhaps much deeper views than they had at firſt; though they might enlarge them afterwards, and certainly did extend them, when the poor lady was deemed irrecoverable.

Let me account to you, my dear friend, for my ſilence of near a month ſince the date of my laſt.

For a fortnight together I was every day once with Lady Clementina. She took no ſmall pleaſure in ſeeing me. She was very various all that time in her abſences; ſometimes ſhe had ſenſible intervals, but they were not durable. She generally rambled much; and was very incoherent. Sometimes ſhe fell into her ſilent fits: But they ſeldom laſted long when I came. Sometimes ſhe aimed to ſpeak to me in Engliſh: But her ideas were too much unfixed, and her memory too much ſhattered, to make herſelf underſtood for a ſentence together, in the tongue ſhe had ſo lately learned, and for ſome time diſuſed. Yet, on the whole, her reaſon ſeemed to gather ſtrength. It was a heavy fortnight to me; and the heavier, as I was not very well myſelf—Yet I was loth to forbear my daily viſits.

Mrs Beaumont, at the fortnight's end, made the family and me a viſit of three days. In that

ſpace Lady Clementina's abſences were ſtronger, but leſs frequent than before.

I had, by letter, been all this time preparing the perſons who had the management of Mr Jervois's affairs, to adjuſt, finally, the account relating to his eſtate, which remained unſettled; and they let me know, that they were quite ready to put the laſt hand to them. It was neceſſary for me to attend thoſe gentlemen in perſon: And as Mrs Beaumont could not conveniently ſtay any longer than the three days, I acquainted the Marchioneſs, that I ſhould do myſelf the honour of attending her to Florence.

As well Mrs Beaumont as the marchioneſs, and the biſhop, thought I ſhould communicate my intention, and the neceſſity of purſuing it, to Lady Clementina; leſt, on her miſſing me, ſhe ſhould be impatient, and we ſhould loſe the ground we had gained.

I laid before the young lady, in preſence of her mother and Mrs Beaumont, in a plain and ſimple manner, my obligation to leave her for a few days, and the reaſon for it. To Florence! ſaid ſhe: Does not Lady Olivia live at Florence?—She does uſually, anſwered Mrs Beaumont: But ſhe is abroad on her travels.

Well, Sir, it is not for me to detain you, if you have buſineſs: But what will become of my poor Jeronymo in the mean time?—But, before I could anſwer, What a ſilly queſtion is that!—I will be his comforter.

Father Mareſcotti juſt then entered—O father! rambled the poor lady, you have not prayed with me for a long time. O, Sir, I am an undone creature! I am a loſt ſoul!—She fell on her knees, and with tears bemoaned herſelf.

She endeavoured, after this, to recollect what ſhe had been talking of before. We make it a rule not to ſuffer her, if we can help it, to puzzle and perplex

plex herſelf, by aiming at recollection; and therefore I told her what was our ſubject. She fell into it again with chearfulneſs—Well, Sir, and when may Jeronymo expect you again?—In about ten days, I told her. And taking her hint, I added, that I doubted not but ſhe would comfort Signor Jeronymo in my abſence. She promiſed ſhe would; and wiſhed me happy.

I attended Mrs Beaumont accordingly. I concluded, to my ſatisfaction, all that remained unadjuſted of my Emily's affairs, in two days after my arrival at Florence. I had a happy two days more with Mrs Beaumont, and the ladies her friends; and I ſtole a viſit out of the ten days to the Count of Belvedere at Parma.

This excurſion was of benefit to my health; and having had a letter from Mr Lowther, as I had deſired, at Modena, in my way to Parma, with very favourable news, in relation both to the ſiſter and brother, I returned to Bologna, and met with a joyful reception from the marquis, his lady, the biſhop, and Jeronymo; who all joined to give me a ſhare in the merit that was principally due to Mr Lowther, and his aſſiſtants, with regard to the brother's amendment, and to their own ſoothing methods of treating the beloved ſiſter; who followed ſtrictly the preſcriptions of her phyſicians.

I was introduced to Lady Clementina by her mother, attended only by Camilla. The young lady met me at the entrance of her anti-chamber, with a dignity like that which uſed to diſtinguiſh her in her happier days. You are welcome, Chevalier, ſaid ſhe: But you kept not your time. I have ſet it down; pulling out her pocket-book—Ten days, madam: I told you ten days. I am exactly to my time—You ſhall ſee that: I cannot be miſtaken, ſmiling. But her ſmiles were not quite her own.

She

She referred me to her book. You have reckoned two days twice over, madam. See here.

Is it poſſible?—I once, Sir, was a better accomptant. Well, but we will not ſtand upon two days in ſo many. I have taken great care of Jeronymo in your abſence. I have attended him ſeveral times; and would have ſeen him oftener; but they told me there was no need.

I thanked her for her care of my friend—

That's good enough, ſaid ſhe, to thank me for the care of myſelf. Jeronymo is myſelf.

Signor Jeronymo, replied I, cannot be dearer to his ſiſter than he is to me.

You are a good man, returned ſhe; and laid her hand upon my arm; I always ſaid ſo. But Chevalier, I have quite forgot my Engliſh. I ſhall never recover it. What happy times were thoſe when I was innocent, and was learning Engliſh!

My beloved young lady, ſaid Camilla, was always innocent.

No, Camilla!—No!—And then ſhe began to ramble—And taking Camilla under the arm, whiſpering, Let us go together to that corner of the room, and pray to God to forgive us. You, Camilla, have been wicked as well as I.

She went and kneeled down, and held up her hands in ſilence: Then riſing, ſhe came to her mother, and kneeled to her, her hands lifted up—Forgive me, forgive your poor child, my mamma!

God bleſs my child! Riſe, my love!—I do forgive you!—But do you forgive me, tears trickling down her cheeks, for ever ſuffering you to go out of my own ſight? for delivering you into the management of leſs kind, and leſs indulgent relations?

And God forgive *them* too, riſing. Some of them made me crazy, and then upbraided me with being ſo. God forgive them! I do.

She then came to me; and, to my great ſurprize, dropt down on one knee. I could not, for a few moments,

moments, tell what to do, or what to ſay to her. Her hands held up, her fine eyes ſupplicating—Pray, Sir, forgive me!

Humour, humour the dear creature, Chevalier, ſaid her mother ſobbing.

Forgive you, madam!—Forgive you, dear lady! for what?—You have not offended! You could not offend.

I raiſed her; and, taking her hand, preſſed it with my lips! Now, madam, forgive *me*—For this freedom forgive me!

O Sir, I have given you, I have given every body trouble!—I am an unhappy creature; and God and you are angry with me—And will you not ſay you forgive me?

Humour her, Chevalier.

I do, I do forgive you, moſt excellent of women.

She heſitated a little; then turned round to Camilla, who ſtood at a diſtance weeping; and running to her, caſt herſelf into her arms, hiding her face in her boſom—Hide me, hide me, Camilla! What have I done! I have kneeled to a man!—She put her arm under Camilla's, and hurried out of the room with her.

Her mother ſeeing me in ſome confuſion, Rejoice with me, Chevalier, ſaid ſhe, yet weeping, that we ſee, though her reaſon is imperfect, ſuch happy ſymptoms. Our child will, I truſt in God, be once more our own. And you will be the happy inſtrument of reſtoring her to us.

The marquis and the biſhop were informed of what had paſſed. They alſo rejoiced in theſe further day-breaks, as they called them, of their Clementina's reaſon.

You will obſerve, my dear Dr Bartlett, that I only aim to give you an account of the greater and more viſible changes that happen in the mind of this unhappy lady; omitting thoſe converſations between her and her friends, in which her ſituation

tion varied but little from thoſe before deſcribed. By this means you will be able to trace the ſteps to that recovery of her reaſon, which we preſume to hope will be the return of your fervent prayer and humble endeavours.

LETTER XXXII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

Bologna, June 13-24.

THE Conte della Porretta, and his two ſons, came hither yeſterday, to rejoice on the hopeful proſpects before us.

I thought I ſaw a little ſhyneſs and reſerve ſit upon the brow of the marchioneſs, which I had not obſerved till the arrival of the Count. A complaiſance that was too civil for friendſhip, for *our* friendſhip. I never permit a cloud to hang for one hour upon the brow of a friend, without examining into the reaſon of it, in hopes it may be in my power to diſpel it. An abatement in the friend of one I love is a charge of unworthineſs upon me, that I muſt endeavour to obviate the moment I ſuſpect it. I deſired a private audience of the good lady.

She favoured me with it at the firſt word. But as ſoon as I had opened my heart to her, ſhe aſked, If father Mareſcotti, who loved me, ſhe ſaid, as if I were his own ſon, might be allowed to be preſent at our converſation? I was a little ſtartled at the queſtion, but anſwered, By all means.

The father was ſent to, and came. Tender concern and reſerve were both apparent in his countenance. This ſhewed that he was appriſed of the occaſion of the marchioneſs's reſerve; and expected to be called upon, or employed in the explanation, had I *not* demanded it.

I repeated,

I repeated, before him, what I had ſaid to the marchioneſs, of the reſerve that I had thought I ſaw ſince yeſterday in one of the moſt benign countenances in the world.

Chevalier, ſaid ſhe, if you think that every one of our family, as well thoſe of Urbino and Naples as thoſe of this place, do not love you as one of their own family, you do not do us juſtice.

She then enumerated and exaggerated their obligations to me. I truly told her, that I could not do leſs than I had done, and anſwer it to my own heart.

Leave *us*, replied ſhe, to judge for ourſelves on this ſubject. And, for God's ſake, do not think us capable of ingratitude. We begin with pleaſure to ſee the poor child, after a courſe of ſufferings and diſtreſſes, that few young creatures have gone thro', reviving to our hopes. She muſt in gratitude, in honour, in juſtice, be yours, if you require her of us, and upon the terms you have formerly propoſed.

I think ſo, ſaid the father.

What can I ſay? proceeded ſhe: We are all diſtreſſed. I am put upon a taſk that grieves me. Eaſe my heart, Chevalier, by ſparing my ſpeech.

Explain yourſelf no further, madam: I fully underſtand you. I will not impute ingratitude to any heart in this family. Tell me, father Mareſcotti, if you can allow for *me*, as I could for *you*, were you in my circumſtances (and you cannot be better ſatisfied in your religion than I am in mine), tell me, by what you *could do*, what I *ought*.

There is no anſwering a caſe ſo ſtrongly put, replied the father. But can a falſe religion, an hereſy, perſuade an ingenuous mind as ſtrongly as the true?

Dear father Mareſcotti, you know you have ſaid nothing: It would ſound harſhly to repeat your own queſtion; yet that is all that I need to do. But let

us

us continue our prayers, that the deſireable work may be perfected: That Lady Clementina may be quite recovered. You have ſeen, madam, that I have not offered to give myſelf conſequence with her. You ſee the diſtance I have obſerved to her: You ſee nothing in her, not even in her moſt afflicting reveries, that can induce you to think that ſhe has marriage in view. As I told your ladyſhip at firſt, I have but one wiſh at preſent; and that is her perfect recovery.

What, father, can we ſay? reſumed the marchioneſs. Adviſe us, Chevalier. You know our ſituation. But do not, do not impute ingratitude to us. Our child's ſalvation, in our own opinion, is at ſtake—If ſhe be yours, ſhe will not be long a Catholic—Once more, adviſe us.

You generouſly, I know, madam, think you ſpeak in time, both for the young lady's ſake and mine. You ſay ſhe ſhall be mine upon the terms I formerly offered, if I inſiſt upon it. I have told the general, that I will have the conſent of all three brothers, as well as yours, madam, and your good lord's, or I will not hope for the honour of your alliance: And I have declared to you, that I look upon myſelf as bound; upon you all as free. If you think that the ſenſe of ſuppoſed obligation, as Lady Clementina advances in her health, may engage her further than you wiſh, let me decline my viſits by degrees, in order to leave her as diſengaged as poſſible in her own mind; and that I may not be thought of conſequence to her recovery. In the firſt place, I will make my promiſed viſit to the general. You ſee ſhe was not the worſe, but perhaps the better, for my abſence of ten days. I will paſs twenty, if you pleaſe, at Rome, and at Naples, holding myſelf in readineſs to return poſt at the firſt call. Let us determine nothing in the interim. Depend upon the honour of a man, who once more aſſures you, that he

looks upon himſelf as bound, and the lady free, and who will act accordingly by her, and all your family.

They were both ſilent, and looked upon each other.

What *ſay* you, madam, to this propoſal? What *ſay* you, father Mareſcotti? Could I think of a more diſintereſted one, I would make it.

I ſay, you are a wonderful man.

I have not words, reſumed the lady—She wept. Hard, hard fate! The man, that of all men—

There ſhe ſtopt. The father was preſent, or, perhaps, ſhe had ſaid more.

Shall we, ſaid ſhe, acquaint Jeronymo with this converſation?

It may diſturb him, replied I. You know, madam, his generous attachment to me. I have promiſed the general a viſit. Signor Jeronymo was as much pleaſed with the promiſe as with the invitation. The performance will add to his pleaſure. He may get more ſtrength: Lady Clementina may be ſtill better: And you will, from events ſo happy, be able to reſolve. Still be pleaſed to remember, that I hold myſelf bound, yourſelves to be free.

Yet I thought at the time, with a concern, that perhaps was too viſible, When ſhall I meet with the returns which my proud heart challenges as its due? But then my pride (ſhall I call it?) came in to my relief—Great God! I thank thee, thought I, that thou enableſt me to do what my conſcience, what humanity tells me is fit and right to be done, without taking my meaſures of right and wrong from any other ſtandard.

Father Mareſcotti ſaw me affected. Tears ſtood in his eyes. The Marchioneſs was ſtill more concerned. She called me the moſt generous of men, took a reſpectful leave, and withdrew to Jeronymo.

As I was intending to return to my lodgings, in order to try to calm there my diſturbed mind, the Marquis and his brother, and the biſhop, ſent for me into the Marchioneſs's drawing-room, where were ſhe and father Mareſcotti; who had acquainted them with what had paſſed between her, himſelf, and me.

The biſhop aroſe and embraced me—Dear Grandiſon, ſaid he, how I admire you!—Why, why will you not let me call you brother?—Were a prince your competitor, and you would be a Catholic—

O that you would! ſaid the Marchioneſs; her hands and eyes lifted up.

And will you not? Can you not, my dear Chevalier, ſaid the Count.

That, my lord, is a queſtion kindly put, as it ſhews your regard for me—But it is not to be anſwered now.

The Marquis took my hand. He applauded the diſintereſtedneſs of my behaviour to his family. He approved of my propoſal of abſence; but ſaid, that I muſt myſelf undertake to manage that part, not only with their Clementina, but with Jeronymo, whoſe grateful heart would otherwiſe be uneaſy, on a ſurmiſe, that the motion came not from myſelf, but them.

We will not reſolve upon any meaſures, ſaid he. God continue and improve our proſpects, and the reſult we will leave to his Providence.

I went from them directly to Jeronymo, and told him of my intended journey.

He aſked me what would become of Clementina in the mean time? Was there not too great a danger that ſhe would go back again?

I told him I would not go but with her approbation.

I pleaded

I pleaded my laſt abſence of ten days in favour of my intention. Her recovery, ſaid I, muſt be a work of time. If I am of the conſequence your friendſhip for me ſuppoſes, her attention will probably be more engaged by ſhort abſences, and the expectations raiſed by them, than by daily viſits. I remember not, my dear Jeronymo, continued I, a ſingle inſtance that could induce any one to imagine, that your Clementina's regard for the man you favour was a perſonal one. Friendſhip never lighted up a purer flame in a human heart, than in that of your ſiſter. Was not the future happineſs of the man ſhe eſteemed, the conſtant, I may ſay, the *only* object of her cares? In the height of her malady did ſhe not declare, that were that great article but probably ſecured, ſhe would reſign her life with pleaſure?

True, very true: Clementina is an excellent creature: She ever was. And you only can deſerve her. O that ſhe could be now worthy of you! But are my father, mother, brother, willing to part with you? Do they not, for Clementina's ſake, make objections?

The laſt abſence ſitting ſo eaſy on her mind, they doubt not but frequent abſences may excite her attention.

Well, well, I acquieſce. The general and his lady will rejoice to ſee you. I muſt not be too ſelfiſh. God preſerve you where-ever you go!—Only let not the gentle heart of Clementina be wounded by your abſence. Don't let her miſs you.

To-morrow, replied I, I will conſult her. She ſhall determine for me.

LETTER XXXIII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In continuation.*

June 14-25.

HAVING the honour of an invitation to a converſation-viſit, to the Cardinal-legate, and to meet there the Gonfalonier, I went to the palace of Porretta in the morning.

After ſitting about half an hour with my friend Jeronymo, I was admitted in the preſence of Lady Clementina. Her parents and the biſhop were with her. Clementina, Chevalier, ſaid her mother, was enquiring for you. She is deſirous to recover her Engliſh. Are you willing, Sir, to undertake your pupil again?

Ay, Chevalier, ſaid the young lady, thoſe were happy times, and I want to recover them. I want to be as happy as I was then.

You have not been very well, madam; And is it not better to defer our lectures for ſome days, till you are quite eſtabliſhed in your health?

Why, that is the thing. I know I have been very ill: I know that I am not yet quite well; and I *want* to be ſo: And that is the reaſon that I would recover my Engliſh.

You will ſoon recover it, madam, when you begin. But at preſent, the thought, the memory it would require you to exert, would perplex you. I am afraid the ſtudy would rather retard than forward your recovery.

Why, now, I did not expect this from you, Sir. My mamma has conſented.

I did, my dear, becauſe I would deny you nothing that your heart was ſet upon: But the Chevalier has given you ſuch good reaſons to ſuſpend his lectures, that I wiſh you would not be earneſt in your requeſt.

But

But I can't help it, madam. I want to be happy.

Well, madam, let us begin now. What Engliſh book have you at hand?

I don't know. But I will fetch one.

She ſtept out, Camilla after her; and, poor lady! forgetting her purpoſe, brought down ſome of her own work, the firſt thing that came to hand, out of a drawer that ſhe pulled out in her dreſſing-room, inſtead of looking into her book-caſe. It is an unfiniſhed piece of Noah's ark, and the riſing deluge; the execution admirable. And, coming to me, I wonder where it has lain all this time. Are you a judge of women's works, Chevalier?

She went to the table—Come hither, and ſit down by me. I did. Madam, to her mother; my lord, to her brother (for the Marquis withdrew in grief, upon this inſtance of her wandering), come and ſit down by the Chevalier and me. They did. She ſpread it on the table, and, in an attentive poſture, her elbow on the table, her head on one hand, pointing with the finger of the other—Now tell me your opinion of this work.

I praiſed, as it deſerved, the admirable finger of the workwoman. Do you know, that's *mine*, Sir? ſaid ſhe: But tell me (every body can praiſe), Do you ſee no fault?—I think *that* is one, ſaid I; and pointed to a diſproportion that was pretty obvious.—Why ſo it is. I never knew you to be a flatterer.

Men who can find faults more gracefully, ſaid the biſhop, than others praiſe, need not flatter. Why that's true, ſaid ſhe. She ſighed; I was happy when I was about this work. And the drawing was my own too, after—after—I forget the painter—But you think it tolerable—Do you?

I think it, upon the whole, very fine. If you would rectify that one fault, it would be a maſterpiece.

Well, I think I'll try, ſince you like it. She rolled it up—Camilla, let it be put on my toilette. I am glad the Chevalier likes it. But, Sir, if I am not at a loſs; for my head is not as it ſhould be—

Poor lady! She loſt what ſhe was going to ſay—She pauſed as if ſhe would recollect it—Do you know, at laſt ſaid ſhe, what is the matter with my head? putting her hand to her forehead—Such a ſtrange confuſion juſt here! And ſo ſtupid!—She ſhut her eyes. She laid her head on her mother's ſhoulder, who dropped an involuntary tear on her forehead.

The biſhop was affected. Can you, Chevalier, whiſpered he, ſuppoſe this dear creature's reaſon in your power, and yet with-hold it from her?

Ah, my lord, ſaid I, how cruel!—

She raiſed her head; and, taking her mother's and Camilla's offered ſalts, ſmelt to them in turn—I think I am a little better. Were you, Chevalier, ever in ſuch a ſtrange way?—I hope not—God preſerve all people from being as I have been!—Why now you are all affected. Why do you all weep? What have I ſaid? God forbid, that I ſhould afflict any body—Ah! Chevalier! and laid her hand upon my arm, God will bleſs you. I always ſaid you were a tender-hearted man. God will pity him that can pity another!—But, brother, my Lord, I have not been at church of a long time: Have I? How long is it?—Where is the general? Where is my uncle?——Laurana! poor Laurana! God forgive her; ſhe is gone to anſwer for all her unkindneſs—And ſhe ſaid ſhe was ſorry, did ſhe?

Thus rambled the poor lady! What, my dear Dr Bartlett, can be more affecting than theſe abſences, theſe reveries, of a mind once ſo ſound and ſenſible!

She withdrew at her own motion with Camilla; and we had no thoughts of communicating to her,

at

at that time, my intentional abſence. But as I was about taking my leave for the day, Camilla came into Jeronymo's chamber, where I was, and told me, that her young lady was very ſedate, and deſired to ſee me if I were not gone.

She led me into Clementina's dreſſing-room, where was preſent the Marchioneſs only, who ſaid, ſhe thought I might appriſe her daughter of my propoſed journey to Naples; and ſhe herſelf began the ſubject.

My dear, ſaid ſhe, the Chevalier has been acquainting my lord and me with an engagement he is under to viſit your brother Giacomo, and his lady at Naples.

That is a vaſt journey, ſaid ſhe.

Not for the Chevalier, my dear. He is uſed to travel.

Only for a viſit!—Is it not better, Sir, for you to ſtay here where every-body loves you?

The general, my dear, and his lady, love the Chevalier.

May be ſo. But did you promiſe them, Sir?

I did, madam.

Why then you muſt perform your promiſe. But it was not kind in them to engage you.

Why ſo, my dear? aſked her mother.

Why ſo! Why what will poor Jeronymo do for his friend?

Jeronymo has conſented, my dear. He thinks the journey will do the Chevalier good.

Nay, then—Will the journey do you good, Sir? If it will, I am ſure Jeronymo would not for the world detain you.

Are you willing, my dear, that the Chevalier ſhould go?

Yes, ſurely, madam, if it will do him good. I would lay down my life to do him good. Can we ever requite him for his goodneſs to us?

Grateful

Grateful heart! ſaid her mother, tears in her eyes.

Gratitude, piety, ſincerity, and every duty of the ſocial life, are conſtitutional virtues in this lady. No diſturbance of mind can weaken, much leſs efface them.

Shall you not want to ſee him in his abſence?

Perhaps I may: But what then? if it be for his good, you know——

Suppoſe, my dear, we could obtain the favour of Mrs Beaumont's company, while the Chevalier is gone?

I ſhould be glad.

Mrs Beaumont is all goodneſs, ſaid I. I will endeavour to engage her. I can go by ſea to Naples, and then Florence will be in my way.

Florence! Ay, and then you may ſee Olivia too, you know.

Olivia is not in Italy, madam. She is on her travels.

Nay, I am not againſt your ſeeing Olivia, if it will do you good to ſee her.

You don't love Olivia, my dear, ſaid her mother.

Why, not much—But *will* you ſend Mrs Beaumont to keep me company?

I hope, madam, I may be able to engage her.

And how long ſhall you be gone?

If I go by ſea, I ſhall return by the way of Rome: And ſhall make my abſence longer or ſhorter, as I ſhall hear how my Jeronymo does, or as he will, or will not diſpenſe with it.

That is very good of you—But, but—Suppoſe—(a ſweet bluſh overſpread her face)—I don't know what I would ſay—But, for Jeronymo's ſake, don't ſtay longer than will do you good. No need of *that*, you know.

Sweet creature! ſaid the mother.

Did

Did you call *me* ſo, madam! wrapping her arms about her, and hiding her faintly-bluſhing face in her boſom. Then raiſing it up, her arms ſtill folded about her mother: As long as I have my mamma with me, I am happy. Don't let me be ſent away from you again, my mamma. I will do every thing you bid me do. I never was diſobedient —Was I? Fie upon me, if I was!

No, never, never, my deareſt life.

So I hoped. For when I knew nothing, this I uſed to ſay over my beads: Gracious Father! let me never forget my duty to Thee, and to my parents! I was afraid I *might*, as I remembered nothing —But that was partly owing to Laurana. Poor Laurana! She has now anſwered for it. I would pray her out of her pains if I could. Yet ſhe *did* torment me.

She has entertained a notion that Laurana is dead: And as it has removed that terror which ſhe uſed to have, at her very name, they intend not to undeceive her. But, Dr Bartlett, well or ill, did you ever know a more excellent creature?

Well, Sir, and ſo you *muſt* go—She quitted her mother, and with a dignity like that which uſed to diſtinguiſh her, ſhe returned to me; and gracefully waving one hand, while ſhe held up the other —God preſerve you where-ever you go! You *muſt* go from friend to friend, were it all the world over. You will let Jeronymo hear oftener from you —Won't you?—Pray do. And I will, in every viſit I make to him, enquire when he heard from his friend. Adieu, Sir: Adieu.

I had not intended then to take my leave of her; but, as ſhe anticipated me, I thought it right to do ſo; and reſpectfully bowing on her hand, withdrew, followed by her eyes and her bleſſings.

I went to Jeronymo. The marchioneſs came to me there; and was of opinion with me, that I ſhould take this as a farewell-viſit to her Clementina;

tina; and to-morrow (ſooner by two days than I intended) I propoſe to ſet out for Florence, in hopes to engage for them Mrs Beaumont's company.

Mr Lowther will write to me at all opportunities: And, perhaps, you will not, for ſome weeks, hear further from

Your ever affectionate
CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXIV.

Miſs BYRON, *To Lady* G.

Thurſday, May 11.

I WRITE on purpoſe to acquaint you that I have had a viſit from Lady Olivia. She dined with me; and is juſt ſet out for Northampton. We all joined, in the moſt cordial manner, to entreat her to favour us with her company till morning: But ſhe was not to be prevailed upon. Every one of us equally admires and pities her. Indeed ſhe is a finer woman than you, Lady G. would allow her to be, in the debate between us in town on that ſubject.

After dinner ſhe deſired a quarter of an hour's diſcourſe with me alone. We retired into the cedar-parlour.

She opened, as ſhe ſaid, her *whole* heart to me. What an hatred has ſhe to the noble Lady Clementina! She ſometimes frighted me by her threatenings—Poor unwomanly lady!

I took the liberty to blame her. I told her, ſhe muſt excuſe me; it was ever my way with thoſe I reſpected.

She would fain have got me to own that I loved Sir Charles Grandiſon. I acknowledged gratitude and eſteem—But as there are no proſpects (*hopes* I had like to have ſaid), I would go no further. But ſhe

ſhe was ſure it was ſo. I *did* ſay, and I am in earneſt, that I never could be ſatisfied with a divided heart. She claſped me in her arms upon this, and put her cheek to my forehead.

She told me, that ſhe admired him for his virtue. She knew he had reſiſted the greateſt temptations that ever man was tried with. I hope, poor woman! that none of them were from her!—For her own ſake (notwithſtanding what Dr Bartlett once whiſpered, and good man as he is) I hope ſo!—The Chevalier, ſhe ſaid, was ſuperior to all attempts that were not grounded on honour and conſcience. She had heard of women who had ſpread their ſnares for him in his early youth: But women, in her country, of ſlight fame, ſhe ſaid, had no way to come at *him*: And women of virtue were ſecure from *his* attempts. Yet would you not have thought, aſked ſhe, that beauty might have marked him for its own? Such an air, ſuch an addreſs, ſo much perſonal bravery, accuſtomed to ſhine in the upper life; all that a woman can value in a man is the Chevalier Grandiſon!

She at laſt declared, that ſhe wiſhed him to be mine, rather than any woman's on earth.

I was very frank, very unreſerved. She ſeemed delighted with me; and went away, profeſſing to every one, as well as to me, that ſhe admired me for my behaviour, my ſincerity, my prudence (ſhe was pleaſed to ſay), and my artleſſneſs, above all the women ſhe had ever converſed with.

May her future conduct be ſuch as may do credit to her birth, to her high fortune, to her ſex, and I ſhall then forgive her for an attempt (as it was fruſtrated) that I thought ſhe ought never to be forgiven for; and which made me, as we ſat, often look upon her with terror, and *deprecation*, may I ſay?

In anſwer to your kind enquiries about my health—I only ſay, What muſt be, will—Sometimes

times better than at others. If I could hear you were good, I ſhould be better, I believe. Adieu, my dear Lady G.: Adieu.

LETTER XXXV.

Miſs BYRON, *To Lady* G.

[*On Sir* Charles's *firſt Letter from* Bologna, Letter xxvi. p. 186.]

Wedneſday, May 31 *.

I AM greatly obliged to you, my dear Lady G. for diſpatching to me, in ſo extraordinary a way, the firſt letter of your brother to Dr Bartlett. I thank God for his ſafe arrival at the deſtined place; and for the faint hopes given in it of his friend's life. The Almighty will do his own work, and in his own way. And that muſt be beſt.

You aſk me for my opinion of the contents of this letter at large—What can I ſay?—This much I muſt ſay—

I admire, more and more, your brother: I pity the family he is gone to comfort and relieve: And I pray for Clementina and Jeronymo; and this as well for your brother's ſake as theirs.

He generouſly rejoices, that he did not purſue his own INCLINATIONS—I am very happy in what he ſays of your Harriet. Indeed, my dear, I am. Though we may be conſcious of not deſerving the praiſes beſtowed upon us, yet are we fond of ſtanding high in the opinion of thoſe we love. Two paragraphs

* *Several Letters of Miſs Byron, Lady G. Lady L. and Miſs Jervois, which were written between the date of the preceding Letter and the preſent, are omitted.*

paragraphs I have got by heart. I need not tell you which they are. But, alas! his greatly favoured friend is *not* ſo free as he hoped ſhe was. It is a pleaſure to me, however, becauſe it is ſuch to him, that it is not his fault, but her own, that ſhe is not.

The counteſs, whom he ſo juſtly praiſes, writes to me; and I anſwer—But to what purpoſe? I am afraid that a very important obſervation of his comes not in time to do me ſervice; ſince, if my prudence is proportioned to my trials, I ought to have endeavoured to exert it ſooner.

But it ſeems there is an inſuperable objection againſt the poor lady's going into a nunnery. I never heard of that before. It ſeems right to the marchioneſs, that the young lady, who is intitled to a great ſhare of this world's goods, ſhould not be dedicated to heaven. This *may* be ſo in the family-eye, for aught I know: But I am perſuaded, that if there is any one of it, who would not have pleaded this obſtacle to a divine dedication, it would be Clementina herſelf. And yet I own, I can allow of their regret, that the cruel Laurana ſhould be a gainer by Clementina's being loſt, as I may ſay, to the world.

Your brother's kind remembrance of Mr and Mrs Reeves is an honour done to me, as well as to them. I *muſt* take it ſo, Lady G. And what he ſays of me in the paragraph in which he mentions Emily, adds to the pride he had raiſed in me before.

Dr Bartlett is extremely obliging in not offering to with-hold any paſſage in your brother's letters from us. I have let him know, that I think him ſo; and have begged him not to ſpare any thing out of tenderneſs to me, on a ſuppoſition that I may be affected, or made uneaſy, by what your brother ſhall write to him. This is ſpeaking very plainly, my dear: But it is to Dr Bartlett; and

he ſignified to us, more than once, that he could not be a ſtranger to the heart of your Harriet.

And now, my dear Lady G. let me aſk you, in my turn, what you think of one paſſage in your brother's letter, of which you have not taken the leaſt notice in yours to me? Charlotte, I hope is happy. "If ſhe be not, it muſt be her own fault."

You have honeſtly owned in your laſt (yet too roguiſhly for a true penitent), that it was evidently ſo in the debate about being preſented. *Miſs Grandiſon uſed* to like the drawing-room well enough. Her brother has owned, in my hearing, as well as in yours, that had he not been ſo long out of England, and, ſince his return to it, ſo ſeldom in town, he would have made it a part of his duty to pay his attendance there, at proper times. But *Lady* G. forſooth, diſdained to appear as the property [reflect but, my dear, how abſurd] of a worthy man, to whom ſhe had vowed love, honour, and obedience.

I ſhould not remind you thus of paſt flippancies, did not new ones ſeem to ſpring up every day.

For heaven's ſake, my dear Lady G. let it not be carried from England to Italy, that Lord G. is not ſo happy with a ſiſter of Sir Charles Grandiſon as might be expected; leſt it be aſked, whether that ſiſter and this brother had the ſame mother. I have written before all that I could poſſibly ſay on this ſubject. You know yourſelf to be wrong. It would be impertinence to expoſtulate further on a duty ſo known and acknowledged: No more, therefore, on this head (authorize me to ſay) for ever!

As to my health—I would fain be well. I am more ſorry that I am not, for the ſake of my friends (who are inceſſantly grieving for me) than for my own. I have not, I *think* I have not, any thing to reproach myſelf with; nor yet any body

to

to reproach me. To whom have I given cauſe of triumph over me, by my ill uſage, or inſolence to him? I yield to an event to which I ought to ſubmit: And to a woman no *leſs*, but *more* worthy than myſelf, and who has a prior claim.

I long to hear of the meeting of this noble pair. May it be propitious! May Sir Charles Grandiſon have the ſatisfaction, and the merit with the family, of being the means of reſtoring to reaſon (a greater reſtoration than to health) the woman, every faculty of whoſe ſoul ought, in that caſe, to be devoted to GOD, and to him! Methinks I have at preſent but one wiſh; it is, that I may live to *ſee* this lady, if ſhe *is* to be the happy woman. Could I, do you think, Lady G. if I were to have this honour, cordially congratulate her as Lady Grandiſon? Heaven only knows! But it would be my glory, if I could; for then I ſhould not ſcruple to put myſelf in a rank with Clementina; and to demand her hand as that of my ſiſter.

But, poor Olivia!—Shall I not pity the unhappy woman, who, I am afraid, is too ſhort-ſighted to look forward to that only conſolation which can weaken the force of worldly diſappointments?

My couſin Reeves, in a joyful letter, juſt now received, acquaints me with the birth of the fine boy his wife has preſented to him: An event that exceedingly rejoices us all. He tells me in it how good you are. Continue to them, my dear Lady G. your affectionate regards. They ever loved you; even for your very faults; ſo bewitchingly lively are you. But I have told Mr Reeves, that his partiality for you ſhews that he feels not for Lord G. as he would for himſelf, were *his* wife a Lady G.

I will write to my other friends. Dear creature! Don't let me ſay that I love Lord G. better than I do Lady G: Yet, were the aggreſſor in a quarrel my own ſiſter, endeared to me by a thou-

ſand generous offices, I would, I *muſt* love the ſufferer beſt; at leaſt while he is a ſufferer. Witneſs,

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXVI.

Miſs BYRON, *To Lady* G.

Thurſday, June 1.

THANKS an hundred times repeated to you, my dear Lady G. and to good Dr Bartlett, for the favour of Sir Charles's letters of May 22, 23, 26, and 27. N. S. all following ſo quick that which you favoured me with of the 10th-21ſt, upon which I wrote to you yeſterday. I diſpatch them to you for the doctor altogether.

I cannot, my dear, have much to ſay to the contents of theſe.

They *have* met: Had more interviews than one.

Why cannot the Count of Belvedere—But no more of that. I don't like this general. The whole family (the two noble ſufferers Jeronymo and Clementina excepted) ſeem to me to have more pride than gratitude—Ay, mother and all, my dear!

But you ſee Sir Charles has been indiſpoſed. No wonder—Viſited by the marquis and marchioneſs, you ſee: Not a ſlight illneſs, therefore, you may believe. God preſerve him, and reſtore Lady Clementina, and the worthy Jeronymo!

His kind remembrance of me——But, my dear, I think the doctor and you muſt forbear obliging me with any more of his letters—His goodneſs, his tenderneſs, his delicacy, his ſtrict honour, but add—Yet can any new inſtances add to a character ſo uniformly good?—But the chief reaſon of my

my ſelf-denial, if you were to take me at my word, as to theſe communications, is, that his affecting deſcriptions and narratives of Lady Clementina's reveries (poor, poor lady!) will break my heart! Yet you muſt ſend them to

Your ever obliged

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXVII.

Lady G. *To Miſs* BYRON.

My dear Creature! *Monday, June 5.*

YOU muſt not, you ſhall not be ill. What ſignify your *heroics*, child, if they only give you placid looks, and make an hypocrite of the ſincereſt girl in England! In other words, if they are only a cover for a deſpairing heart? Be better: Be leſs affected; or, I can tell you, the doctor and I, and Lady L. ſhall all think it but right to take you at your firſt word, and ſend you no more of my brother's letters. Yet we are all of us as greatly affected by the contents of them, as our dear Harriet can be. I am ſure you will allow us to be ſo for the poor lady. But to ſubjects leſs intereſting.

The doctor is with us. Aunt Nell is in love with him. He ordered his matters, and came to town at Lady L.'s requeſt and mine, and Beauchamp's, that we might the ſooner come at my brother's letters—Very obliging!——Beauchamp worſhips the good man. He would have been with him at Grandiſon-hall, but that Sir Harry and Lady Beauchamp knew not how to part with him: And I fancy another ſlier reaſon with-held him, half unknown to himſelf. Love is certainly creeping into his heart. This Emily (a little

rogue!) has already (yet ſuſpects it not) made a conqueſt. He deſerves her better than any man I know: She him, had ſhe not already a great hole in her heart, through which one may run one's head. But does not Beauchamp love the ſame perſon as much as ſhe can do? And does he not know, that the girl is innocent, and the man virtuous, even, as I believe, to chaſtity!—Dear Harriet! Don't let the ladies around you, nor the gentlemen neither, hear this grace ſuppoſed to be my brother's. Nobody about us ſhall for *me*. I would not have my brother made the jeſt of one ſex, and the averſion of the other; and be thought ſo ſingular a young man.

Beauchamp ſays nothing to any body of his regard to Emily: But he lays himſelf out in ſo many unaffected aſſiduities to her, that one cannot but ſee it. She likes his company and his converſation. But why? becauſe he is always launching out in the praiſes of his and her beloved friend. He ſays, there is not, he believes, ſuch another innocent and undeſigning heart in the world, except one in Northamptonſhire—There's for you, Harriet!—So he praiſes not *mine*. That is the wickedeſt thing of theſe *felons* of men: Poverty compels them, though—poverty of genius!—They cannot praiſe one woman, but by robbing the reſt. Different, however, from all men, is my brother. I will engage he could find attributes for fifty different women, yet do juſtice to them all: Becauſe, though he ſees every one with favour, he is above flattering any.

Well, but, Harriet, I expected letters ſix times as long as thoſe you have ſent me. Upon my word, if you are ſo very heavenly-minded, as you appear to be in the firſt (for the ſecond is hardly a letter), I will have you to town, and nun you up with aunt Nell. The doctor is one of the moſt pious men in England: But ſhe will tire him with

praying

praying, and *expounding*, as ſhe calls it. Do you know that the good creature was a Methodiſt in Yorkſhire? Theſe *overdoers*, my dear, are wicked wretches. What do they, but make religion look unlovely, and put *underdoers* out of heart? My brother is *the man:* You know I muſt always bring in my brother, though I am a little out of humour with him at preſent: And am I not juſtified by the *many?* Since it is always the way of thoſe who intend not to amend, to ſet their hearts againſt their correctors—My brother profeſſes not the one half of what he practiſes. He uſes the faſhion, without abuſing it or himſelf by following it. Some ſuch words in a ſacred book rumble in my mad head; but I know I have not them right.

It is impoſſible, ſay what you will, Harriet, to be long upon terms with *this* man——Lord G. I mean. He was once half in the right, to be ſure, but you ſhould not have reproached me with *that*. The bride was ſhewn, the jewels were ſhewn, the whole family paraded it together; and Emily wrote you all how and about it. But never fear for your poor friend. The honeſt man will put himſelf in the wrong next, to ſave her credit. He has been long careleſs, and now he is, at times, *imperious* as well as careleſs. Very true! Nay, it was but yeſterday that he attempted to hum a tune of contempt, upon my warbling an Italian air. An opera couple, we! Is it not charming to ſing *at* (I cannot ſay *to*) each other, when we have a mind to be ſpiteful? But he has a miſerable voice. He cannot ſing ſo fine a ſong as I can. He ſhould not attempt it. Beſides, I can play to my ſong; that cannot he. Such a foe to melody, that he hates the very ſight of my harpſichord. He flies out of the room if I but move towards it.

He

He has every body on his ſide; Lord and Lady L. Emily, nay, Dr Bartlett and aunt Nell. This ſets him up. No ſuch thing as managing one's own huſband, when ſo many wiſe heads join together to uphold him. *Ut*-terly ruined for a huſband is Lord G.; I once had ſome hopes of him. But now every good-natured jeſt is turned into earneſt by theſe mediators and mediatrices.

A few days ago, in a fond fit, I would have ſtroked his cheek, though he was not in a very good humour neither——*So, then! So, then!* ſaid I, as I had ſeen Beauchamp do an hour before by his prancing nag; and it was conſtrued as a contempt; and his briſtles got up upon it. Bleſs me, thought I, this man is not ſo ſenſible of a favour as Beauchamp's horſe; and yet I have known the time when he has thought it an honour to be admitted to preſs the ſame fair hand with his lips on one knee.

Hark! He is now, at this very inſtant, complaining to aunt Nell. Little do they think that I am in her cloſet. She hears all he has to ſay with greedy ears.—Theſe antiquated ſouls are happy, when they can find reaſons, from the diſagreement of honeſt people in matrimony, to make a virtue of neceſſity. "Thank the Lord I am 'not married! If theſe be the fruits of matrimo-'ny!"—Ah! Lord, my dear! Now theſe *laſt* words have ſlipt me—The man—between you and me, has been a villain to me! Can I forgive him? Could *you*, in my circumſtances? Yet I hope it is *not* ſo. If it ſhould, and Lady Gertrude and aunt Nell (ſpiteful old ſouls!) ſhould find their perpetual curioſity anſwered as they wiſh, I will have my own will in every thing.

And how came I, you will wonder, in aunt Nell's cloſet?—I will tell you. She had got my pen and ink; And I went to fetch it myſelf: The

ſcribbling

ſcribbling fit was ſtrong upon me; ſo I ſat down in her cloſet to write: And they both came into her chamber together, to have their own talk——Hark, I ſay!—They are really talking of me—Complaining!—Abominable!—This wicked aunt of mine—"I tell you, nephew, that you are too 'ready to make up with her."—Could you have believed this of one's own aunt? No wonder that he is ſo refractory at times. But, huſh!—Why don't he ſpeak louder? He can't be in earneſt hurt, if he does not raiſe his voice. Creeping ſoul, and whiner! I can't hear a word he ſays. I have enough againſt *her!*—But I want ſomething againſt *him*——Duce take them both! I can't hear more than the ſound of her broken-toothed voice mumbling; and his plaintive humdrum whimpering. I will go out in full majeſty. I will lighten upon them with airs imperial. How the poor ſouls will ſtart at my appearance! How will their conſciences fly in their faces! The complainer and adviſer both detected in the very fact, as I may ſay: And yet perhaps you, Harriet, will think them leſs blameable than their conſcience-ſtriker.

Hem!—Three hems in anger!—And now I burſt upon them.

O HARRIET! what a triumph was mine!

Aunt Nell, who has naturally a good blowzing north-country complexion, turned as pale as aſhes. Her chin, noſe, and lips, were all in motion. My nimble lord gave a jump, and three leaps, to the other ſide of the room. He had not the courage to look directly at me. His face, as ſharp as a new moon in a froſty night, and his ſides ſo gaunt—As if he wanted to ſhrink himſelf. They could not in their hearts but accuſe themſelves of all they had ſaid, as if I had heard every word of it.

While

While I, (what a charming thing is innocence!) half a foot taller than uſual, ſtalked along between them, caſting a look of indignation upon aunt Nell; of haughtineſs on Lord G. My withheld breath raiſed my complexion, and ſwelled my features; and when I got to the door, I pulled it after me with an air, that I hope made them both tremble.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Lady G. In Continuation.

WELL, my dear—Aunt Nell and I have made up. I have been pacified by her apologies, and promiſes never again to interfere between man and wife. As I *told* the forlorn ſoul, You maiden ladies, though you have lived a great while in the world, cannot know what ſtrange creatures theſe huſbands are, and how many cauſes (that cannot be mentioned by the poor wife to her friends) a woman may have to be diſpleaſed with her man, in order to keep the creature in ſome little decorum—Indeed, madam—There I ſtopt—This excited her prudery; and ſhe made out the reſt, and, perhaps, a great deal more than the reſt. She looked down, to ſhew ſhe was ſenſible, tried for a bluſh; and, I verily believe, had ſhe been a young woman, would have ſucceeded. "Why, truly, niece, I believe you are right. 'Theſe men are *odious creatures!*"——And then ſhe ſhuddered, as if ſhe had ſaid, Lord defend me from them!—a prayer that, being a good creature, ſhe need not doubt will be anſwered.

But for Lord G. there lies no forgiveneſs. To complain of his wife to her aunt! A married man to ſubmit matrimonial ſquabbles (and every honeſt

honeſt pair has *ſome*) to others! to an old maid eſpecially! and to authoriſe her to ſit in judgment on his wife's little whimſies, when the good woman wants to make herſelf important to him; and thereby endeavour to deſtroy the wife's ſignificance; there's no bearing of that. He had made Lord L. and Lady L. judges over me before. Nay, this infant Emily has taken her ſeat on the ſame bench; and, in her pretty manner, has, by beſeeching me to be good, ſuppoſed me bad. And to ſome one of them (who knows but to the tell-tale himſelf, though he denies it?) my brother's hint is owing, on which you ſo ſagely expoſtulate: My reputation, therefore, as an obedient wife, with all thoſe whoſe good opinion was worth courting, is gone: And is not this enough to make one careleſs?

BLESS me, my dear! This man of errors has committed, if poſſible, a ſtill worſe fault. He regards me not as any body. The earl and he have been long uneaſy, it ſeems, that we live at the expence of my brother, to whom there is no making returns; and a houſe offering in Groſvenor-ſquare, he has actually contracted for it, without conſulting me. I muſt own, that I cannot in my heart diſapprove either of the motive or the houſe, as I have the latter deſcribed to me: But his doing it of his own head is an inſolent act of prerogative. Don't you in conſcience think ſo? Does he not, by this ſtep, make me his chattles, a piece of furniture only, to be removed as any other piece of furniture, or picture, or cabinet, at his pleaſure?

He came to me—I hope, madam, in a reproaching accent, I have done ſomething now that will pleaſe you. Ought his ſtiff air, and the reflecting word NOW, to have gone unpuniſhed? Haſt thou found out any other old maid to ſit in judgment

on

on the behaviour of thy wife? But what haſt thou done?

I was aſtoniſhed when the man told me.

And who is to be thy houſekeeper? Is this done in hope I'll follow thee? Or doſt thou intend to exclude from thy habitation the poor woman who met thee at church a few weeks ago.

Juſt then came in Lady L. I aſked her what ſhe thought of this ſtep?

Had ſhe vindicated him, I never would have regarded a word ſhe ſaid between us. But ſhe owned, that ſhe thought I *ſhould* have been conſulted. And then he began to ſee that he had done a wrong thing. I acquainted her with his former fault, unatoned for as it was—Why, as to *that*, ſhe did not know what to ſay; only, that it became *my* character, and good ſenſe, ſo to behave, as that Lord G. ſhould have no reaſon to complain of me to *any* body. A hard thing, Harriet, to be reflected upon by an own ſiſter!

LADY L. prevailed upon me, unknown to Lord G. to go with her to ſee this houſe. 'Tis a handſome houſe. I have but the one aforeſaid objection to it—But let me aſk you again: Is not the ſlight he has put upon me, in taking it without conſulting me, an inexcuſable thing?—I know you will ſay it is. But I'll tell you how I think to do—I will make him give up the contract; and when he has done ſo, unknown to him, take the ſame houſe myſelf. This will be returning the compliment. His excuſe is, he was ſure I ſhould like the houſe and the terms. If he is ſure of my liking it, and has choſen it himſelf, the duce is in it, if I may not be ſure of his—Would *he* diſlike it becauſe *I* liked it?—Say ſo, if you dare, Harriet; and ſuppoſe me blameable.

O my dear! What ſhall I do with this paſſio-

nate man? I could not, you know, forgive him for the two unatoned-for ſteps which he has taken, without *ſome* contrition: And do you think he would ſhew any?—Not he!—I ſaid ſomething that ſet him up; ſomething bordering upon the whimſical—No matter what. He pranced upon it. I, with my uſual meekneſs, calmly rebuked him; and then went to my harpſichord: And what do you think? How ſhall I tell it? Yet to you I may—Why then he whiſked his hat from under his arm (he was going out), and ſilenced, broke, demoliſhed my poor harpſichord.

I was ſurprized; but inſtantly recovering myſelf: You are a violent wretch, Lord G. ſaid I, quite calmly: How could you do ſo?—Suppoſe (and I took the wicked hat) I ſhould throw it into the fire? But I gave it to him, and made him a fine curtſey. There was command of temper! I thought, at the inſtant, of Epictetus and his ſnapt leg. Was I not as great a philoſopher?

HE is gone out. Dinner is ready; and no Lord G. Aunt Nell is upon the fret: But ſhe remembers her late act of delinquency; ſo is obliged to be ſilent. I have her under my thumb.

THE man came in after we had dined. I went to him, as if nothing had been the matter between us. You look vexed, my Lord!—It *was* a very violent action: It vexed *me* at firſt: But you ſee how ſoon I recovered my temper. I wiſh you would learn patience of me. But come, I forgive you; I will not be angry with you, for an evil that a little money will repair. I ſee you are vexed.

So I am, madam, at my very ſoul! But it is not—

Now to be helped—True, my lord, and I forgive you——

But curſe me if I forgive you, madam—

O fie! that's wickedly ſaid: But I know you *will*, when I aſk you.

Aunt Nell ſat by the window; her eyes half ſhut; her mouth as firmly cloſed as if her lips were glewed together.

Madam, addreſſing himſelf to her, I ſhall ſet out to-morrow for Windſor.

Windſor, my lord? ſaid I—He anſwered me not.

Aſk my good Lord G. madam, ſaid I, in a ſweet humble voice, how long he ſhall ſtay at Windſor?

How long, my lord? mumbled out aunt Nell—

From Windſor I ſhall go to Oxford.

Aſk him, madam, how long he ſhall be before he returns?

How long, my lord, ſhall you be abſent from us?

When I find I can return, and not be the jeſt of my own wife—I *may* perhaps—There he ſtopt, and looked ſtately.

Tell my lord, that he is too ſerious, madam. Tell him, that hardly any other man but would ſee I was at play with him, and would play again.

You hear what my niece ſays, my lord.

I regard nothing ſhe ſays.

Aſk him, madam, who is to be of his party?

Who, my lord, is to be of your party?

Nobody; turning himſelf half round, that he might not be thought to anſwer *me*, but *her*.

Aſk him, madam, whether it be buſineſs or pleaſure, that engages him to take this ſolitary tour?

She *looked* the queſtion to him.

Neither, madam, to her. I left my pleaſure ſome weeks ago at St George's church. I have never found it ſince.

A ſtrange forgetful man! and as ungrateful as forgetful. And I ſtept to him, and looked in his face *ſo* courteouſly! and with ſuch a *ſweet* ſmile!

He ſullenly turned from me, and to aunt Nell.

Aſk my lord, if he takes his journey, thinking to oblige me?

Aſk

Aſk him your own queſtions, niece.

My lord won't anſwer *me*.

He ſtrutted, and bit his lips with vexation.

Come, I'll try once more if you think me worth anſwering—I think, my lord, if you ſhall be gone a *month* or *two*, I may take a little trip to Northamptonſhire. Emily ſhall go with me. The girl is very uneaſy to ſee Miſs Byron: And Miſs Byron will rejoice to ſee us both. A viſit from us will do her good.

He took it, that I was not deſirous of a ſhort abſence. And he pouched his mouth, and reared himſelf up, and ſwelled; but anſwered me not.

See, madam, my lord is ſullen; he won't anſwer *me*. I muſt get *you* to aſk my queſtions. I think it my duty to aſk leave to go. My *lord* may go where he pleaſes, without my leave—Very fit he ſhould. He is a *man*. I once could have done ſo! high-ho! but I have vowed obedience and vaſſalage. I will not break my vow. Aſk him, if I have his conſent for a viſit to Miſs Byron of a month or two? Aſk him, madam, if he can make himſelf happy in my abſence? I ſhould otherwiſe be loth to go for ſo long a time.

I ſhould be as welcome, ſaid he, to Miſs Byron, as *her*—

As her! As ſhe, you ſhould ſay, I believe, if you won't ſay *As you*, madam, and bow to me—I believe ſo, my lord. Miſs Byron would rejoice to ſee any of *my* friends. Miſs Byron is very good.

Would to God—

That ſomebody were half as good, interrupted I. Somebody underſtands you, my lord, and wiſhes ſo too—Pray, madam, aſk my lord if I may go?—— His *new houſe* will be putting in order mean time—

I will aſk none of your queſtions for you.—*New houſe*, niece! You harp too much on one ſtring.

I mean not offence. I have done with that ſubject. My lord, to be ſure, has dominion over his

bird. He can chuſe her cage. She has nothing to do but ſit and ſing in it—when her inſtrument is mended, and in tune—He has but one fault. He is *too good-natured* to his bird. But would he take *your* advice, madam—

Now, tho' this may ſound to you, Harriet, a little recriminating; yet, I do aſſure you, I ſpoke it in a very ſweet accent: Yet up got aunt Nell in a paſſion: My lord too was all alive. I put myſelf between her and the door; and throwing my arms about her, You ſhan't go, madam—ſmiling ſweetly in her glowing face. Upon my honour you ſhan't.

Wicked trifler! ſhe called me, as I led her to a chair. Perverſe girl! and two or three other names!—a-propos enough: My character is not difficult to hit; that's the beauty of it.

My lord withdrew in wrath; and then the old lady ſaid, ſhe would now tell me a piece of her mind: And ſhe made me ſit down by her, and thus ſhe addreſſed me:

Niece, it is my opinion, that you might be, if you *would*, one of the happieſt women in the world.

You don't hear *me* complain, madam.

Well, if Lord G. *did* complain to me! it was to *me*: And you ſhall be ſorry for the occaſion, and not for the complaint.

I may be ſorry for both, madam.

Well, but Lord G. is one of the beſt-natured men in the world.—

The man's well enough. Paſſionate men, they ſay, *are* good-natured.

Why won't you be happy, niece?

I will. I am not now *un*-happy.

More ſhame for you then, that you will not make Lord G. happy.

He is captious. I am playful. That's all.

What do you think your brother would ſay—

He would blame me, as you do.

Dear

Dear creature, be good. Dear creature, make Lord G. happy.

I am like a builder, madam. I am digging for a foundation. There is a good deal of rubbiſhy humours to remove; a little ſwampineſs of ſoil: And I am only removing it, and digging deeper, to make my foundation ſure.

Take care, take care, niece: You may dig too deep. There may be ſprings: You may open, and never be able to ſtop them, till they have ſapped your foundation. Take care, niece.

Thank you, madam, for your caution. Pity you had not been a builder yourſelf!

Had ſuch a fellow-labourer as Lord G. offered, I ſhould not have received a partnerſhip with him, I do aſſure you.

Fairly anſwered, aunt Nell, thought I. I was pleaſed with her.

Don't you think Lord G. loves you dearly?

As to *dearly*, I can't ſay: But I believe he loves me as well as moſt huſbands love their wives.

Are you not ungrateful then?

No. I am only at play with him. I don't hate him.

Hate him! dreadful if you did! But he thinks you deſpiſe him.

That is one of the rubbiſhy notions I want to remove. He would have it that I did, when he could have helped himſelf. But he injures me now, if he thinks ſo. I can't ſay I have a very profound reverence for him. *He* and my *brother* ſhould not have been allied. But had I deſpiſed him in my heart, I ſhould have thought myſelf a very bad creature for going to church with him.

That's well ſaid. I love you now. Your brother is, indeed, enough to put all other men down with one. But may I tell Lord G. that you love him?

No, madam.

No! I am ſorry for that.

Let him find it out. But he ought to know ſo much of human nature, and of my ſincerity, as to gather from my behaviour to him, that had I either hated or deſpiſed him, I would not have been his: and it would have been impoſſible for me to be ſo playful with him; to be ſo domeſtic, and he ſo much at home with me.

Am I fond of ſeeking occaſions to carry myſelf from him? What delights, what diverſions, what public entertainments do I hunt after?—None. Is not he, are not all my friends, ſure of finding me at home whenever they viſit me?

So far, ſo good, ſaid Eleanor.

I will open my heart to you, madam. You are my father's ſiſter. You have a right to my ſincerity. But you muſt keep my ſecret.

Proceed, my dear.

I know my own heart, madam. If I thought I could not truſt it (and I wiſh Lord G. had a good opinion of it), I would not dance thus, as you ſuppoſe, on the edge of danger.

Good creature!—I ſhall call you good creature by and by. Let me call Lord G. to us.

I was ſilent. I contradicted her not. She rang. She bid the ſervant tell Lord G. that ſhe deſired his company. Lord G. was pranced out. She regreted (I was not glad) that he was.

I will tell you what, my dear, ſaid ſhe. I have heard it ſuggeſted, by a friend of yours, that you would much rather have had Mr Beauchamp—

Not a word more of ſuch a ſuggeſtion, madam. I ſhould hate myſelf, were I capable of treating Lord G. meanly, or contemptibly, with a thought of preference to any man breathing, now I am his. I have a great opinion of Mr Beauchamp. He deſerves it. But I never had the ſhadow of a wiſh that I had been his. I never ſhould have ſpoken of my brother's excellencies, as outſhining thoſe of Lord G. had he not been my brother, and therefore

fore could not be more to me; and had they not been ſo conſpicuous, that no other could be diſgraced by giving place to him. No, madam, let me aſſure you, once for all, that I am ſo far from deſpiſing my Lord G. that, were any misfortune to befall him, I ſhould be a miſerable woman.

She embraced me. Why then—

I know your inference, madam. It is a juſt one. I am afraid I think as *well* of my own underſtanding as I do of Lord G's. I love to jeſt, to play, to make him look about him. I diſlike not even his petulance. You ſee I bear all the flings and throws, and peeviſhneſs, which he returns to my ſaucineſs. I think I *ought*. His complaints of me to you, to Lord and Lady L. which bring upon me their and your grave lecturings, and even anger, I can forgive him for; and this I ſhew, by making thoſe complaints matter of pleaſantry rather than reſentment. I know he intended well, in taking the houſe, tho' he conſulted me not firſt. It was ſurely wrong in him; yet I am not mortally offended with him for it. His violence to my poor harpſicord ſtartled me; but I recollected myſelf; and had he buffetted *me* inſtead of *that*, as I was afraid he would, I ſhould have thought I *ought* to have borne it, whether I *could* or *not*, and to have returned him his hat with a curtſey. Believe me, madam, I am not a bad, I am only a whimſical creature. I tried my brother once. I ſet him up. I was afraid of *him* indeed: But I tried him again. Then he called it conſtitution, and laughed at me, and run me out of breath in my own way. So I let *him* alone. Lord L. Lady L. had it in turn. Lord G. has a little more than his turn perhaps: And why? becauſe he is for ever fitting the cap to his head; and becauſe I don't love him leſs than thoſe I am leſs free with. Come, madam, let me demand your kind thoughts. I *will* deſerve them. Contradiction and oppoſition, mediators and mediatrices, have carried

my

my playfulneſs further than it would otherwiſe have gone. But henceforth *your* precepts, my *Brother*'s, and Miſs *Byron*'s, ſhall not want their weight with me, whether I may ſhew it or not at the inſtant. My reign, I am afraid, will be but ſhort. Let the man bear with me a little now-and-then. I am not abſolutely ungenerous. If he can but ſhew his love by his forbearance, I will endeavour to reward his forbearance with my love.

She embraced me, and ſaid, that now ſhe attributed to the gaiety of my ſpirits, and not to perverſeneſs, my *till* now unaccountable behaviour. I was ſure, ſaid ſhe, that you were more your mother's than your father's daughter. Let me, when my lord comes in, ſee an inſtance of the behaviour you bid me hope for.

I will try, ſaid I, what can be done.

We parted. I went up to my pen; and ſcribbled down to this place.

This moment my lord is come in. Into my brother's ſtudy is he directly gone. Not a queſtion aſked about me. Sullen! I warrant. He uſed to pay his duty to me, and aſk bleſſing the moment he came in, if *admiſſible* [Is that a word, Harriet?]: But times are altered. Ah, Harriet! when I know I am ſaucy, I can bear negligence and ſlight: But when I intend to be good, knowing my own heart to be right, I ſhall be quite ſaucy if he is ſullen. Is not the duty of wedded people reciprocal?—Aunt Eleanor and he are talking together. She is endeavouring, I ſuppoſe, to make a philoſopher of him. "Promiſe nothing 'for me, aunt Nell. I will have the whole merit 'of my own reformation."

LETTER

LETTER XXXIX.

Lady G. In Continuation.

PREPARE, Harriet, to hear ſtrange and wonderful things.

My lord ſent up his compliments, and deſired to know if he might attend me. I was in my dreſſing-room. He was not always ſo polite. I wiſh, thought I, ſince diſpleaſure produces reſpect, that familiarity does not ſpoil this man. But I'll try him.

I ſhall be glad to ſee my lord, was the anſwer I returned.

Up he came, one leg dragged after the other. Not alert, as he uſed to be on admiſſion to his Charlotte. The laſt eight ſtairs his ſteps ſounded, I, go, up, with, an, hea-vy, heart. He entered; bowed: Were the words yours, you ſhould be glad to ſee me, madam?

They *were*, my lord.

Would to God you ſaid truth!

I did. I *am* glad to ſee you. I wanted to talk with you—About this Northamptonſhire viſit.

Are you in earneſt, madam, to make that viſit?

I am. Miſs Byron is not well. Emily pines to ſee her as much as I. You have no objection?

He was ſilent.

Do you ſet out to-morrow, Sir, for Windſor and Oxford?

He ſighed. I think ſo, madam.

Shall you viſit Lord W.?

I ſhall.

And complain to him of me, my lord?—He ſhook his grave head, as if there were wiſdom in it—Be quiet, Harriet—Not good all at once—That would not be to hold it.

No, madam, I have done complaining to *any* body.

body. You will one day ſee you have not acted generouſly by the man who loves you as his own ſoul.

This, and his eyes gliſtening, moved me—Have we not been *both* wrong, my lord?

Perhaps we have, madam: But here is the difference—I have been wrong, with a *right intention*: You have been wrong, and *ſtudied* to be ſo.

Prettily ſaid. Repeat it, my lord—How was it? And I took his hand, and looked very graciouſly.

I cannot bear theſe airs of contempt.

If you call them ſo, you are wrong, my lord, though, perhaps, *intending* to be *right*.

He did not ſee how good I was diſpoſed to be. As I ſaid, a change all at once would have been unnatural.

Very well, madam! and turned from me with an air half grieved, half angry.

Only anſwer me, my lord; Are you willing I ſhould go to Northamptonſhire?

If you chuſe to go, I have no objection. Miſs Byron is an angel.

Now, don't be perverſe, Lord G. Don't praiſe Miſs Byron at the expence of ſomebody elſe.

Would to heaven, madam——

I wiſh ſo too—And I put my hand before his mouth.—*So* kindly?

He held it there with both his, and kiſſed it. I was not offended. But do you actually ſet out for Windſor and Oxford to-morrow, my lord?

Not, madam, if you have any commands for me.

Why, now, that's well ſaid. Has your lordſhip any thing to propoſe to me?

I could not be ſo welcome to you as your *eſcort*, as I am ſure I ſhould be to Miſs Byron and her friends, as her *gueſt!*

You

You *could* not? How can you ſay ſo, my lord! You would do me both honour and pleaſure.

What would I give, that you mean what you ſay!

I *do* mean it, my lord—My hand upon it—I held out my hand for his. He ſnatched it; and I thought would have devoured it.

We will take the coach, my lord, that I may have your company all the way.

You equally aſtoniſh and delight me, madam! Is it poſſible that you are—

Yes, yes; don't, in policy, make it ſuch a wonder that I am diſpoſed to be what I *ought* to be.

I ſhall be too, too, too happy! ſobbed the grateful man.

No! no! I'll take care of that. Married folks, brought up differently, of different humours, inclinations, and ſo-forth, never can be too happy. Now I intend to put up all our little quarrels in my work-bag [you know I am a worker: Not quite ſo bad, at worſt, as ſome modern wives]: There they ſhall lie, till we get to Miſs Byron's—I revere the character of Mrs Shirley: Mrs Selby you have ſeen: Harriet, and you, and I, and the two ſages I have named, will get together in ſome happy hour. Then I will open my work-bag, and take out our quarrels one by one, and lay them on the table before us, and we will be determined by their judgment.

My dear Lady G. if you think there is any thing amiſs in your behaviour to me, or in mine to you, let us ſpread the faults on your toilette now; and we ſhall go down to Northamptonſhire all love and harmony, and delight thoſe excellent—

Always preſcribing, my lord!—O theſe men! —Why will you not let me have my own way?—Have not all theſe good folks heard of our folly? And ſhall they not be witneſſes of our wiſdom? If they

they are not at the agreement, they will wonder how it came about.—I tell you, Sir, that they ſhall have an opportunity to laugh at us both; at *me* for my flippancy, at *you* for your petulance. I will be ſorry, you ſhall be aſhamed, that quarrels ſo eaſily made up, and where the heart of either is not bad, ſhould ſubſiſt a quarter of an hour, and be perpetuallyrenewing. I *will* have my own way, I tell you.

Don't make me look like a fool, madam, before ſuch ladies as thoſe, if we do viſit them.

I *muſt* have my jeſt, my lord. You know (for have you not tried it?) that I can have patience—Let me ſee—Is that the hat that you pulled off with an air ſo lately?—Piſh! How your countenance falls! I am *not* angry with you. But don't do ſo again if you can help it—I *muſt* have my jeſt, I ſay: But aſſure yourſelf of the firſt place in my heart—What more would the man have?

O madam! nothing, nothing more! And he kiſſed my hand on one knee, with a rapture that he never could have known had we always been quiet, eaſy, and drowſy, like ſome married folks, whom the world calls happy.

But then the man came out with his gew-gaw japan-china taſte. Why, is it the privilege of people of quality now to be educated in ſuch a way, that their time can hardly ever be worthily filled up, and as if it were a diſgrace to be either manly or uſeful? He began to talk of equipage, and ſuch nonſenſe; but I cut him ſhort, by telling him, that I muſt have my whole way on this occaſion—Our viſit is to be a private one, ſaid I. We will have only the coach. Jenny ſhall attend on Emily and me. No other female ſervant. Two men: We will have no more. I will not have ſo much as your French-horn. We go to the land of harmony. Kings ſometimes travel incog. We will ape kings, when they put off royalty. Will not this

thought gratify your pride?—You, my lord, have ſome foibles to be cured of as well as I.—We ſhall be wonderfully amended both of us by this excurſion.

Poor man! His heart was as light as a *feather*. Upon my word, my dear, I begin to think, that if my lord and maſter had been a wiſe man, I ſhould not have known what to do with him. Yet I will not forgive any one but myſelf who finds him out to be *other*-wiſe.

He told me in raptures of joy, that I ſhould direct every thing as I pleaſed. God grant that I might not change my mind as to the viſit! He hoped I was in earneſt, and looked now and then at me as if he queſtioned it.

But what do you think the man did? He retired, came back preſently, called me his deareſt life, and ſaid, that it was poſſible I might want to have an opportunity given me to make ſome preſents, or to furniſh myſelf with trinkets of one nature or other, againſt I ſet out, and he ſhould be very ſorry, if, by his inattention, I were obliged to aſk him for the means to ſhew the natural liberality of my ſpirit in the way I thought beſt to exert it; and then he begged me to accept of that note, putting into my hand a bank note of 500 l.

I ſtept to my cloſet, and *as* inſtantly returned. This, my lord, ſaid I, is a moſt cruel reflexion upon me. It looks as if I were to be bribed to do my duty—There, my lord! Take back your preſent. I will endeavour to be good without it—And as a proof that I *will*, you muſt not only receive back your favour (though I look upon it as ſuch, and from my heart thank you for it), but take, as your right, this note which Lord W. preſented to me on the day you received me as yours.

He held back both hands, gratefully reluctant.

You muſt, you *ſhall* take *both* notes, my lord. I only wanted a fit opportunity to put Lord W.'s

note into your hands before. It was owing to my flippant folly, and not to your want of affection, that I had not that opportunity ſooner. Bear with me now and then, if I ſhould be ſilly again. Complain of me only to myſelf. My heart, I re-aſſure you, is yours, and yours *only*. I was not willing that you ſhould owe to any other perſon's interpoſition my declarations of affection and regard to you, not even to Miſs Byron (though I talked of my work bag) whom I love as my own ſiſter.

The worthy man was in ecſtaſies. He could not expreſs in words the joy of his heart. He kneeled, and wrapt his arms about my waiſt, and ſobbed his requeſt to me to forgive his petulance, and the offences he had ever given me, by any acts of paſſion, or words of anger.

You have not offended me, my lord. Forgive my paſt follies, and my future failures. When you were moſt angry, I wondered at your patience. Had I been you, I ſhould not have borne what you bore with me.

For God's ſake, madam, take back both notes. We *can* have but one intereſt. You will make me eaſier, when I know that you have power in your hands to gratify every wiſh of your heart.

You *muſt*, you *ſhall*, my lord, take theſe notes. I will apply to you whenever I have occaſion, and receive your favours as ſuch. I wiſh not to be independent of you. I have a handſome ſum by me, the moiety of the money that was my mother's, which my brother divided between my ſiſter and me, when he firſt came over. Is not the ſettlement made upon me more than my brother aſked, or thought I *ſhould* expect? Did he not oppoſe ſo large an annuity for pin-money, as your father, Lady Gertrude, and you would have me accept of, becauſe he thought that ſuch a large allowance might make a wife independent of her huſband, and put it out of his power, with diſcretion, to oblige

oblige her? My brother, in an inſtance glorious to him, ſaid, that he would not be a richer man than he ought to be. In ſuch inſtances I will be his ſiſter.

Aunt Nell joined us. My lord, in tranſports, told her what had paſſed. The good old ſoul took the merit of the reformation to herſelf. She wept over us. She rejoiced to hear of our intended journey to Northamptonſhire. My lord propoſed to have the houſe he had taken fitted up to my liking, while we were away. At his deſire, I promiſed to ſee it in his company, and give my opinion of his deſigned alterations. But as I know he has judgment in nick-knackatories, and even as much as I wiſh him in what is called *taſte*, I intend to compliment him with leaving all to him; and reſolve to be ſatisfied with whatever he does.

And now is the good man *ſo* buſy, *ſo* pleaſed, *ſo* important! Bleſs me, my dear! Who would rob the honeſt man of any part of his merit, or even wiſh to divide it with him?

And what, Harriet, do you ſay to me *now?*—In a week's time I ſhall be with you. Be ſure be chearful and well, or I ſhall be ready to queſtion my welcome.

This moment, having let Dr Bartlett into our intended viſit, he has offered to accompany us. Now ſhall we, I know, be doubly welcome. The doctor, Emily, my Lord G. and your Charlotte, will be happy in one coach. The doctor is prodigiouſly pleaſed with me. *What* is the text? *More joy in heaven over one ſinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine juſt perſons who need it not.*

I long to ſee you, and every one of the family ſo deſervedly dear to you! God give you health, and us no worſe news from Italy than we have yet had; and how happy ſhall we be!—Lord and Lady L. wiſh they could be of the party. They are in love with me now. Emily ſays, ſhe dotes upon

me. I begin to think that there is almoſt as much pleaſure in being good as in teazing. Yet a little roguery riſes now and then in the heart of

June 8. *Your* CHARLOTTE G.

The doctor has been ſo good (I believe becauſe I am good) as to allow me to take a copy of a letter of my brother's to that wretch Everard, but for your peruſal only. I incloſe it, therefore, under that reſtriction. Let it ſpeak its own praiſes.

We are actually preparing to be your gueſts. You will only have time to forbid us, if we ſhall not be welcome.

Merciful! what a pacquet!

LETTER XL.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Mr* GRANDISON.

Bologna, June 4. *N. S.*

WHAT can I do for my couſin? Why would he oppreſs me with ſo circumſtantial an account of the heavy evil that has befallen him, and not point out a way by which I could comfort or relieve him? Don't be afraid of what you call the ſeverity of my virtue. I ſhould be ready to queſtion the rectitude of my own heart, if, on examination, I had not reaſon to hope, that charity is the principal of thoſe virtues which you attribute to me. You recriminate enough upon yourſelf. In what way I can extricate or aſſiſt you, is now my only queſtion.

You aſk my advice in relation to the payment of the debts which the world calls debts of honour; and for which you have aſked, and are granted three months time. Have you not, Sir, ſtrenghened your engagement by your requeſt? And have

have they not intitled themſelves to the perfor-mance, by their compliance with it? The obliga-tion which raſhneſs, and perhaps ſurprize, laid you under, your deliberation has confirmed.

You ſay, that your new creditors are men of the town, ſharpers and gameſters. But, my couſin, how came you among ſuch? They came not to you. I ſay not this to upbraid you: But I muſt not have you deceive yourſelf. Who but a man's ſelf is to ſuffer by his raſhneſs or inconſideration? They are reputed to have been poſſeſſed of for-tunes, however they came by them, which would have enabled them to anſwer the ſtakes they play-ed for, had they been the loſers: And would you not have expected payment from them, had you been the winner? Did you at the *time* ſuſpect loaded dice, or foul play? You are not, Sir, a novice in the ways of the town. If you had good *proof* of what, from the ill ſucceſs, you ſeem only to *ſuſpect*, I ſhould not account the debts incurred *debts of honour;* and ſhould hardly ſcruple, had I not indirectly promiſed payment, by aſking time for it, or had they refuſed to give it, to call in to my aid the laws of my country; and the rather, as the appeal to thoſe laws would be a ſecurity to me, againſt ever again being ſeen in ſuch com-pany.

Adverſity is the trial of principle: Without it, a man hardly knows whether he is an honeſt man. Two things my couſin, in his preſent diffi-culties, muſt guard againſt; the one, that he do not ſuffer himſelf to be prevailed upon, in hopes to retrieve his loſſes, to *frequent* the tables by which he has ſuffered; and ſo become one of the very men he has ſo much reaſon to wiſh he had avoided [Who would not rather be the ſufferer than the defrauder? What muſt be the nature of that man, who, having himſelf been ruined, will

endeavour to draw in other innocent men to their ruin?]

The other, that he does not permit prior and worthier creditors (creditors for valuable conſiderations) to ſuffer by the diſtreſſes in which he has involved himſelf.

It is a hard deciſion: But were I my couſin, I would diveſt myſelf of my whole eſtate (were it neceſſary) for the ſatisfaction of my creditors; and leave it to their generoſity, to allow me what pittance they pleaſed for ſubſiſtence; and within that pittance would I live: And this (were my difficulties owing to my own inconſideration) not only for juſtice-ſake, but as a proper puniſhment for not being ſatisfied with my own ampler fortune, and for putting to hazard a certainty, in hopes of obtaining a ſhare in the property of others. Excuſe me, my dear Everard; I mean not particular reflection; but only to give you my notion of general juſtice in caſes of this nature.

Acquit yourſelf worthily of theſe difficulties. I conſider you as my brother: And you ſhall be welcome to take with me a brother's part of my eſtate, till you can be reſtored to a competency.

But with regard to the woman whom the infamous Lord B. would impoſe upon you as a wife, that is an impoſition to which you muſt not ſubmit. Had ſhe been the pooreſt honeſt girl in Britain, and you had ſeduced her, by promiſes of marriage, I muſt have made it the condition of our continued friendſhip, that you had married her: but a kept-woman!—Let not *her*, let not the *bad man*, have ſuch a triumph. I know his character well: I know his dependence on the ſkill of his arm. And I know his litigious ſpirit, and the uſe he is capable of making of his privilege. But regard not theſe: Let me adviſe you, Sir, after you have ſecured to your creditors the payment of their juſt debts,

debts, to come over to me: The ſooner the better. By this means you will be out of the way of being diſturbed by the menaces of this lord, and the machinations of this woman. We will return together. I will make your cauſe my own. As well the courage, as the quality, of the man who can be unjuſt, are to be deſpiſed. Is not Lord B. an unjuſt man in *every* article of his dealings with men? Do not you, my dear couſin, be ſo in *any one*; and you will ever command the true fraternal love of

Your CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XLI.

Lady G. *To Lady* L.

Selby-houſe, Friday, June 16.

HERE we are, my Caroline: And the happieſt people in the world ſhould we be, if Harriet were but well, my brother in England, and you and Lord L. with us.

Mrs Selby, Lucy, Nancy, Harriet, met us at Stoney-Stratford, eſcorted by uncle Selby, and his kinſman James.

My lord and I were dear, love, and life, all the journey. I was the *ſweeteſt*-tempered creature!—Joyful people are not always wiſe ones. When the heart is open, ſilly things will be ſaid; any thing, in ſhort, that comes uppermoſt. I kindly allowed for my lord's joy, on twenty occaſions. I ſmiled when he ſmiled, laughed out when he laughed out, did not talk to any body elſe, when he directed his diſcourſe to me; ſo that the honeſt man crowed all the way. It is a charming thing, thought I, ſeveral times, to be on a foot of good underſtanding with each other; for now I can call him

honeſt

honeſt man, or any names, that lately would have made him prance and caper; and he takes every thing kindly: Nay, two or three times he called me *honeſt woman*; but laughed and looked round him at the time, as if he were conſcious that he had made a *bold*, as well as *witty* retort.

Let me tell you, Lady L. that I intend to give him ſigns when he exceeds, and other ſigns when he is right and clever; and I will accept of ſigns from him, that he may not be affronted. I am confident that we ſhall be in time an amazing happy couple.

Emily was rejoiced to ſee her equally beloved and revered Miſs Byron. Miſs Byron embraced Emily with the affection of a ſiſter. My honeſt man kiſſed Miſs Byron's hand on one knee, in the fervour of his love and gratitude; for I had let him know, that he owed much of his preſent happineſs to her. She congratulated him whiſperingly, in my hearing, on my being good.

James Selby almoſt wept for love over Emily's hand; while Emily looked as ſleek and as ſhy as a bird new-caught, for fear of being thought to give him encouragement, after what you may remember paſſed between them at Dunſtable.

Aunt Selby, Lucy, Nancy, were all in rapture to ſee us: We to ſee them. We were *mother* and *ſiſters* the moment we were ſeated. Uncle Selby began to crack his jokes upon me in the firſt half-hour. I ſpared him not: And Lord G. ſince I muſt have ſomebody to play the rogue with, will fare the better for him. Dr Bartlett was the revered of every heart. By the way, I am in high credit with that good man, for my behaviour to my lord.

Miſs Byron received him with open arms, and even, as her father, with an offered cheek: And the modeſt man was ſo much affected by her filial regard for him, that I was obliged, for our own

ſakes,

ſakes, to whiſper her to rein-in her joy to ſee him, that we might have the pleaſure of hearing him talk.

When we arrived at Selby-houſe our joy was renewed, as if we had not ſeen each other at Stratford.

O, I ſhould have told you, that in our journey from Stratford hither, aunt Selby, Harriet, Emily, and I, were in one coach: And I had, as we went on, a great deal of good inſtruction inſinuated to me, by way of felicitation, on my being ſo very kind and obliging to Lord G. And, as if I had been a child (corrected for being untoward) they endeavoured to coax me into a perſeverance in what they called my duty. Aunt Selby, on this occaſion, performed the maternal part with ſo much good ſenſe, and her praiſe and her cautions were ſo delicately inſinuated, that I began to think, it was almoſt as pretty to be good as to be ſaucy.

Upon the whole, I really believe Lord G. will have reaſon to rejoice, as long as he lives, that he was ruled by his wife, in changing his Windſor and Oxford journey for this of Northamptonſhire. So *right* a thing is it for men to be governable; and, perhaps, you'll add, for women to keep good company.

Lord L. thinks you, my ſage ſiſter, ſo good already, that you need not be better, or I would wiſh him to ſend you down to Selby-houſe.

Well my Harriet revere her grandmother. That venerable woman is good in every ſenſe of the word. She is pious, charitable, benevolent, affectionate, condeſcending to the very foibles of youth; chearful, wiſe, patient under the infirmities of age, having outlived all her wiſhes but one; which is, to ſee her Harriet happily married: And then, ſhe ſays, ſhe hopes to be ſoon releaſed. Never could ſhe be ſo much admired in her blooming youth, though ſhe was then it ſeems deſervedly

ſervedly celebrated, both for her mind and perſon, as ſhe is now in her declining age.

You have ſeen and admire Mrs Selby. She riſes upon me every hour. It gives one's heart joy, Lady L. to look forward, beyond the age of youth and flutter, when we ſee by theſe ladies, that women in their advanced years may, to expreſs myſelf in the ſtile of Sir Rowland Meredith, be good for ſomething; or ſtill better, that the matronly time of female life is by far the moſt eſtimable of all the ſtages of it; if they make good wives, good miſtreſſes, and good mothers: And, let me ſay, good *aunts*; were it but to keep in countenance aunt Gertrude and aunt Nell; who, good ſouls! will now hardly ever be *mothers*.

Lucy is an excellent young creature. Nancy, when Lucy is not preſent, is *as* excellent. Her couſins Kitty and Patty Holles are agreeable young women.

James Selby is a good ſort of blundering, well-meaning great boy; who, when he has lived a *few years longer*, may make much ſuch a good ſort of man as my Lord G. There's for you, my once-catechizing ſiſter! Pray be as ready to praiſe, as you uſed to be to blame me. I find duty and love growing faſt upon me. I ſhall get into a cuſtom of bringing in Lord G. on every occaſion that will do him credit: And then I ſhall be like Lady Betty Clemſon; who is ſo perpetually dinning the ears of her gueſts with her domeſtic ſuperlatives, that we are apt to ſuſpect the truth of all ſhe ſays.

But Harriet, our dear Harriet, is not at all well. She viſibly falls away, and her fine complexion fades. Mr Deane was here a week ago; and Lucy tells me, was ſo much ſtartled at the alteration in her lovely countenance, that he broke from her, and ſhed tears to Lucy. This good girl and Nancy lament to each other the too viſible change.

change. But when they are with the reſt of the family, they all ſeem afraid to take notice of it to one another. She herſelf takes generous pains to be lively, chearful, and apprehenſive, for fear of giving concern to her grandmother and aunt; who will ſometimes ſit and contemplate the alteration, ſigh, and, now and then, drop a ſilent tear, which, however, they endeavour to ſmile off, to avoid notice. I have already obſerved, that as theſe good ladies ſit in her company, they watch in ſilent love every turn of her mild and patient eye, every change of her charming countenance; for they too well know to what to impute the inward malady, which has approached the beſt of hearts; and they know that the cure cannot be within the art of the phyſician. They, as *we* do, admire her voice, and her playing. They aſk her for a ſong, for a leſſon on her harpſichord. She plays, ſhe ſings, at the very firſt word. In no one act of chearfulneſs does ſhe refuſe to join. Her grandmother and her aunt Selby frequently give a private ball. The old lady delights to ſee young people chearful and happy. She is always preſent, and directs the diverſion; for ſhe has a fine taſte. We are often to have theſe balls, for our entertainment. Miſs Byron, her couſins ſay, knowing the delight her grandmother takes in theſe amuſements, for the ſake of the young people, to whom ſhe conſiders it as a healthful exerciſe, as well as diverſion, is one of the alerteſt in them. She excuſes not herſelf, nor encourages that ſupineneſs that creeps on, and invades a heart ill at eaſe. Yet every one ſees that ſolitude and retirement are her choice; though ſhe is very careful to have it ſuppoſed otherwiſe; and, on the firſt ſummons, haſtens into company, and joins in the converſation. O ſhe is a lovely, and beloved young creature! I think verily, that though ſhe was the admiration of every body, when ſhe was with us, yet

ſhe

ſhe is, if poſſible, more amiable at home, and among her own relations. Her uncle Selby rallies her ſometimes. But reſpect as well as love are viſible in his countenance, when he does: In her returns ſweetneſs and reverence are mingled. She never forgets that the rallier is her uncle; yet her delicacy is not more apparent, than that ſhe is miſtreſs of fine talents in that way; but often reſtrains them, becauſe ſhe has far more ſuperior ones to value herſelf upon. And is not this the caſe with my brother alſo?—Not ſo, I am afraid, with your Charlotte.

All her friends, however, rejoice in our viſit to them, for her ſake. They compliment me on my lively turn; and hope for a happy effect on Miſs Byron from it.

I cannot accuſe her of reſerve to me. She owns her love for our brother as frankly as ſhe uſed to do, after we had torn the ſecret from her boſom at Colnebrook. She acknowledges to me, that ſhe glories in it, and will not try to conquer it; becauſe ſhe is ſure the trial will be to no purpoſe; an excuſe, by the way, that, if the conqueſt be neceſſary, would better become the mouth of your Charlotte than that of our Harriet: And ſo I have told her.

She prays for the reſtoration of Lady Clementina, and recovery of Signor Jeronymo. She loves to talk of the whole Italian family; and yet ſeems fully aſſured that Clementina will be the happy woman. But, ſurely, Harriet muſt be our ſiſter. She values herſelf upon my brother's ſo ſolemnly requeſting and claiming her friendſhip. True friendſhip, ſhe but this morning argued with me, being diſintereſted, and more intellectual than perſonal regard, is nobler than love. Love, ſhe ſaid, does not always ripen into friendſhip, as is too frequently ſeen in wedlock.

But does not the dear creature refine too much when ſhe argues thus? A calm and eaſy kind of eſteem is all I have to judge from in *my* matrimony. I know not what love is. At the very higheſt, and when I was moſt a fool, my motive was *ſuppoſed* convenience (in order to be freed from the apprehended tyranny of a father); and that never carried me beyond liking. But you, Lady L. were an adept in the paſſion. Pray tell me, if there *be* a difference between love and friendſhip, which is the nobleſt? Upon my oppoſing you and Lord L. (ſo truly one mind) to her argument, ſhe ſaid, that yours is love mellowed into friendſhip, upon full proof of the merit of each: But, that there *was* a time, that the flame was love only, founded in *hope* of the merit; and the *proof* might have been wanting, as it often is, when the hope has been as ſtrong, and ſeemingly as well founded, as in your courtſhip.

Harriet, poſſibly, may argue from her own ſituation, in order to make her heart eaſy; and my brother is ſo *unqueſtionably* worthy, that love and friendſhip may be one thing in the boſom of a woman admiring him; ſince he will not enter into any obligation, that he cannot, that he *will* not, religiouſly perform. And if this refinement will make her heart eaſier, and enable her to allow his love to be placed elſewhere, becauſe of a prior claim, and of circumſtances that call for generous compaſſion, while ſhe can content herſelf with the offered friendſhip, I think we ought to indulge her in her delicate notions.

Selby-houſe is a large, convenient, well-furniſhed habitation. To-morrow we are to make a viſit, with Lucy and Nancy, to their branch of the Selby family. James is gone before. Thoſe two girls are orphans: But their grandmother, by their mother's ſide (a good old lady, mother-in-

law to Mr Selby), lives with them, or rather they with her, and loves them.

On our return, we were to have our firſt private ball at Shirley-manor; a fine old ſeat, which already the benevolent owner calls her Harriet's; with an eſtate of about 500 *l.* a-year round it.

Adieu, my dear Lady L.—My lord and you, I hope, will own me now. Yet are you not ſometimes ſurpriſed at the ſuddenneſs of my reformation? Shall I tell you how it came about? To own the truth, I began to find the man could be ſtout. "Charlotte, thought I, what are you about? 'You mean not to continue for ever your playful 'folly. You have no malice, no wickedneſs, in 'your ſaucineſs; only a little levity: It may 'grow into habit:—Make your retreat while you 'can with honour; before you harden the man's 'heart, and find your reformation a matter of in-'difference to him. You have a few good quali-'ties; are not a modern woman; have neither 'wings to your ſhoulders, nor gad-fly in your 'cap: You love home. At preſent the honeſt 'man loves you. He has no vices. Every one 'loves you; but all your friends are buſy upon 'your conduct. You will eſtrange them from 'you. The man will not be a king Log—Be 'you a prudent frog, leſt you turn him into a 'ſtork. A weak man, if you *ſuppoſe* him weak, 'made a tyrant, will be an inſupportable thing. 'I ſhall make him appear weak in the eyes of 'every body elſe, when I have ſo much grace left, 'as would make me riſe againſt any one who 'ſhould let me know they thought him ſo. My 'brother will be reflected upon for his ſolicitude 'to carry me to church with a man, whom I ſhall 'make the world think I deſpiſe. Harriet will re-'nounce me. My wit will be thought folly. Does 'not the ſuckling Emily, does not the ſtale virgin,

'aunt

'aunt Eleanor, think they have a right to blame, 'intreat, inſtruct me? I will be good of choice, 'and make my *duty* received as a *favour*. I have 'travelled a great way in the road of perverſe-'neſs. I ſee briars, thorns, and a pathleſs track, 'before me. I may be benighted: The day is 'far gone. Serpents may be in the brakes. I 'will get home as faſt as I can; and rejoice eve-'ry one, who now only wonders what is become 'of me."

Theſe, Lady L. were ſome of my reaſonings. Make your advantage of them againſt me, if you can. You ſee that your grave wiſdom had ſome weight with my light folly. Allow a little for conſtitution now and then; and ſhall not have cauſe to be aſhamed of your ſiſter.

Let me conclude this ſubject half one way, half t'other—that is to ſay, half ſerious, half roguiſh: If my lord would but be cured of his taſte for trifles and nick-knacks, I ſhould, poſſibly, be induced to conſider him as a man of better underſtanding than I once thought him: But who can forbear, ſometimes, to think ſlightly of a man, who, by effeminacies, and a ſhell and china taſte, undervalues himſelf? I hope I ſhall cure him of thoſe foibles; and, if I *can*, I ſhall conſider him as a work of my own hands, and be proud of him, in compliment to myſelf.

Let my aunt Eleanor (no more Nell, if I can help it) know how good I *continue* to be. And now I will relieve you and myſelf, with the aſſurance that I am, and ever will be, notwithſtanding your's and Lord L.'s paſt ſeverity to me,

Your truly affectionate ſiſter,

CH. G.

LETTER XLII.

Lady G. *To Lady* L.

Selby-houſe, Monday, July 24*.

LORD bleſs me, my dear, what ſhall we do! My brother, in all probability, may by this time——But I cannot tell how to ſuppoſe it!—Ah the poor Harriet! The three letters from my brother, which, by the permiſſion of Dr Bartlett, I incloſe, will ſhew you that the Italian affair is now at a criſis.

Read them in this place; and return them ſealed up, and directed to the Doctor.

LETTER XLIII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr* BARTLETT.

Florence, Wedneſday, July 5-16.

THREE weeks have now paſt ſince the date of my laſt letter to my paternal friend. Nor has it, in the main, been a diſagreeable ſpace of time; ſince within it I have had the pleaſure of hearing from you and other of my friends in England; from thoſe at Paris; and good news from Bologna, wherever I moved, as well from the biſhop and father Mareſcotti as from Mr Lowther.

The biſhop particularly tells me, that they aſcribe to the amendment of the brother the hopes they now have of the ſiſter's recovery.

I paſſed

* *Several letters, written in the ſpace between the laſt date, June* 16. *and the preſent, which give an account of their diverſions, viſits, entertainments, at Selby-houſe, Shirley-manor,* &c. *are omitted.*

I paſſed near a fortnight of this time at Naples and Portici. The general and his lady, who is one of the beſt of women, made it equally their ſtudy to oblige and amuſe me.

The general, on my firſt arrival at Naples, entered into talk with me on my expectations with regard to his ſiſter. I anſwered him as I had done his mother; and he was ſatisfied with what I ſaid.

When we parted, he embraced me as his brother and friend; and apologized for the animoſity he once had to me. If it pleaſed God to reſtore his ſiſter, no more from him, he ſaid, ſhould her mind be endangered: But *her* choice ſhould determine *him*. His lady declared her eſteem for me, without reſerve; and ſaid, that next to the recovery of Clementina and Jeronymo, her wiſh was, to be intitled to call me brother.

What, my dear Dr Bartlett, is at laſt to be my deſtiny! The greateſt oppoſer of the alliance once in view is overcome: But the biſhop, you will obſerve, by what I have told you, aſcribes to another cauſe the merit which the general gives me; with a view poſſibly to abate my expectation. Be the event as it may, I will go on in the courſe I am in, and leave to Providence the iſſue.

Mrs Beaumont returned from Bologna but yeſterday.

She confirms the favourable account I had before received of the great alteration for the better that there is in the health both of brother and ſiſter; and, becauſe of that, in the whole family. Mr Lowther, ſhe ſays, is as highly as deſervedly careſſed by every one. Jeronymo is able to ſit up two hours in a day. He has tried his pen, and finds it will be again in his power to give his friends pleaſure with it.

Mrs Beaumont tells me, that Clementina generally twice a day viſits her beloved Jeronymo. She has taken once more to her needle, and often ſits

and works in her brother's room. This amuſes her, and delights him.

She converſes generally without much rambling; and ſeems to be very ſoon ſenſible of her misfortune, when ſhe begins to talk incoherently: For at ſuch times ſhe immediately ſtops; not ſeldom ſheds a tear; and either withdraws to her own cloſet, or is ſilent.

She ſeveral times directed her diſcourſe to Mr Lowther, when ſhe met him in her brother's chamber. She obſerved great delicacy when ſhe ſpoke of me to him; and dwelt not on the ſubject: But was very inquiſitive about England, and the cuſtoms and manners of the people; particularly of the women.

Every body has made it a rule (Jeronymo among the reſt, and to which alſo Camilla ſtrictly conforms) never to lead her to talk of me. She, however, aſks often after me; and numbers the days of my abſence.

At one time, ſeeking Mrs Beaumont in her dreſſing-room, ſhe thus accoſted her: I come, madam, to aſk you, why every-body forbears to mention the Chevalier Grandiſon; and when I do, talks of ſomebody or ſomething elſe; Camilla is as perverſe in this way as any body: Nay, Jeronymo (I have tried him ſeveral times) does the very ſame. Can Jeronymo be ungrateful? Can Jeronymo be indifferent to his friend, who has done ſo much for him? I hope I am not looked upon as a ſilly, or as a forward creature, that am not to be truſted with hearing the name of the man mentioned, for whom I profeſs an high eſteem and gratitude. Tell me, madam, have I at any time, in my unhappy hours, behaved or ſpoken aught unworthy of my character, of my family, of the modeſty of woman?—If I *have*, my heart renounces the guilt; I muſt, indeed, have been unhappy; it could not be Clementina della Porretta.

Mrs

Mrs Beaumont ſet her heart at eaſe on this ſubject.

Well, ſaid ſhe, it ſhall be ſeen, I hope ſo, that true modeſty, and high gratitude, may properly have a place together in *this* heart, putting her hand to her boſom. Let me but own, that I eſteem him; for I really do; and I hope my ſincerity ſhall never miſlead or betray me into indecorum: And now, madam, let us talk of him for one quarter of an hour, and no more. Here is my watch; it is an Engliſh watch; nobody knows that I bought it for that very reaſon. Don't *you* tell. She then, ſuſpecting her head, dropt a tear; and withdrew in ſilence.

Mrs Beaumont, my dear friend, knows the true ſtate of my heart; and ſhe pities me. She wiſhes that the lady's reaſon may be eſtabliſhed; ſhe is afraid it ſhould be riſqued by oppoſition: But there is a man whom ſhe wiſhes to be Clementina's. There *is* a woman—But—do thou, Providence direct us both! All that thou ordereſt muſt be beſt.

Mrs Beaumont thinks Lady Clementina is at times too ſolemn; and is the more apprehenſive when ſhe is ſo; and there is a greatneſs in her ſolemnity, which ſhe is afraid will be too much for her. She has often her ſilent fits, in which ſhe is regardleſs of what any-body but her mother ſays to her.

As ſhe grows better, the fervour of her devotion, which in her higheſt delirium never went quite off, increaſes. Nor do they diſcourage, but indulge her in it, becauſe in her, it ſeems, by the chearfulneſs in which her ardent zeal is attended, to be owing to true piety, which they juſtly obſerve never makes a good mind ſour, moroſe, and melancholy.

Mrs Beaumont ſays, That for two days before ſhe came away, ſhe had ſhewn, on ſeveral occaſions, that ſhe began to expect my return—She broke ſilence

lence in one of her dumb fits—"Twenty days, did "he ſay, Camilla?" and was ſilent again.

The day before Mrs Beaumont ſet out, as ſhe, the young lady, and marchioneſs, were ſitting at work together, Camilla entered with unuſual precipitation, with a meſſage from the biſhop, deſiring leave to attend them——And the marchioneſs ſaying, By all means, pray let him come in; the young lady, on hearing him approach, laid down her work, changed colour, and ſtood up with an air of dignity; but on the biſhop's entrance, ſat down with a look of diſſatisfaction, as if diſappointed.

Adieu, my dear friend! I ſhall reach Bologna, I hope, to-morrow night. You will ſoon have another letter from

Your truly affectionate

GRANDISON.

LETTER XLIV.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

Bologna, July 7-18.

IT was late laſt night before I arrived at this place. I ſent my compliments to the family. In the morning I went to their palace, and was immediately conducted to the chamber of Signor Jeronymo. He was diſpoſing himſelf to riſe, that he might receive me up in order to rejoice me on his ability to do ſo. I ſat down by him, and received the overflowings of his grateful heart. Everybody, he told me, was amended both in health and ſpirits.

Camilla came in ſoon after, congratulating me on my arrival in the name of her young lady. She let me know, that in leſs than a quarter of an hour ſhe would be ready to receive my viſit.

O Sir,

O Sir, ſaid the good woman, miracles! miracles! —We are all joy and hope!

At going out, ſhe whiſpered as ſhe paſſed (I was then at the window), My young lady is dreſſing in colours to receive you.—She will no more *appear* to you, ſhe ſays, in black—Now, Sir, will you ſoon reap the reward of all your goodneſs; for the general has ſignified to my lord his entire acquieſcence with his ſiſter's choice, and their determination.

The biſhop came in: Chevalier, ſaid he, you are welcome, thrice welcome, to Bologna. You have ſubdued us all. Clementina commands her own deſtiny. The man whom ſhe chuſes to call hers, be he who he will, will have a treaſure in her, in every ſenſe of the word.

The marquis, the count, Father Mareſcotti, all ſeverally made me the higheſt compliments. The count particularly taking my hand, ſaid, From *us*, Chevalier, nothing will be wanting to make *you* happy: From *you*, there can be but one thing wanting to make *us* ſo.

The marchioneſs entering, ſaved me any other return than by bowing to each. Before I could ſpeak to her, Welcome, Chevalier, ſaid ſhe: But you are not come before you are wiſhed for. You will find we have kept a more exact account of the days of your abſence, than we did before. I hope her joy to ſee you will not be too much for her. Clementina ever had a grateful heart.

The Chevalier's prudence, ſaid father Mareſcotti, may be confided in. He knows how to moderate his own joy on his firſt addreſs to her, on ſeeing her ſo greatly amended: And then Lady Clementina's natural delicacy will not have an *example* to carry her joy above her reaſon.

The Chevalier, madam, ſaid the biſhop, ſmiling, will at this rate be *too* ſecure. We leave him not room for *profeſſions*. But he cannot be ungenerous.

The

The Chevalier Grandiſon, ſaid the kind Jeronymo, ſpeaks by *action*: It is his way. His head, his heart, his lips, his hands, are governed by one motion, and directed by one ſpring. When he leaves no room for doubt, profeſſions would depreciate his ſervice.

He then aſcribed an extraordinary merit to me, on my leaving my native country and friends, to attend them in perſon.

We may, perhaps, my reverend friend, be allowed to repeat the commendations given us by grateful and benevolent ſpirits, when we cannot *otherwiſe* ſo well do juſtice to the generous warmth of their friendſhip. The noble Jeronymo, I am confident, were he in my place, and I in his, would put a more moderate value on the like ſervices, done by himſelf. What is friendſhip, if, on the like calls, and bleſſed with power, it is not ready to exert itſelf in action?

Grandiſon, replied the biſhop, were he *one of us*, might expect canonization. In a better religion, we have but a few young men of quality and fortune ſo good as he; though I think none ſo bad, as many of the pretended reformed who travel, as if to copy our vices, and not to imitate our virtues.

I was overwhelmed with gratitude on a reception ſo very generous and unreſerved. Camilla came in ſeaſonably with a meſſage from the young lady, inviting my attendance on her in her dreſſing-room.

The marchioneſs withdrew juſt before. I followed Camilla. She told me, as we went, that ſhe thought her not quite ſo ſedate as ſhe had been for ſome days paſt; which ſhe ſuppoſed owing to her hurrying in dreſſing, and to her expectation of me.

The mother and daughter were together. They were talking, when I entered—Dear fanciful girl!

I heard

I heard the mother ſay, diſpoſing otherwiſe ſome flowers that ſhe had in her boſom.

Clementina, when her mind was ſound, uſed to be all unaffected elegance. I never ſaw but one woman who equalled her in that reſpect. Miſs Byron ſeems conſcious, that ſhe may truſt to her native charms; yet betrays no pride in her conſciouſneſs. Who ever ſpoke of her jewels that beheld her face? For mingled dignity, and freedom of air and manner, theſe two ladies excel amongſt women.

Clementina appeared exceedingly lovely. But her fancifulneſs in the diſpoſition of her ornaments, and the unuſual luſtre of her eyes, which every one was wont to admire for their *ſerene* brightneſs, ſhewed an imagination more diſordered than I hoped to ſee; and gave me pain at my entrance.

The Chevalier, my love! (ſaid the marchioneſs, turning round to me), Clementina, receive your friend.

She ſtood up, dignity and ſweetneſs in her air. I approached her: She refuſed not her hand. The general, madam, and his lady, ſalute you by me.

They received you, I am ſure, as the friend of our family. But tell me, Sir, ſmiling, have you not exceeded your promiſed time?

Two or three days only.

Only, Sir!—Well, I upbraid you not. No wonder that a man, ſo greatly valued, cannot always keep his time.

She heſitated, looked at her mother, at me, and on the floor, viſibly at a loſs. Then, as ſenſible of her wandering, turned aſide her head, and took out her handkerchief.

Mrs Beaumont, madam, ſaid I, to divert her chagrin, ſends you her compliments.

Were you at Florence?—Mrs Beaumont, ſaid you!—Were you at Florence? Then running to her

her mother, ſhe threw her arms about her neck, hiding her face in her boſom—O madam, conceal me! conceal me from myſelf. I am not well.

Be comforted, my beſt love, wrapping her maternal arms about her, and kiſſing her forehead; you will be better preſently.

I made a motion to withdraw. The marchioneſs, by her head, approving, I went into the next apartment.

She ſoon enquired for me, and, on notice from Camilla, I returned.

She ſat with her head leaning on her mother's ſhoulder. She raiſed it—Excuſe me, Sir, ſaid ſhe. I cannot be well, I ſee—But no matter! I am better, and I am worſe, than I was: *Worſe*, becauſe I am ſenſible of my calamity.

Her eyes had then loſt all that luſtre which had ſhewn a too raiſed imagination: But they were as much in the other extreme, overclouded with miſtineſs, dimneſs, vapours; ſwimming in tears.

I took her hand: Be not diſheartened, madam. You will be ſoon well. Theſe are uſual turns of the malady you ſeem to be ſo ſenſible of, when it is changing to perfect health.

God grant it!—O Chevalier! what trouble have I given my friends!—my mamma here!—You, Sir!—Every body! O that naughty Laurana! But for *her!*—But tell me—Is ſhe dead?—Poor cruel creature! Is ſhe no more?

Would you have her to be no more, my love? ſaid her mother.

O no! no! I would have had her to live, and to repent. Was ſhe not the companion of my childhood? She loved me once. I *always* loved her. Say, Chevalier, is ſhe living?

I looked at the marchioneſs, as aſking if I ſhould tell her ſhe was; and receiving her approving nod. She is living, madam, anſwered I—and I hope will repent.

Is ſhe, is ſhe indeed, my mamma? interrupted ſhe.

She is, my dear.

Thank God! riſing from her ſeat, claſping her hands, and ſtanding more erect than uſual, then have I a triumph to come! ſaid the noble creature. Excuſe my pride! I will ſhew her that I can forgive her!—But I will talk of her when I am better. You ſay, Sir, I ſhall be better! You ſay that my malady is changing—What comfort you give me!

Then dropping down againſt her mother's chair on her knees, her eyes and hands lifted up, Great and good God Almighty, heal, heal, I beſeech thee, my wounded mind, that I may be enabled to reſtore to the moſt indulgent of parents the happineſs I have robbed them of. Join your prayers with mine, Sir! You are a good man—But you, madam, are a Catholic. The Chevalier is not—Do *you* pray for me. I ſhall be reſtored to *your* prayers. And may I be reſtored, as I ſhall never more do any thing wilfully to offend or diſturb your tender heart.

God reſtore my child! ſobbed the indulgent parent, raiſing her.

Camilla had not withdrawn. She ſtood weeping in a corner of the room. Camilla, ſaid the young lady, advancing towards her, lend me your arm. I will return to you again, Sir—Don't go—Excuſe me, madam, for a few moments. I find, putting her hand to her forehead, I am not quite well—I will return preſently.

The marchioneſs and I were extremely affected by her great behaviour: But though we were grieved for the pain her ſenſibility gave her, yet we could not but conſole and congratulate ourſelves upon it, as affording hopes of her perfect recovery.

She returned ſoon, attended by Camilla; who having been ſoothing her, appealed to me, whether I did not think ſhe would ſoon be quite well.

I anſwered, that I had no queſtion of it.

Look you there now, my dear lady.

I thought you ſaid ſo, Chevalier, but I was not ſure. God grant it! My affliction is great, my mamma. I muſt have been a wicked creature—Pray for me.

Her mother comforted her, praiſed her, and raiſed her dejected heart. And then Clementina looking down, a bluſh overſpreading her face, and ſtanding motionleſs, as if conſidering of ſomething—What is in my child's thoughts? ſaid the Marchioneſs, taking her hand. What is my love thinking of?

Why, madam, in a low, but audible voice, I ſhould be glad to talk with the Chevalier alone, methinks. He is a good man. But if you think I ought not, I will not deſire it. In every thing I will be governed by you: Yet I am aſhamed. What can I have to ſay that my mother may not hear?——Nothing, nothing. Your Clementina's heart, madam, is a part of yours.

My love ſhall be indulged in every thing. You and I, Camilla, will retire.—Clementina was ſilent, and both withdrew.

She commanded me to ſit down by her. I obeyed. It was not, in the ſituation I was in, for me to ſpeak firſt. I attended her pleaſure in ſilence.

She ſeemed at a loſs; ſhe looked round her, then at me, then on the floor. I could not then forbear ſpeaking.

The mind of Lady Clementina, ſaid I, ſeems to have ſomething upon it that ſhe wiſhes to communicate. You have not, madam, a more ſincere, a more faithful friend, than the man before you. Your happineſs, and that of my Jeronymo, engroſs

engroſs all my cares. Honour me with your confidence.

I had ſomething to ſay: I had many queſtions to aſk—But pity me, Sir! my memory is gone: I have loſt it all—But this I know, that we are all under obligations to you, which we never can return: And I am uneaſy under the ſenſe of them.

What, madam, have I done, but anſwered to the call of friendſhip, which, in the like ſituation, not any one of your family but would have obeyed?—

This generous way of thinking adds to the obligation. Say but, Sir, in what way we can expreſs our gratitude, in what way I in particular can, and I ſhall be eaſy. Till we have done it I never ſhall.

And can you, madam, think, that I am not highly rewarded, in the proſpect of that ſucceſs which opens to all our wiſhes?

It may be ſo in your opinion: But this leaves the debt ſtill heavier upon us.

How could I avoid conſtruing the hint in my favour? And yet I did not think the lady, even had ſhe not had *parents* in being, had ſhe been abſolutely independent, well enough to determine for herſelf in a ſituation ſo delicate. How then could I in honour (all her friends expecting that I ſhould be entirely governed by her motions, as they were reſolved to be) take direct advantage of the gratitude which at that inſtant poſſeſſed her noble mind?

If, madam, anſwered I, you *will* ſuppoſe yourſelves under obligations to me, and will not be *eaſy* till you have acknowledged them, the return muſt be a family act. Let me refer myſelf to your father, mother, brothers, and to yourſelf: What you and they determine upon muſt be right.

After a ſhort ſilence—Well, Sir, I believe you have put the matter upon a right footing: But

here is my difficulty—You *cannot* be rewarded. *I* cannot reward you. But, Sir, the ſubject begins to be too much for me. I have high notions—My duty to God and to my parents, my gratitude to you—But I have *begun* to write down all that has occurred to me on this important ſubject. I wiſh to act greatly! You, Sir, have ſet me the example. I will *continue* to write down my thoughts: I cannot truſt to my memory—No, nor yet to my heart!—But no more on a ſubject that is at preſent too affecting to me. I will talk to my mother upon it firſt, but not juſt now, though I will aſk for the honour of her preſence.

She then went from me into the next room, and inſtantly returned, leading in the Marchioneſs. Don't, dear madam, be angry with me. I had many things to ſay to the Chevalier, which I thought I could beſt ſay when I was alone with him, but I forget what they were. Indeed, I ought not to remember them, if they were ſuch as I could not ſay before my mother.

My child cannot do any thing that can make me diſpleaſed with her. The Chevalier's generoſity, and my Clementina's goodneſs of heart, can neither of them be doubted.

O, madam! What a deep ſenſe have I of your's and of my father's indulgence to me! How ſhall I requite it!—How unworthy ſhould I be of that returning reaſon, which ſometimes ſeems to enliven my hope, if I were not to reſolve that it ſhall be wholly employed in my duty to God, and to you both! But even then, my gratitude to that generous man will leave a burden upon my heart that never can be removed.

She withdrew with precipitation, leaving the Marchioneſs and me in ſilence, looking upon each other, and admiring her. Camilla followed her, and inſtantly returning—My dear young lady—(Don't

(Don't be frightened, madam)—is not well. She ſeems to have exhauſted her ſpirits by talking.

The Marchioneſs haſtened in with Camilla. And while I was heſitating whether to withdraw to Jeronymo, or to quit the palace, Camilla came to me—My young lady aſks for you, Sir.

I followed her to her cloſet. She was in her mother's arms on a couch, juſt come out of a fit, but not a ſtrong one. She held out her hand to me. I preſſed it with my lips. I was affected with her nobleneſs of mind, and weakneſs of ſpirit—O Chevalier, ſaid ſhe, how unworthy am I of that tenderneſs which you expreſs for me! O that I could be grateful!—But God will reward you. He *only* can.

She deſired her mother and me to leave her to her Camilla. We both withdrew.

What can be done with this dear creature, Chevalier? She is going to be bad again!—O, Sir! Her behaviour is now different from what it ever was!

She ſeems, madam, to have ſomething on her mind that ſhe has a difficulty to reveal. When ſhe *has* revealed it ſhe will be eaſier. You will prevail upon her, madam, by your condeſcending goodneſs, to communicate it to you. Allow me to withdraw to Signor Jeronymo. Lady Clementina, when ſhe is a little recovered, will acquaint you with what paſſed between her and me.

I heard it all, replied ſhe; and you are the moſt honourable of men. What man would, what man *could* have acted as you acted with regard to her, with regard to us, yet not ſlight the dear creature's manifeſt meaning, but refer it to us and to her to make it a family act? A family act it muſt, it *ſhall* be. Only, Sir, let me be aſſured that my child's malady will not leſſen your love for her: And permit her to be a Catholic!—Theſe are all the terms I, for *my* part, have to make with you. The reſt

of us ſtill wiſh that *you* would be ſo, though but in appearance, for the ſake of our alliances. But I will not expect an anſwer to the laſt. As to the firſt, you cannot be ungenerous to one who has ſuffered ſo much for love of you.

The marquis and the biſhop entering the room, I leave it to you, madam, ſaid I, to acquaint their lordſhips with what has paſſed. I will attend Signor Jeronymo for a few moments.

I went accordingly to his chamber; but being told that he was diſpoſed to reſt, I withdrew with Mr Lowther into his: And there Camilla coming to me, Mr Lowther retiring, ſhe told me that her young lady was pretty well recovered. It was evident to her, ſhe ſaid, that ſhe never would be well till the marriage was ſolemnized. They are all, ſaid ſhe, in cloſe conference together, I believe upon that ſubject. My young lady is endeavouring to compoſe herſelf in her cloſet. The marchioneſs hopes you will ſtay and dine here.

I excuſed myſelf from dining, and deſired her to tell her lady, that I would attend them in the evening.

I am now preparing to do ſo.

5 AP 66

INDEX.

INDEX,

HISTORICAL AND CHARACTERISTICAL,

TO THE

FIFTH VOLUME OF THIS WORK.

ADVERSITY is the trial of principle 281.

Advice or cautions to women 49. *See* Single Women.

Age of fancy, a dangerous time in a young woman's life 5.

Ages, different, at which women will think differently of entering into the ſtate of wedlock 46.

Anger 84.

Artful men 49.

Avarice 26.

B. Lord, his infamous character 282.

Bagenhall, James, Eſq; ſeduces a manufacturer's daughter at Abbeville 160. Obliged to marry her 179.

Bartlett, Dr Ambroſe, his opinion of chamber-marriages 4.

Beauchamp, Sir Harry, leaves Sir Charles again to manage for him on his ſon's actual return 14. Converſation on that ſubject, and tender behaviour of Sir Harry to his lady and ſon 15. They bleſs

bleſs Sir Charles as the author of their happineſs 30.

Beauchamp, Lady, her kind reception of her ſon-in-law, in conſequence of Sir Charles's adroit management 14. Her character from Mr Beauchamp 29.

Beauchamp, Mr Edward, viſits Sir Charles on his ſiſter Charlotte's wedding-day 28. His character from Miſs Byron 30, 36, 122. In love with Miſs Jervois 122. His prudent behaviour to her 179. His veneration for Dr Bartlett 257.

Beaumont, Mrs, gives Sir Charles an account of Clementina's amended health 293. And of ſeveral conferences held with her concerning him 294.

Belvedere, Count of, lets Sir Charles, on his going back to Italy, know his unabated paſſion for Clementina, notwithſtanding her malady 189. Gives Sir Charles an account of propoſals made him in Laurana's favour 202. Enquires into Sir Charles's expectations from Clementina ib.

Beneficence 15, 230. *See* Sir Charles Grandiſon.

Bolton, an infamous ſteward of Mr Calvert; his wicked contrivances, by which he defrauds the right heirs of his ſuperannuated maſter 176.

Byron, Miſs, every one ſure that Sir Charles loves her 16. Her account of Miſs Grandiſon's nuptials 16, 17, & ſeq. Upon placing herſelf in Clementina's ſituation, ſhe again prefers that lady to herſelf, yet owns that her ſelf-denial coſts her dear 40. She is preſented to Lady Olivia by Sir Charles 58. [*See Lady* Olivia.] Avoids falſe modeſty in not forbearing to ſpeak in a language ſhe is not perfectly ſkilled in 67. Sir Charles's tender viſit to her on his preparing to leave England 69 to 73. From the manner in which he mentions to her with favour the Earl of D. ſhe concludes that he loves her himſelf 74. Her reflections on his departure from

from England 76 to 79. Her charitable apoſtrophe to Dr Bartlett in favour of Olivia's character 77. She fixes the day of her ſetting out for Northamptonſhire 80. Viſit paid her by the Counteſs of D. What paſſes of a tender nature in it 85 to 94. Explains the meaning of Sir Charles's dark expreſſions in the library-conference, with which ſhe had been formerly puzzled 93. Her letter to Sir Rowland Meredith, in anſwer to a paternal one of his, in which (conſidering him as her father) ſhe avows her regard for Sir Charles, notwithſtanding his engagements with another lady, and diſclaims the generous intentions of Sir Rowland in her favour in his will 118 to 121. [*See Sir Rowland* Meredith.] Takes leave of her friends in town 121 to 125. Deſcription of her journey; account of the friends who accompanied her as far as Dunſtable, and of thoſe who met her there from Northamptonſhire; of Mr Greville and Mr Fenwick's collation for her at Stratford; of Mr Orme again ſaluting her by the high-way-ſide, as the coach paſſed by his park-wall; and of her reception by her grandmother and other friends at Selby-houſe 126 to 133. Reminds Lady G. of her and her ſiſter's teazing attack upon her in her dreſſing-room at Colnebrook 126. Applauded by all her family (Mr Selby excepted) for her generous preference of Lady Clementina to herſelf 132. She reproves Lady G. for the levity of her behaviour to her lord 148. Is diſappointed in obtaining the eaſe of mind ſhe hoped for at Selby-houſe ib. Viſited by Mr Fenwick, Mr Greville, Mr Orme, &c. on her return: Mr Greville's incivility; her magnanimity 151 to 154. Her remarks on Sir Charles's firſt letter from Italy 252 to 256. And on the following 256. Her reception of Lord and Lady G. Miſs Jervois and Dr Bartlett,

lett, at Stoney-ſtratford and Selby-houſe 283. Declines in her health; yet takes pains to be chearful 287. Prudently reſtrains her talent for raillery 288. Owns her love for Sir Charles to Lady G. as frankly as when ſhe and Lady L. extorted the ſecret from her by their united raillery; and glories in it ib. Her arguments on love and friendſhip 289.

Camilla, a faithful and ſenſible attendant on Lady Clementina, from her infancy. *See* Clementina.

Caſino at Bologna 221.

Cenis, mount, an accurate account of paſſing it 181.

Chamber-marriages 3.

Charity 78, 280.

Chaſtity 42, 258.

Children. *See* Parents and Children.

Clementina della Porretta, Miſs Byron's greatneſs of mind on Sir Charles's being invited over to Bologna [*See Miſs* Byron]. Sir Charles arrives there; underſtands that Clementina will ſoon be there from Urbino 195. Intereſting converſation between the Marchioneſs and him relating to her 195 to 197. Reaſons why ſhe is not allowed to aſſume the veil 198 to 200. Greatly emaciated; Picture of ſilent woe: Terrified at the name of Laurana: Dialogue between her and Camilla about the Chevalier Grandiſon 203 to 205. Arrives at Bologna 206, & ſeq. Deſcription of her ſolemn entrance among her aſſembled friends, Sir Charles preſent 216. Behaviour on ſeeing him 217. Second interview with him 222. Affecting behaviour 222 to 228. Further account of the ſtate of her mind 232. Tried by a ſhort abſence of Sir Charles 235. Her behaviour to him on his return 235 to 237. Day-breaks of her returning reaſon 237. Converſation between her and him, in which ſhe rambles

rambles, and ſhews loſs of memory: Conſents to his abſence of three weeks 242 to 250. Favourable accounts of hers and Jeronymo's health 293 to 295. She dreſſes in colours to receive him 297. Various effects of her diſorder in the interview 299 to 301. Wiſhes to talk with him alone 302. What paſſes on the occaſion 202 to 206.

Clements, Miſs Pulcheria, addreſſed to by a gentleman of Yorkſhire, is going down to ſettle there 180.

Clemſon, Lady Betty, a great talker of her own family 286.

Compliments 258.

Conſolation 197, 251.

Courage, ſentiments upon it 186, 282.

D. Counteſs dowager of, ſhe viſits Sir Charles Grandiſon on behalf of her ſon, and acquaints Miſs Byron with the reſult 85 to 94.

Daughters 48, 132. *See* Libertine love. Parents and children. Single women.

Delicacy, ſentiments relating to it 38, 300, 121, 227.

Dreſs, Lady Clementina's and Miſs Byron's unaffected elegance in it compared 299.

Education, genius to be conſulted in it 229.

Everard Grandiſon, ruined by gameſters 176. Yet, in a letter to Sir Charles, values himſelf on his knowledge of the world 230. Sir Charles's letter of advice to him on the ruined ſtate of his affairs 280 to 283. *See* Gaming.

Example, ſentiments on the force of it 27.

Faſhion 46. Has often beat modeſty out of doors 166. *See* Public places.

Fear makes cowards loving 21.

Femality, ſentiments upon it 5, 164.

Fenwick, Mr, meets Miſs Byron on her return from London 127. Declares his determined perſeverance 150.

Fondneſs of a married pair in public a degree of immorality 73.

Fowler, Mr, carries a generous letter to Miſs Byron from Sir Rowland 114. Her kind behaviour to him, and pity of him 116.

G. Lord, his marriage celebrated 19. His character from Miſs Byron 36. Ridiculed by his lady for his taſte in moths, butterflies, ſhells, and china 139. Preſents his collection of ſhells to Miſs Jervois 141.

G. Lady. *See* Miſs Charlotte Grandiſon.

Galliard, Mr, ſenior, makes a propoſal of marriage to Sir Charles Grandiſon 35.

Gaming, Sir Charles Grandiſon's opinion of the payment of thoſe debts which the world call debts of honour 280. In what caſes he would have a loſer call in to his aid the laws of his country 281. Adverſity the trial of principle ib. Two things to be guarded againſt by every loſer ib. Better to be a ſufferer than a defrauder ib. A loſer deſerves his fate for putting to hazard a certainty, in hopes of obtaining a ſhare in the property of another 282.

Gaſcon, the bluſtering temper of one deſcribed 179.

Generoſity, ſentiments on that noble quality 19.

Generous lover 122.

Geniuſes, different, given by providence for different ends, and that all might become uſeful links of the ſame great chain 228.

Gertrude, Lady, endeavours to ſhame Miſs Grandiſon on the ſubject of chamber-marriages 3. Her reaſons for remaining ſingle 45. Her ſtory of a father who obliged his daughter to marry at the age of fifteen, for intereſted views 50.

Giacomo della Porretta conſents to invite the Chevalier Grandiſon over; attends his ſiſter, with his new-married lady, to Bologna 188. His inſulting behaviour excites the Chevalier's indigna-

tion and contempt. Their angry conference and reconciliation 208, & ſeq. His open and free behaviour to Sir Charles 213. Relapſes into his former incivility 215. The Biſhop makes up the breach 219. His behaviour on the different changes of his ſiſter's diſorder 222 to 228. He receives Sir Charles, on his ſecond viſit at Naples, as his brother and friend 293.

Girls, ſentiments concerning them 136.

Good man 214, 248, 251.

Grandiſon, Mrs Eleanor, arrives in town 178. Reſpects Dr Bartlett 257. Was a Methodiſt in Yorkſhire 258. Takes the part of Lord G. againſt Lady G. her niece 259. Detected by Lady G. in hearing and countenancing his complaints againſt her 261. Obtains her excuſe for interfering between a man and his wife 262. Makes up a quarrel between the married pair 265 to 272. Inſtructs her niece to behave better to her lord 290.

Grandiſon, Sir Charles, introduces Lord W. to Miſs Mansfield 13. His interview with his friend Beauchamp at Sir Harry's 14. He briefly lays before his ſiſter Charlotte the duties of a married ſtate 20. His delicate behaviour at Lord W.'s propoſing Miſs Byron to him, in her preſence, as the only perſon capable of rewarding him for his virtues 22. His chearful behaviour on his ſiſter's wedding-day, while his own heart is torn with uncertainty 28 to 34. Conference between him and Lord W. on the management of ſervants 43.—With Lady G. on prudery 44. —With Lord L. on the manners of the fine ladies of the age ib.—With Lord G. on the proper age for marriage with regard to women 45. —With Mrs Reeves on the helpleſs ſtate of ſingle women ib. Scheme for erecting Proteſtant nunneries, and places of retirement for female penitents 46 to 49. Sentiments with re-

gard to parents who force their children's inclinations in wedlock, and on other intereſting topcis 48 to 50. Owns himſelf naturally to be of an imperious ſpirit; and aſcribes the advantages imputed to him to conſiderations on his mother's death, and to the good example and precepts of Dr Bartlett 51. What paſſes between him and Lady Olivia, on her unexpected arrival in England 54, 58, 59, 57, 63. & ſeq. [*See* Olivia]. His tender behaviour to Miſs Byron at Mr Reeves's, a little before his ſetting out for Italy 70. He departs unexpectedly, from tender motives 75. Preſents a pair of colours to the eldeſt of Mrs Oldham's ſons 78. Never begins a journey on a Sunday, except in purſuit of works of mercy or neceſſity 81. Is not aſhamed to be known to perform his religious duties, yet leaves to the clergy their province uninvaded, and why 82. His behaviour on being aſſaulted by Olivia with a poinard 83 to 85. He declines endeavouring to engage Miſs Byron's affections from generous motives 89. He complies with ſuch cuſtoms of the world as are of an indifferent nature; but is inflexible with regard to evil ones, how faſhionable ſoever 95. Delivers Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, and Mr Merceda, from ſevere, but deſerved chaſtiſement, on the road to Paris 155 to 163. Is met at Parma by the Biſhop of Nocera and Father Mareſcotti 187. The Biſhop's account of the hopeleſs way his brother and ſiſter are in 188. The Count of Belvedere lets him know his unabated paſſion for Lady Clementina 189. He arrives at Bologna ib. Affecting interview between him and Jeronymo 189. His reception from the Marquis and Marchioneſs 190. In Mr Lowther's character he gives that of a good ſurgeon 191. Brief hiſtory of Signor Jeronymo's caſe 191 to 194. Clementina expected from

from Urbino; her brother the general and his new-married lady with her, 195. Converſation between the Marchioneſs and him on Clementina's caſe, and on his expectations from them, if ſhe ſhould recover her reaſon ib. His generous declaration, that he looks upon *himſelf* as bound by his former offers; upon them and Lady Clementina as free 196. He rejoices that he had not, in purſuance of his own inclinations, ſought to engage the affections of Miſs Byron, while he was in ſo great uncertainty 197. Is very ſolicitous for her happineſs ib. Acquits himſelf as having nothing to anſwer for from his conduct to either lady ib. The Marchioneſs relates to him the cruel treatment of her Clementina by Lady Sforza and Laurana, with their intereſted motives for it 198. Reaſons why the whole Porretta family are averſe to Clementina's aſſuming the veil 200. His reflections on Olivia's violent ſpirit; his regard to female delicacy 201. Recommends to his ward to follow Miſs Byron's example ib. Is aſhamed, for the ſake of his country, at the behaviour of Sir Hargrave, Mr Merceda, and Mr Bagenhall, in France ib. Viſited by the Count of Belvedere [*See* Belvedere]. Affecting particulars relating to Lady Clementina, and to his own ſenſibilities for her, for Jeronymo, for Olivia, and his friends in England 203 to 206. Lady Clementina is brought from Naples and Urbino to Bologna 207. Camilla attends him ib. He is viſited by the biſhop and the general 208. Spirited converſation between him and the general, in which he compares the latter to Naaman the Syrian 309. The general, overcome by his greatneſs of mind, reconciles himſelf to him 211. He is ſetting out for the palace of Porretta, in expectation of being admitted to the preſence of Clementina 212. The

general's and his lady's polite behaviour to him 213. Particulars of his firſt interview with Lady Clementina, in preſence of her aſſembled friends, and of her affecting and ſolemn behaviour 215, & ſeq. The general and he again have angry words 217. Again reconciled ib. His generous concern for Lady Clementina and Jeronymo 220. Is indiſpoſed from the harraſſings he meets with 221. His further reflections on the diſgrace which Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, Mr Merceda, and Mr Bagenhall, have brought upon themſelves 230. He recommends the young Oldhams to the kindneſs of Dr Bartlett 231. His generoſity to a family in France, for whom, it was his opinion, the late Mr Danby would have provided, had he been reminded of them 231. Some hopes of Jeroneymo, which enliven his ſiſter 237. Conference between him, the Marchioneſs, and father Mareſcotti, on his expectations from them, were Lady Clementina to recover 238, & ſeq. He again declares himſelf bound, their family free 241. The Marchioneſs, and Father Mareſcotti, admire him in tears ib. He thanks God, that he is enabled to do his duty by others, though he meets not with grateful returns ib. Comforts, by letter, his couſin Everard, who has ruined himſelf by gaming 280. Tells him (in order to encourage him to be free with him) that he ſhould queſtion the rectitude of his own heart, if he had not reaſon to hope, that charity was the principal of thoſe virtues, which he attributes to him, ib. (*See* Gaming.) Will conſider him as intitled to a brother's ſhare in his fortune, if he acquit himſelf as a man of honour in his preſent difficulties 282.

Grandiſon, Miſs Charlotte, debate about the place in which the ceremony of marriages to be performed 3. Her haughty behaviour to Lord G. on his coming

coming into her preſence with too little ceremony 5. Account of her marriage 19, & ſeq. Her brother's advice to her on that occaſion 20. Retains her levity, even at the altar 24. Lord W. preſents her with a bank-note of a thouſand pounds 26. Her lively converſation with Lady L. and Miſs Byron, on the diſpoſal of it, 36 to 39. Her opinion, that a virtuous man, like her brother, can *diſtinguiſh* more virtuous women than one by his tenderneſs 42. Debate with her brother concerning love and courtſhip 49. Her quarrel with her lord two days after marriage 52. Made up by Miſs Byron 54 to 57. Her opinion of Lady Olivia 58. At her requeſt, Dr Bartlett gives a ſhort ſketch of that lady's hiſtory 59. [*See* Olivia.] Again quarrels with Lord G. 97, & ſeq. Her firſt letter to Miſs Byron, now in the country 133, & ſeq. She gives her opinion in it of Mrs Selby; of Miſs Lucy Selby 133. Of Mr Selby 134. Defends the attack ſhe and her ſiſter formerly made upon Miſs Byron in her dreſſing-room 135. Her ſentiments and generous way of thinking, as to Miſs Jervois 136. Admires the venerable Mrs Shirley 137. Rallies Lady Anne S. and receives from that lady a polite rebuke ib. Receives a letter of congratulation from her aunt Eleanor at York 138. Rallies Lord G. for his collection of inſects 139. Adviſes him to preſent his ſhells to Miſs Jervois 140. He preſents his lady with a ſet of fine old Japan china ib. Her reflections on the modern women 154. And on public diverſions ib. She pins her apron to Lord G.'s coat, and obliges him to make excuſes for her own fault 164. Her quarrel with him about being preſented at court on her marriage 166, & ſeq. She will not allow her *heart* to be wrong 177. Treats her lord with airs of ſeeming contempt; and, when ſhe has enraged him, runs to her harpſichord

259. Diſcovers him complaining to her aunt Eleanor, and her aunt reproaching him for bearing with her; for which ſhe reprimands her aunt, and brings her to make apologies for interfering between man and wife 260 to 263. Quarrels with her lord for preſuming to take an houſe without conſulting her 263 to 265. How ſhe propoſes to revenge the affront 265. Puts him into a rage, which operates in his breaking her harpſichord ib. Serious debate between her and aunt Eleanor on her behaviour to her lord 266 to 272. A generous and affecting ſcene between her and him 273 to 280. Account of her journey to Northamptonſhire, to viſit Miſs Byron 283 to 285. Gives to Lady L. the characters of Mrs Shirley, Mrs Selby, Miſs Lucy and Miſs Nancy Selby; Miſs Kitty and Miſs Patty Holles; and young Mr James Selby 286. She accounts ſenſibly to her ſiſter for the change of her behaviour to her lord 290 to 302. [*See Miſs* Byron.]

Greville, Mr, his joyful behaviour to Miſs Byron, on her return from London 127. Further inſtances of his contempt of Mr Orme 129. Again abſolutely rejected; his inſolent behaviour upon it 151. Menaces both Sir Hargrave and Sir Charles 153.

Happineſs 6.

Holles, Miſſes Kitty and Patty, daughters of Sir John, their characters from Lady G. 286.

Honeſt woman, the peculiar ſenſe of that word in Lancaſhire 160.

Hoſpital for female penitents 47.

Human nature not ſo bad as ſome diſgracers of their own ſpecies have ſeemed to ſuppoſe 229.

Huſband and wife 10.

Huſbandry and labour, of more uſe to ſociety for the children of the poor to be brought up to, than to letters 228.

Jealouſy,

Jealouſy, its quick-ſightedneſs, 63.
Jeronymo della Porretta, further intimation of his danger, as given by the biſhop his brother, 187. His caſe diſcourſed of between the biſhop, Sir Charles, and Mr Lowther, on Sir Charles's arrival at Parma, in his way to Bologna, 189. His affectionate reception of Sir Charles, on his return to Bologna, ibid. Commended to the ſkill of Mr Lowther, 190. Hiſtory of his caſe, 191 to 194. Gives hopes of amendment, 203, 205, 209. Congratulates Sir Charles on the reconciliation between him and his paſſionate brother, 213. Generouſly forgets his own weak ſtate, thro' the hopes he conceives of his ſiſter's recovery, from her change of ſymptoms, 220. Aſcribes his ſiſter's amendment to Sir Charles's preſence, 228. Some hopes of him, 232. Favourable accounts of the ſtate of his wounds, 293 to 295.
Jervois, Miſs Emily, diſlikes Lady G.'s behaviour to her lord, 34. Her concern at her guardian's departure for Italy, 74, 78. Mr Beauchamp in love with her, 122. She attends Miſs Byron part of her way to Northamptonſhire, ibid. Young Mr James Selby alſo in love with her, 227. Deſcription of her thankfulneſs for Lord G.'s preſent of his collection of ſhells, 141. Her letter to Miſs Byron praiſing her guardian, and Mr Beauchamp; blaming Lady G. for her conduct to her lord; and giving an inſtance of her dutiful behaviour to her mother, on ſeeing her in a mercer's ſhop, 145 to 148. Beſeeches Lady G. to condeſcend to her lord, becauſe, ſhe ſays, *It looks pretty in a woman to condeſcend*, 173. Goes with Lord and Lady G. and Dr Bartlett, to viſit Miſs Byron in Northamptonſhire 279. Her ſhy behaviour to Mr James Selby, 284.
Impartiality, 256.
Ingenuouſneſs, 205, 218.
Joy, deſcription of the ſober and extravagant kinds of it, 128.
Italy, the land of harmony, 74.

Keeling family engaged in a law-ſuit with the Manſfields, 177.

L. Earl of, gives his opinion in favour of Miſs Grandiſon's being married at church, 3. His gratitude to Lord W. for his handſome preſent to his lady, 27. He and his lady have but one intereſt, 37. Two keys to their money-drawer, ibid. He obſerves, that men of merit are neglected by the ladies at public places, 44. Diſpleaſed with Lady G. for her behaviour to her lord, 97. to 99. 253 to 274.

L. Counteſs of, preſented by Lord W. with a bank-note for a thouſand pounds, 26. Her manner of diſpoſing it, and Lady G.'s raillery of her upon it, 36 to 39. Pleaſed with her ſiſter for her obſervation on Sir Charles's ſuppoſed divided love, 42. Accompanies her brother on a viſit to Lady Olivia juſt arrived in England, 54. That lady confeſſes to her her love for her brother, 60. Invites Lady Olivia and Lady Maffei to her houſe, on Sir Charles's being ready to leave England, 67. [*See further of her during her brother's abſence in the article Charlotte* Grandiſon, *when Lady* G.]

Lambton, Sir John, a mediator in the law-ſuit between the Mansfields and Keelings, 177.

Laurana, Lady, in love with the Count of Belvedere, 199. Refuſed by him, 201.

Learning of itſelf never made any man happy, 229.

Letters ſometimes expoſe thoſe who might paſs tolerably in converſation, 148.

Love, laudable, 23.

Love at firſt ſight muſt indicate a mind prepared for impreſſions, 49. It is generally owing to a ſudden guſt of paſſion, and that of the ignoble kind, ſince it affords not an opportunity of knowing the merits of the object, ibid. In a man, it is an indelicate paroxiſm; but in a woman, who expects protection and inſtruction from a huſband, much more ſo, ibid.

Lowther, Mr, a ſkilful ſurgeon, his character from Sir

Sir Charles Grandiſon, 191. Deſcribes his paſſage from Mount Cenis, 181 to 186. The ſucceſs of his art on Jeronymo, 293.

Maffei, Lady, aunt to Lady Olivia, attends her to England, 53. Incautiouſly informs Miſs Jervois of Lady Olivia's drawing her poinard upon Sir Charles Grandiſon, 84. Freely blames her niece for her excurſion, 107.

Man cannot complain, cannot aſk for compaſſion, as a woman can, 75.

Mansfield, Sir Thomas, and his lady, and family, are viſited by Lord W. and Sir Charles, who puts them into high ſpirits upon the hopeful ſucceſs of their cauſe, 12. The law-ſuit brought into a proſperous way by the agency of Sir Charles, 176. Preparations made for the marriage between Lord W. and Miſs Mansfield, ibid. The happineſs of the new married pair, 229.

Mareſcotti, Father, more of his laudable behaviour on the critical ſituation of Sir Charles and the young lady, 38 to 42.

Marriage, Lady G.'s debate on the proper place for celebrating it, 3 to 5.

Marriage of Lord W. to Miſs Mansfield 13. Of Lord G. to Miſs Grandiſon, 19.

Marriage ſettlements, 279.

Married people, in their debates, ſhould not chuſe either mediators or witneſſes, 168.

Maſters and ſervants, how a man ſhould treat his ſervants to have them good, 43.

Matrimonial bickerings, 10, 131, 168, 275.

Matronly ſtate, when the happieſt in female life, 285.

Men and women, ſentiments relating to them, 225.

Merceda, Solomon, a Portugueſe Jew, he and Sir Hargrave Pollexfen delivered by Sir Charles Grandiſon, on the road to Paris, from the effects of a private revenge, 155 to 163. Deſperately wounded, 162. Vows penitence, 179.

Meredith, Sir Rowland, his generous letter to Miſs Byron,

Byron, after having heard of her hopeleſs attachment to Sir Charles Grandiſon, 115. [*See* Miſs Byron, p. 117.]
Modern taſte, 44, 139, 153, 290.
Mutteration, a word of Lady G. 167.
Nocera, biſhop of, meets Sir Charles Grandiſon on his return to Italy at Parma 187. And conducts him and Mr Lowther to Bologna, 188. Mediates between the general and Sir Charles, 208. to 212. Wiſhes Sir Charles would be a Catholic, 242.
Nunneries, Proteſtant, Sir Charles's ſcheme for erecting ſuch, 46.
Old maids, 120.
Olivia, Lady, comes to England, 53. Miſs Byron preſented to her, 58. Her perſon deſcribed by Miſs Byron, 59. Her hiſtory in brief, ibid. Owns her love of Sir Charles to Lady L. 60. Believes Miſs Byron loves him, 63. Sir Charles praiſes her for ſome good qualities, 70. As hinted by Dr Bartlett, would have lived with him without condition, 77. Makes an attempt in rage on Sir Charles's life, 82. Viſits Miſs Byron after Sir Charles was gone abroad, 106. Correſponds with Lady L. 133. Miſs Jervois's ſentiments about her, 146. Viſits Miſs Byron at Selby-houſe; ſays, that Sir Charles has reſiſted the higheſt temptations; and wiſhes he may be Miſs Byron's, 250 to 252.
Orme, Mr, his diſconſolate behaviour on ſeeing Miſs Byron paſs by in her return to Selby-houſe, 128. His reiterated addreſs finally rejected; but ſtill compaſſionately valued by her, 151 to 253. Falls into a languiſhing malady, 152.
Parents and children, ſentiments relating to them, 66. 200.
Penitents, female, Sir Charles Grandiſon's ſcheme of an hoſpital for them, 48.
Perverſeneſs, 4, 264.
Phyſicians, 192.

Pity,

Pity, God will pity him who pities his fellow-creature, 246.
Plutonic love, 120 to 126.
Ploughmen, from the contractedneſs of the ſphere they move in, generally make fewer miſtakes in the conduct of life than ſcholars, 229.
Polite, *Politeneſs*, 4, 96.
Pollexfen, Sir Hargrave, he and Mr Merceda are attacked by ſeveral Frenchmen on the road between St Deny's and Paris, to revenge themſelves for inſulting the wife of one of them at Abbeville; narrow eſcape after the ſevereſt treatment; delivered by the man whoſe life he once ſought, 155 to 169. Is in a dangerous and low-ſpirited way, 179.
Poor, education of their children, 228.
Praiſe, 29, 252.
Praiſes, on what occaſion allowable to repeat the the praiſes given us, 298.
Proteſtations, large, to be ſuſpected, 195.
Prudence, 213, 220.
Prudery, 44.
Qualities in both ſexes, that will make the married ſtate happy, 13, 288.
Quarrels, matrimonial, 21, 166, 275.
Relation, perſonal, inferior to that of mind, 27.
S. Lady Anne, properly rebukes Lady G. for rallying her on her hopeleſs love, 137.
Seduction, 178, 281.
Selby family, ſome account of it, 290.
Selby, George, Eſq; rallied by Lady G. 284.
Selby, Mrs, aunt of Miſs Byron, her character from Lady G. 285.
Selby, Mr James, in love with Miſs Jervois; but diſcouraged, though he will have a fine fortune, 127, 284. His character from Lady G. 286.
Selby, Miſs Lucy, her character from Miſs Byron, 126. From Lady G. 286.
Self-partiality, 93.
Self-praiſe, in what caſes lawful to repeat, 298. *See* Praiſe.
Servants,

Servants, Sir Charles's management of them, 43.
Sforza, Lady, dowager aunt to Lady Clementina, her and her daughters' particular inducements for endeavouring to drive Lady Clementina into a nunnery, 198.
Shirley, Mrs, her excellencies (and indulgence to the foibles of youth) further diſplayed 285.
Shirley manor, ſome account of it, 289.
Signs of love, 144.
Sincerity, 295.
Single life, capable of the nobleſt tenderneſſes, 121.
Single women, ſentiments for their benefit, 5, 169. Their defenceleſs condition, 45.
Spirit, 74, 212.
Surgeon, the qualities of a good one, 191, 194.
Talents of youth, if properly applied, thouſands will make a figure in life who otherwiſe would be outcaſts of the world, 229.
Temptation, 233.
Travelling, its uſes and abuſes, 299.
Triſles, inſiſted upon, make frequently the wideſt breaches, 97.
Virtue, 42, 77.
W. Lord, uncle to Sir Charles Grandiſon, his character ſummed up by Miſs Byron, 17. He puts her into confuſion, 18. Fired by Sir Charles's magnanimity, he preſents a thouſand pounds to each of his two nieces, 25.
Williams, Lady Betty, character of her and her daughter, 125.
Williams, Miſs, daughter of the former, her further character, 124.
Wit, 134.
Witty women, 39.
Women, Engliſh, modern women can divert themſelves abroad, which only men were uſed to do formerly, when any-thing croſſed them at home, 154.
Youth, ſhould never take advice in love caſes of youth, 49.

SIMILIES AND ALLUSIONS IN THE FIFTH VOLUME.

G. LORD and Lady, *To* Saul and David, 105.

G. Lady, and her broken harpſicord, *To* Epictetus and his ſnapped leg, 265. *To* a caged bird, 268. *To* a builder on a faulty foundation, 269. *To* Lady Betty Clemſon, 286.

Giacomo della Porretta, *To* Naaman the Syrian, 209.

Grandiſon, Everard, ruined by ſharpers, *To* St Denys without his head, 177.

Jervois, Miſs, on a diſliked addreſs, *To* the ſleckneſs of a caught bird, 284.

Love, *To* free-maſonry, 165.

Olivia, Lady, *To* Meduſa, 95.

Quarrel, ending with ſpirit [by Lady G.], *To* a coachman coming in with a laſh, 12. Matrimonial quarrels, in their beginnings, *To* thunder rumbling at a diſtance, 168. Accumulated quarrels, *To* the contents of a woman's work-bag, 275.

W. Lord, his ſudden generoſity, *To* a miſer's feaſt, 229.

END OF VOL. V.